

f(x) wilburs in a trench coat (au)

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f(x) wilburs in a trench coat (au)

by [klesek](#)

Summary

how do you fuck up a timeline so bad that you manage to get seven of the same guy (well, no, four of the same guy, and three of his ghost) from different periods in time in the same place at the same time (most of the time, hopefully) and then not manage to fix it until they have time to laugh, die (not really), be brought back from the dead (kind of), bond, have their Moments, have a few existential crises, cuddle, start a cult or two, bond, and time travel to all of their individual times MULTIPLE times before its finally over?

maybe we'll never really know how or who someone did it, but at least we get to see what one massive fuck-up caused. enjoy this sixty nine chapter fanfiction full of crack, light angst, fluff, woops i made it not-as-light angst, hurt/comfort, some very odd found family, and generally, chaos.

gut feeling

Chapter Notes

hey! this is the author (klesek) from the future ooooo~
i just finished posting the last chapter and if youre just reading it now (or maybe rereading it, in which case, hi, how did you read all this shit) i would like to say 1. welcome to the show, its just getting started and 2. it starts out kinda badly written and moves fast, but dont worry i get better over the nine months it took me to write it !

have fun, enjoy, and buckle up <3

Ghostbur pat Friend as he made more invisibility potions, saving for later. Later, when he would need to... get out of situations. He probably should just face his problems... but it's fine, right?

Before he could think about the morality of leaving conversations he didn't want to be in more, he heard something outside- a thump, and a muffled shout. Normally, Ghostbur would ignore it, it was probably someone doing something dumb again, which happened a good amount on this Server.

But something seemed... different. Like his gut was telling him to go check on the noise. So he did, and what he saw was honestly rather funny, even if it shouldn't be.

There was a man sitting on the grass, but it was no one Ghostbur recognized. This man seemed to be rather tall (though nowhere near Ranboo, BadBoyHalo, or Foolish tall), and wore a trench coat and beanie, and a sort of small cape on his shoulders. He was also completely grayscale, from his clothes to his skin to his hair.

"Hello?" Ghostbur asked. "Do you need some help?"

The man looked up to him from where he was seated on the ground, squinting. “Why the fuck is it so bright? God, I’ve been in hell too long...”

“Um...” Ghostbur looked around awkwardly. “Who are you, again?”

“Wilbur Soot.”

... well then. how blunt.

colorful and bright

Chapter Summary

how blunt, indeed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur had no clue where he was.

One moment, he was playing solitaire again with Mexican Dream in the Afterlife (and had been about to win, mind you).

The next moment, he was in the overworld again, where it was so much brighter than he remembered it being.

Maybe he had just been in the void too long. Seven and a half years was a while, wasn't it?

“Um... who are you again?” Ah, right, there was someone here.

“Wilbur Soot,” he answered. Probably shouldn't have done that. He'd had a good amount of enemies when he was alive.

The other man seemed to freeze, and he stared at him.

“You okay?” He asked him, not *exactly* caring, but also not wanting to sit there being stared at while he tried to adjust to the extreme brightness and colorfulness of the Overworld.

“Uh.. yeah!” The man said, though his voice seemed to go up in pitch, and he stepped back a bit. “Do you need any help?”

“Hmm...” Wilbur thought about whether he should actually ask for help. This was a very new experience, he’d died a while ago and thought he would stay dead, not come back. He had no clue what he was doing. “I forgot it was so damn bright here.”

He stood up, still squinting, and actually looked at the other man.

...he was flying. The man was flying.

Well, floating. A foot off the ground. Not really flying.

He was wearing an oversized yellow sweater, with a blue scar-looking thing down his chest, with... blue dye everywhere... including in the scar thing, it seemed.

He also seemed to look alarmingly familiar.

“What’s your name?” Wilbur asked.

“You probably won’t believe me,” the man laughed nervously. “But it’s technically um. Wilbur Soot. Also known as Ghostbur, the ghost version of... well, I guess, you.”

Today just kept getting weirder and weirder.

comments and suggestions my beloveds

cause for concern

Chapter Summary

so... what do they do now?

Chapter Notes

yeesh it took me so long to write this and for what

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur didn't really know what to do here. There was a strange man here, on the Dream SMP, who was supposedly him but... alive? He didn't look alive. He looked dead.

"This might be a strange question," he blurted, "but are you dead?"

"Technically, yes," 'Wilbur' said. "I technically do live in the afterlife, so."

Ghostbur blinked. Strange.

He walked back into his sewer... house? Place. "You coming in?" he asked Wilbur. Without waiting for an answer, he went back in and resumed his potion making.

Wilbur walked in, but just started at him. "Are you not going to... question this at all?"

Ghostbur shrugged. "It's not the weirdest that's happened on this server. You could be a hallucination for all I know, anyways. I finished questioning it two minutes ago."

Wilbur frowned, but didn't say anything else about that. "So what are... you doing?"

"Making invis pots," Ghostbur said, putting in another empty bottle in the brewing stand. "Do you need something?"

"No," Wilbur said. "But I don't really know what else to do? One moment, I'm playing solitaire with Mexican Dream-"

"So he is in the afterlife!" Ghostbur cut him off, turning from his potions. "I knew he died, but... I never really thought that he would be in the afterlife, y'know?" He paused. "When I was getting resurrected- not that it worked- I saw two figures, maybe one of those was Mexican Dream?"

Wilbur tilted his head. "Schlatt did mention he saw some short guy that looked like me but bright. Was that you?"

"Maybe!"

"Huh."

A comfortable silence fell upon them, the only sounds being Friend's baas and the bubbling of the brewing stands.

"So you're Ghostbur?" Wilbur finally broke the silence. "Does that mean you're me?"

"No," Ghostbur said immediately. "Well, I'm definitely not Alivebur, and the only time I've seen the afterlife was the failed resurrection. I'm a completely separate person from you, or Alivebur, or any other Wilbur Soot there might be out there."

Wilbur nodded slowly. “What other Wilburs would there be?”

“Hmm...” Ghostbur paused in his brewing. “A resurrected Wilbur, maybe?”

Wilbur nodded. “I guess so.” He frowned. “Would that still be me?”

“Probably,” Ghostbur said. “And if Wilbur was resurrected... I would be dead.”

“That’s... grim.”

Ghostbur shrugged. “I guess no matter what, there’s always a dead Wilbur somewhere.”

Wilbur chuckled. “If I’m here, not in the afterlife, does that mean I’m the resurrected Wilbur?”

Ghostbur thought for a moment, putting his hand- though his sweater was too big so you couldn’t see his hands- to his chin- which you also couldn’t see because the sweater neck was in front of it. “I don’t think so, you seem pretty dead to me. If I’m Ghostbur, and before me was Alivebur....” he smiled at Wilbur. “You’re Deadbur!”

Wilbur blinked and shrugged. “Okay. Sounds good to me.”

Ghostbur smiled. “Awesome.”

(The newly named) Deadbur frowned. “So... is there any reason for this, that you know of? Y’know, me, being... here?”

“Nope!”

“...well then.”

“We should probably worry about it,” Ghostbur replied, putting some potions in the barrels above his brewing stands. “But I still think I’m hallucinating you! Which is probably more concerning!”

Deadbur snorted. “Well then, should we... do something? Walk somewhere? Try to figure out what the hell is going on?”

Ghostbur turned off the brewing stand and turned to Deadbur. “Might as well.”

They walked out of the sewer house thing and up and over to the Prime Path, only to see someone who looked familiar but not, someone who seemed so close but so far, even though they were just down the path from where they stood.

Someone who looked like Ghostbur, but tall, not floating half a foot off the ground, and with a sweater that didn't look three sizes too big.

Strange.

Chapter End Notes

pog pog pog i cant write for shit but thats okay :thumbsup:

* pretends i know where anything in the smp is in relation to other things * * pretends i know where anything in the smp is in relation to other things * * pretends i know where anything in the smp is in relation to other things * *pretends i know wh

april showers bring may flowers, not undead tall guys

Chapter Summary

something's.... different here...

Chapter Notes

if you came for long chapters (aka chapters longer than 500 words) you came to the wrong place

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was very confused.

He had been walking across the glass above L'crater, when he blinked and everything.... seemed different. The bloodvines were there, the air... smelled different, in a way, everything just felt wrong.

He frowned, but kept walking. Maybe Tommy would know what was going on. He walked across the glass over L'crater and over to the Prime Path, following it up to Tommy's house.

He knocked on the door, hoping that Tommy was inside and able to talk at the moment.
"Tommy?"

Tommy opened the door. He looked... different. What was going on?

Tommy's eyes widened, "Wh- what the fuck- how are you alive?"

“Are you okay?” Wilbur asked, but Tommy stepped back into his house and down the stairs, leaving Wilbur there, confused.

A moment later, Tommy came back with Tubbo. Tubbo’s eyes widened as well, both of them looking shocked, confused, and a little scared.

“Um...” Wilbur looked around nervously. “Hi?”

“Ghostbur looks different,” Tubbo whispered to Tommy, though Wilbur could hear him.

Wilbur froze. “Wait.” He stepped back and ran over to the bench, looking down at the bloodvines. There were significantly more than normal, had they grown again?

“What month is it?” He asked Tommy.

Tommy frowned. “April?”

Wilbur stared at him. “I- it’s... April...”

“Aren’t you supposed to be dead?” Tubbo asked.

“Yeah, in APRIL!” Wilbur said. “And then later I get resurrected... are... I...” he looked out at the bloodvines again. “Did I go back in time?”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Tommy asked.

“You seem to be taking this awfully well,” Wilbur said, not answering his question. “Considering I’m dead in your time.”

Tommy shrugged. “I think I’m still in shock, and honestly who knows what’s going on in my head anymore?”

“That’s... not how it works, I don’t think...” Wilbur shook his head. “Whatever. Uh. I have no clue what’s going on.”

“Another one!”

Wilbur turned to see...

Ghostbur. And himself. But dead.

Chapter End Notes

am i going too fast? probably. do i care? no. is that because i want to write stupid shenangins instead of ""plot""? yes.
do you like the chapter title

edit 4/26/2021 ayo edit rq skjdfhwiujk gotta change the "bloodvines were significantly smaller" to "bloodvines were significantly bigger", as with the recent egg lore i think i can safely assume that by the time wilbur would be resurrected, the egg would be gone/mostly gone, seeing as the bloodvines aren't all around the smp anymore :D

resurrected it is

Chapter Summary

a wild resurrectedbur has appeared!

Chapter Notes

another short chapter lets goooo boiss

Ghostbur smiled nervously. Another Wilbur! And if this was Alivebur? What then? Alivebur's the villain, he's not a good guy...

"What the fuck?" Tommy shouted, snapping Ghostbur out of his thoughts. "Why are there three Wilburs???"

"Long story short, we have no clue!" Ghostbur said, walking over. "This guy-" he pointed to Deadbur with his thumb over his shoulder- "-just showed up next to me and Friend!"

"I wouldn't say I 'just showed up'," Deadbur said, his arms crossed. "But sure."

"So what are you supposed to be doing?" Tubbo asked. "Why did that guy show up?"

"Once again," Ghostbur responded. "No clue, and no clue."

Everyone kind of... stared at each other for a while, no one saying anything.

Ghostbur looked at the new Wilbur. He sure didn't look like how people had described Alivebur, and based on Tommy's and Tubbo's expressions, they didn't recognize him either. So... who was he?

"So who are you?" Ghostbur asked, breaking the silence.

"Wilbur Soot," the new Wilbur said.

"Yeah, so are we," Deadbur, sounding annoyed. "When are you from? Are you dead?"

"Strange question," Wilbur laughed nervously. "and I have a strange answer- yes and no? I was dead? But I got revived."

Deadbur nodded, but Ghostbur froze. How was this possible? It was already strange enough with Deadbur here, but technically, both of them could exist at the same time. They did. But this Wilbur? The only way he could exist if Ghostbur was dead, and then Deadbur also wouldn't exist-

"How did you get revived?" Tubbo asked, curious.

"Dream-" Wilbur started, but Tommy cut him off.

"Revive book," Tommy said in a way that meant 'end this conversation right now <3'.

Tubbo nodded slowly. "Right. Right."

"Um..." Ghostbur started. "This technically literally is not possible at all?"

“Well duh,” Deadbur snorted. “There are three different versions of Wilbur Soot here, what made you think this was ever possible?”

“Shhh,” Ghostbur shushed him. “I mean that you and I can exist at the same time- we do anyways, just not in the same plane of reality- but Resurrectedbur and you and I literally cannot exist at the same time. I should be dead and you would be Resurrectedbur.”

“That’s true,” Wilbur (Resurrectedbur?) said thoughtfully. “Everyone said that as soon as I came back, Ghostbur just disappeared.”

Ghostbur felt chills go down his spine. If Resurrectedbur was technically from the future, and they don’t change anything here... then he was going to simply disappear. And then what? Go to the afterlife?

Or just... disappear? Like he said?

“So,” Deadbur said, clapping his hands. “Resurrectedbur it is, then?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Ghostbur said, snapped out of his thoughts. “Yeah, that makes sense.”

“You could’ve just done Revivedbur,” Resurrectedbur pointed out.

“Too late now,” Ghostbur insisted stubbornly. “Resurrectedbur it is.”

“Resurrectedbur it is,” Resurrectedbur laughed.

drugs and he's there (it's magic)

Chapter Summary

we're collecting wilburs like pokemon

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So,” Tommy spoke up, “are you guys just gonna... go now? Or are we gonna actually figure this out?”

“Yep!” Ghostbur chirped. “I think, since I’m the Wilbur that’s supposed to be here, I lead!”

“So we’re not going to figure this out?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“Nope!”

“I... okay.”

Ghostbur grinned, not that you could see it under his sweater. It was a big sweater. “Seeya!” He waved to Tubbo and Tommy as he led the others away. “I’m gonna show these guys around the SMP!”

They walked down the Prime Path for a bit, all of them still confused about what just happened, all lost in thought.

“Oh!” Ghostbur piped up, breaking the silence. “One of you could probably tell me how L’manburg started! I’ve asked Tommy and Tubbo and Niki and Jack and anyone else that I thought would know, but I can’t seem to get a story that fits and matches! Everyone gives answers that are just a little different but throws everything off...”

“Drug van,” Deadbur said simply.

“That’s what everyone else says,” Ghostbur sighed, annoyed. “They all say ‘Oh, it was just a drug van that escalated into a whole revolution into its own country!’ and then different details here and there. That’s not what I’m looking for.”

“Why do you want to know?” Resurrectedbur asked, sounding tense.

“I wanted to write it down in a book,” Ghostbur responded. “I want to start another library, since my old one got blown up.”

“Well,” Resurrectedbur said thoughtfully. “I suppose it really did begin with a drug va-”

He got cut off by bumping into someone quickly running towards them, though seeming to be focused on getting past them, down the prime path. Both Resurrectedbur and the other person fell.

Ghostbur quickly helped Resurrectedbur up, and they both turned to see Deadbur staring at... himself. But... colored.

Ghostbur didn’t recognize the man at first, but then he looked back and forth at the man and Deadbur and remembered the descriptions Tommy and Tubbo and Phil and Techno had given him and-

“Alivebur??”

--~+~--

Wilbur had no fucking clue where he was. Pogtopia, then he blinked and he was in... Church Prime? How did he get here?

He pinched himself to make sure it was real and- yeah, that hurt. This was real.

What... the fuck.

He walked out of the Church, and down the Prime Path... but everything seemed off, in an unexplainable way. Just a feeling of... not dread, more like a rising feeling of sickening horror.

No, that wasn't right either, but he didn't know what *was* right.

Whatever. He continued down the Prime Path, towards Tommy's house, though he didn't know why his feet were carrying him there. Gradually, he picked up the pace, until he ended up running until he ran into someone he didn't notice was there.

Wilbur and the other person fell to the ground, but he quickly got up again. He still had no clue what he was doing, but he felt a need to get to L'manburg... well, Manburg, he supposed it was called now.

He looked around him, and saw that the person he had bumped into was now getting helped up by... someone floating. Very short, he noted. Still floating. Almost like a ghost. Wilbur pinched himself again. It hurt. What the fuck.

And in front of him was... him..self.

But grey.

And slightly taller.

And a little stab wound right in the stomach.

“Alivebur??”

Wilbur’s head snapped to where the voice came from, and it came from the little ghost-person, who looked rather horrified, holding the person Wilbur had bumped into’s hand tightly.

“What... the fuck,” Wilbur muttered. “Who are you?” He said more clearly.

“Wilbur, Wilbur, and Wilbur,” the grey Wilbur said.

“Ghostbur,” the little ghost (Wilbur supposed that that name meant that he was right in calling him a ghost,) quickly said, almost on reflex. “Don’t call me Wilbur.”

“Right, sorry,” Grey Wilbur said. “Wilbur, Wilbur, and Ghostbur. My mistake.”

Ghostbur nodded, still staring at Wilbur. “Um... you’re.. alive, aren’t you?” He asked nervously.

Wilbur stared back at him. “Well fucking duh,” he said, vaguely annoyed. “How would I be dead and talking to you?”

“Deadbur and I are both technically dead,” Ghostbur replied almost immediately, gesturing to the grey Wilbur. “And Resurrectedbur was dead, now he’s not. So basically you’re the only one here who isn’t dead and slash or hasn’t been dead before.”

Wilbur stared at him, not saying anything.

“Well,” Ghostbur laughed nervously. “I never thought I would have to meet Alivebur, he’s- you’re- the... villain, aren’t you?”

“I’d say Schlatt is more of the villain,” Wilbur responded, rolling his eyes. “He is the one who basically took control of the country.”

Ghostbur didn’t say anything, just looking at Wilbur, almost sadly. “Well, if you’re gonna come with us, then you’ll need a name!” he said, suddenly sounding very energetic.

“I have a name,” Wilbur said. “Wilbur.”

“And that’s all of our names,” Deadbur replied. “We can’t all be like ‘Oh hey, Wilbur’ ‘Yeah?’ ‘No the other Wilbur’ ‘Ghostbur doesn’t like being called Wilbur’ ‘No I mean the other W-’”

“I get it, I get it,” Wilbur cut him off.

“How about we just call you Alivebur?” Ghostbur suggested. “That’s what everyone calls you in... my time, I guess this i-”

“Wait wait wait,” Wilbur cut him off. “Your time?”

“Time travel,” Ghostbur explained. “As far as we know, this is time travel.”

Wilbur blinked. “...Alivebur is fine.”

Ghostbur smiled and promptly turned around to continue leading them down the Prime Path.

Chapter End Notes

LETS GOOOO I PRACTICALLY DOUBLED THE WORDS OF THE ENTIRE FIC
WITH ONE CHAPTER

trust me not

Chapter Summary

surely, you should never judge a book by its cover

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ghostbur had very conflicting thoughts.

Alivebur was... here. Right next to him. And he was the... he was the villain.

Ghostbur liked to think he was a good person. He wasn't the hero, really, he thought Tommy was more of the hero. But Ghostbur, he was still a good person.

And good people- the heroes, usually, but sometimes the side characters- defeated the villain.

And usually, Ghostbur would feel his usual anger towards Alivebur, towards the villain of the story, towards the monster that blew up L'manburg, his own story, his unfinished symphony.

But seeing him here... standing awkwardly, following him, looking around in what was almost awe... Ghostbur almost felt bad.

After all, Alivebur blew up L'manburg... but didn't he think that was what was right to do?

Everyone was a hero in their own eyes, right?

Alivebur had his motives behind blowing it all up to shit, surely. And surely it was more than hatred, or wanting to kill everyone, or just wanting to get rid of L'manburg.

Surely, there was more to Alivebur's story than what Ghostbur had heard.

Surely, there was more to L'manburg than the stories from the L'manburgians still alive.

Surely, there was more to Manburg, to Pogtopia, to Alivebur, to L'manburg, to everything.

Surely, there was more to all of this.

But was there?

All of his technically-not-so-long life, Ghostbur had been told that Alivebur was a villain. (And that L'manburg was something special, something no one could put into words right, though Ghostbur understood, somehow. Not that he could write it down and put it in his books.)

Yet here he was, the villain of the story, the menace that blew up L'manburg, looking at the museum with awe.

Ghostbur knew better than to judge people based on their looks, or just their first impression, or just one thing that they did. He knew better than to judge people based on what other people had said.

But here, looking at Alivebur, he almost felt guilty that he had thought of him as the villain this whole time.

He shook his head. No, this was the villain standing right there. Alivebur blew up L'manburg, and did other bad bad things, and Tommy hated him, and he was the person in the wrong here.

Ghostbur didn't know what he was gonna do about Alivebur, but he would figure it out.

Surely.

Chapter End Notes

lets go another short chapter before we get the next wilbur thATS RIGHT THERES
ANOTHER ONE HAHA ITS FIVE WILBURS IN A TRENCH COAT NOT FO

ahem anyways thanks for reading,

your city gave me asthma

Chapter Summary

a train rolls into the station, stopping with a hiss.

he looks up from where he's sitting on the floor.

the doors open and his eyes widen.

was this his ticket out of here?

out of this hellscape?

he climbs on board, not believing his eyes.

could you hallucinate in hell?

the train left the station.

one passenger on board.

Chapter Notes

pushes another wilbur in with mass amounts of angst later anyways also ghostbur and resurrectedbur will constantly and consistently break the fourth wall

ALSO tysm for 1k hits!! this is actually my first fic to get to 1k hits :D

ALSO quick updates you're welcome i got the words the other night and wrote like 3k words like bam bam bam so i have another chapter pre-written KSDHGISUDJKF

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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~+~

“So, do you like to play the guitar?”

Ghostbur had decided to try to figure out what was up with Alivebur, starting with striking up a conversation.

Alivebur shrugged. “Sure, sometimes.” He looked down at Ghostbur. “What about you?”

“I personally prefer the ukulele,” Ghostbur replied. “I’m canonically short, my small hands can’t play the guitar!”

“You’re what?” Alivebur asked, sounding confused.

“Short,” Ghostbur said simply.

“No no,” Wilbur said. “The word before that.”

“Canonically?” Ghostbur frowned.

“Yeah, the fuck is that supposed to mean?” Alivebur asked.

“What do you-” Ghostbur said- then cut himself off, slowly closing his mouth. “I... may be stupid.”

Resurrectedbur snorted. “Did you just try to break the fourth wall.”

Ghostbur looked embarrassed. “Look, I forgot that they didn’t know- wait, you know what it is??”

“I know what the fourth wall is!” Alivebur said indignantly. “Why are you talking about it right now??”

Ghostbur and Resurrectedbur stared at him, Deadbur right next to him, looking very confused as well.

“What?” Alivebur asked.

“Nothing! Nothing, nothing-” Ghostbur responded quickly. “Nothing you need to worry about!”

Resurrectedbur just laughed behind Ghostbur. “Oh my god. This- I- holy fuck.”

“What do you mean, nothing-” Deadbur argued.

Ghostbur blushed. “I DIDN’T MEAN TO SAY-”

A scream coming from the direction of the Community House cut Ghostbur off.

All four of them immediately looked towards the scream, and Ghostbur started running.

“What the fuck are you waiting for?” Ghostbur asked.

They all ran towards the Community house, Ghostbur leading.

Ghostbur thought of what it could be- he expected maybe a mob, or another person that he knew, or hell, maybe someone blowing it up once again.

What he didn’t expect was to see him.

But weird colors.

And practically crying.

A desaturated me!

Chapter End Notes

:)c

hope you all like the new wilbur :)

l'manbur? i only know ghostbur, sorry <3 /j

wicked world

Chapter Summary

just think what could have been :)

Chapter Notes

yeah it's all lowercase it's on purpose and i think it fits him

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

ghostbur had forgotten what the overworld had been like.

and maybe he was being a little over dramatic... it hadn't been that long, had it?

...he didn't know anymore. the days all blurred together, not that there was a sun in his own personal hell.

well, he supposed it was wilbur's personal hell, that he just shared.

now back to the situation at hand...

ghostbur felt the ground under him and the gentle wind breezing by his head and heard various noises from outside and smelled the fresh air and

screamed.

he felt tears rolling down his face, steaming and almost burning, but he didn't care.

he.. he was back. alive.

alive!

he heard footsteps and looked up to see four people running towards him.

normally he would run, or just move in general, if he saw four unfamiliar people running towards him for no reason.

but he was still in shock from being... alive. wouldn't you be?

one thing ghostbur noticed was that two of them looked exactly the same but different colors.

a second thing ghostbur noticed was the wide, somehow familiar eyes of the tallest one.

and a third thing ghostbur noticed was how horrified one of the four people looked- the shortest one, who kinda looked like him but colored differently.

he wiped his face with his sweater sleeve and looked back at the others, standing up.

“are- what- you-” the brighter him stammered. “me?”

ghostbur's squinted. “what the fuck?” he said. “how are you me?”

“i don't-” the other him said, cutting himself off. “are you okay?”

“the fuck do you think, asshole?” ghostbur snapped. “do i look okay to you?”

the other him frowned. “look, i might as well ask.”

ghostbur sighed, then remembered that the other three people were also just... there. “so who the fuck are you?”

“you curse a lot more than ghostbur,” the colored version of the two identical-except-color-wise person commented unhelpfully.

“i literally just said the f word two minutes ago,” the other ghostbur argued.

“and you just said ‘the f word’ instead of fuck,” the colored identical person said, grinning.

“oh... shut up,” the other ghostbur rolled his eyes. “can we figure out what’s going on already?”

“i’m... alive,” ghostbur said, slowly smiling. he looked up to the others, grinning like a fool. “FUCKING FINALLY! GOD that place fucking sucked.”

“i know, right?” the grey identical-except-color-wise person and the tallest person said in unison.

“oh my god,” the other ghostbur said, head in hands.

ghostbur smirked.

"so what's your name gonna be?" the other ghostbur asked.

"me?" ghostbur asked. "i'm ghostbur."

the other ghostbur frowned. "no, i'm ghostbur. you can't be ghostbur."

ghostbur frowned too, but thought for a few seconds before answering.

"you can call me spirit."

Chapter End Notes

spirit my beloved <3

also go look at my tumblr and check the four wilburs in a trench coat tag to see his design, don't mind the long post i have with a bunch of tiny ghostburs thats just something i Do and occasionally theres some fwiadc stuff in it so

(<https://klesek.tumblr.com/tagged/four-wilburs-in-a-trench-coat>)

:] tysm for all the nice comments :D

(also do u want me to add lmanbur in a sort of seperate little fic in the series bc i want to too kinda but also should i)

sweet summer child

Chapter Summary

uncle time <3

Chapter Notes

the chapter title doesn't really make sense i just couldnt think of another title for it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur was a little disturbed by Spirit.

He had a distinct feeling of recognition. He knew that Deadbur also felt it, but Alivebur and Ghostbur obviously didn't recognize him past being Ghostbur but weirdly colored.

Speaking of the colors, it was weird that Deadbur and even Resurrectedbur weren't colored like that. ...had Spirit been there for longer?

Oh, and Ghostbur didn't even know how he died yet, he didn't know that Spirit was him but from the Afterlife. Resurrectedbur had kind of lied before, when he just said that Ghostbur had simply disappeared.

YOU SAID IT WOULD BE OKAY!

Resurrectedbur shuddered. Best not to think about that right now.

Ghostbur was currently leading them around, showing them different places, mostly places Resurrectedbur (and probably Spirit) had already seen. Deadbur and Alivebur seemed almost in awe at some things, like the Bloodvines.

Then, Ghostbur led them down to L'manhole.

“Jesus Christ...” Alivebur said, shocked.

Deadbur looked rather disturbed. He walked over to Resurrectedbur. “D-did I do that?” he whispered.

~~Now, Resurrectbur's train of thought immediately went to ‘and I had a thought that only blackout drunks-’.~~

“No,” Resurrectedbur whispered back. “I thought I did that at first, too. Turns out... well, I won't spoil it for you.”

Deadbur looked at him like he was crazy. Resurrectedbur just smiled.

“And down there's more vines,” Ghostbur said, looking below the glass over the crater. He suddenly perked up. “Wait, I can show you Snowchester!!”

Resurrectedbur smiled. Ah yes, Tubbo and Ranboo's mansion was there.

Alivebur and Deadbur wouldn't know Ranboo, would they? Or Foolish, there had been a few people that joined since Alivebur died.

Ghostbur led them back to the Prime Path, and down to the tunnel to Snowchester. None of them had Soul Speed boots, so they walked on top of the tunnel.

As soon as the side of the unfinished mansion came into view, Alivebur and Deadbur's jaws dropped.

"HOLY FUCK!" Alivebur yelled. "Who needs a house that big???"

"Ranboo and Tubbo, apparently," Ghostbur snickered.

"Tubbo?" Alivebur asked, surprised. "He doesn't seem like one to buy a mansion..."

Ghostbur shrugged. "It technically wasn't supposed to be that big, Foolish just got carried away."

"Wait wait wait," Deadbur said. "Who's Foolish?"

"Twenty-three foot two totem-shark God," Ghostbur said simply. "You'll definitely see him if he's here."

And he was definitely there.

Standing behind the mansion, holding a bunch of wood, was Foolish.

"HEY FOOLISH!" Ghostbur yelled up to him.

Foolish turned his head to him, surprised. He then grinned and shrank.

...Alivebur and Deadbur were so confused.

Foolish ran out from behind the mansion, average size now. Ghostbur led them over, waving.

“Hey!” Foolish greeted.

“Hi-hi!” Ghostbur said. “I met some new people today!”

Foolish looked behind him at the others, his eyes widening. “And... who are these people?”

“Wilbur, Wilbur, Wilbur, and Ghostbur,” Ghostbur snickered.

Foolish stared at him. “I’m sorry, what?”

“Alivebur, Alivebur but in the afterlife- Deadbur, Alivebur but resurrected- Resurrectedbur, and some other version of me- Spirit!” Ghostbur answered for real this time happily.

Foolish continued staring at him. Then looked back to the others. Then to Ghostbur. Then to the Wilburs. “Are you crazy?”

“Alivebur is,” Ghostbur joked.

“I resent that,” Alivebur called.

“Well,” Foolish shrugged. “I suppose I’ve seen weirder. Welcome to Snowchester, don’t mess up the mansion, and have fun.”

Ghostbur grinned. “Thanks!”

They followed Foolish to the mansion, watching him climb up to the roof by the scaffolding, then going inside the unfinished build.

Alivebur and Deadbur marveled in it's hugeness, and they were right in doing so.

It was huge.

The twin staircases went up to the balcony and second floor, with a chandelier hanging from the ceiling and sparkling from the sunlight coming in from the windows. It was all so beautiful, hand-built by Foolish. Very, very impressive.

Ranboo was in the middle of the room, rummaging around in a chest.

"Hey Ranboo!" Ghostbur called, Ranboo's head perking up.

Ranboo smiled. "Hi!" He then saw the others behind Ghostbur and frowned. "Who are... those people?"

"Other Wilburs," Ghostbur said simply. "Where's Michael?"

"Are you not going to explain it beyond 'other Wilburs'?" Ranboo asked.

"I mean, I can if you want," Ghostbur replied.

"Please do."

"Okay," Ghostbur started. "so we've got me, Alivebur- yes, Alivebur- Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit."

“Alivebur??” Ranboo said, shocked. “Didn’t he..” he looked at Alivebur. “Doesn’t Tommy hate him?”

“Well yeah,” Ghostbur said. “But I don’t think he’s that bad.”

“I am right here,” Alivebur said, slightly annoyed.

“Sorry,” Ranboo apologized. “So. Um... how did... they get here?”

“No clue!” Ghostbur replied happily. “Deadbur just showed up in my sewer and then we found Resurrectedbur and then Alivebur bumped into us- literally- and then we followed Spirit’s scream!”

Ranboo blinked, and nodded slowly. “Well, Tubbo has Michael right now, upstairs,” he pointed upstairs.

Ghostbur nodded. “Thanks!”

“No problem,” Ranboo nodded, and turned back to the chest.

Ghostbur led the others to the stairwell.

“So who’s Michael and why are we going to Tubbo to meet them?” Deadbur asked.

“Tubbo and Ranboo’s son,” Ghostbur answered.

Alivebur choked on nothing. “H- his what??”

“Son?” Ghostbur said again, confused.

Alivebur looked at Resurrectedbur with a horrified expression, Resurrectedbur looking back, struggling to hold back laughter.

‘So he wasn’t joking?’ Alivebur mouthed to Resurrectedbur.

Resurrected burst out laughing. “Oh my god I-” he took a deep breath. “No, it’s a baby pigman, he was joking, don’t worry-”

“Oh fuck, thank god,” Alivebur sighed.

“What?” Ghostbur asked, head tilted. “Joking about what?”

“Um..” Alivebur looked at Resurrectedbur, then back at Ghostbur. “Nothing, nothing, he... Tubbo.. nothing!”

Ghostbur squinted, but shrugged and carried on walking up the stairs. Well, “walking”. More of a low float up the stairs.

Resurrectedbur hung back to whisper to Alivebur. “He’s not pregnant,” he said quietly.

“Thank fucking god,” Alivebur whispered back.

Resurrectedbur snickered, then walked a bit faster to catch up with the others at the top of the stairs, Alivebur right behind him.

Ghostbur led them through some hallways, and rooms, and more hallways, and more rooms, and up some stairs, then down some stairs- god this mansion was huge- until finally coming to a room with a small racecar bed. On the bed was a baby zombie pigman and Tubbo.

“Heya Tubbo!” Ghostbur called.

“Hey, Ghostbur,” Tubbo said, turning around, smiling only to frown, confused. “Who are... those people?”

“Different versions of me!” Ghostbur replied. “Alivebur, Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit!”

Tubbo blinked, then shrugged. “Not the weirdest thing I’ve seen, I guess.”

Ghostbur grinned. “So, how’s Michael doing?”

“Good, good,” Tubbo said, turning back to the child. “He’s learning to walk right now!”

Ghostbur gasped. “Is he good at it?”

Resurrectedbur smiled when he saw Michael look up at Ghostbur and clap happily. Since Tubbo was Tommy’s adopted brother (technically), Ghostbur and Resurrectedbur were technically the little pigman’s uncles. Michael wouldn’t recognize him right now, since he was from the future.

That, of course, didn’t stop Resurrectedbur from going over to talk to Michael.

“Umm..” Alivebur spoke up. “Not to judge, but literally what the fuck are you doing?”

Alivebur and Deadbur were standing near the door awkwardly.

“Oh, right,” Ghostbur snickered. “You guys haven’t met Michael, have you? Come meet him!”

“I mean,” Alivebur was saying as he walked forward. “you said that Tubbo got a son, I just... didn’t expect him to be a zombie pigman?”

Spirit snorted. “What, did you think they adopted a human child?”

“Kind of!” Alivebur defended himself.

“Since when have there been small human children showing up randomly?” Spirit retorted.

“Okay look,” Alivebur argued. “Arguably, since like, July or Augu-”

“Can you two stop?” Resurrectedbur cut in. “Say hi to Michael, or continue your arguing outside.”

“Okayy, jeez,” Alivebur muttered, shoving his hands in his pockets. “Hi, Michael.”

Spirit smirked. “Hiii, Michael!!”

Michael tilted his head, obviously confused about how Spirit was Ghostbur but Not, but clapped after a few seconds.

Ghostbur picked Michael up (Don’t things go through him? Is that something he can turn on and off?) and smiled. “How are you, Michael?”

Michael babbled happily, making everyone's heart melt.

"So what are we doing?" Deadbur asked.

Ghostbur frowned. "Saying hi to Michael, you buffoon. Am I not allowed to stop by to visit my technically-nephew?"

"No, no," Deadbur said defensively. "It's just that... I dunno, what are we doing just.. in general?"

Ghostbur put Michael down and turned to Deadbur. "What are we supposed to be doing? Going back to where we're supposed to be? We can't exactly do that, seeing as there's giant time gaps in between where we're *supposed* to be."

"I don't know," Deadbur repeated. "I just think we should have some sort of... goal? Instead of aimlessly wandering around?"

"You say, as if you haven't spent years wandering around in a boring old train station," Resurrectedbur spoke up.

"Oh, shut the fuck up," Deadbur retorted.

"Um. What?" Alivebur asked nervously.

"I'll explain later," Resurrectedbur said. "Right now, we're playing with Michael. If you don't want to, then with all due respect, fuck off."

Spirit held in a laugh at Deadbur's surprised face.

Deadbur still stayed in the room while Ghostbur and Spirit and Resurrectedbur were uncles to Michael. Tubbo left the room at some point, trusting the Wilburs with Michael.

After a while of playing with Michael (which mostly consisted of Ghostbur somehow making it so that Michael could run through him), they gave Michael back to Tubbo and left the mansion. They wandered around Snowchester for a bit before heading back to the tunnel.

Chapter End Notes

side note i was GOING to add l'manbur this chapter but i tried to draw him last night in the tiny ghostbur style and i couldn't figure out how to draw the coat and it made me legitimately angry so i stopped
that being said he's still probably(?) going to show up sometime even if only in a sort of side-not-really-fwiadc-canon-but-kind-of-is fic in the series :]

friends together

Chapter Summary

little blue sheep, like the blue sea

Chapter Notes

i'm having thoughts
quick short chapter :] next one may or may not be longer

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The five of them were walking around aimlessly, no clue what to do. They were on the Prime Path, going towards L'manhole.

“Hey, where’s your sheep?” Deadbur asked Ghostbur as they walked down the stairs.

Ghostbur frowned. “Friend? I... where did he go?”

“Did you leave him back at Tommy’s house?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“Maybe,” Ghostbur said, still looking around as if Friend would poke his head around someone’s legs any second. “maybe.”

“Well,” Alivebur shrugged. “we’ll find him eventually.”

They walked down the Path, reaching the bottom of the steps, near L'manhole.

“Well now I wanna find Friend,” Ghostbur spoke up. “Let’s go find him.”

“Maybe we should split up,” Resurrectedbur suggested. “We would probably find him faster.”

“Yeah, okay,” Ghostbur agreed.

“Who’s going with who?” Spirit asked.

“This is my time,” Ghostbur declared. “So I get to pick who goes with who. Spirit, you come with me, you three go away!”

“Why just me?” Spirit asked.

“I dunno,” Ghostbur shrugged. “I don’t have a reason, I never do!”

“Makes sense,” Deadbur said.

The five of them split, the two ghosts going one way and the others going the other.

“So,” Ghostbur started. “are you just me?”

“I…” Spirit hesitated. “guess so? It’s complicated, and I don’t want to tell you all of it at once when you don’t know any of it.”

“Hmm,” Ghostbur hummed, squinting at Spirit. “What’s up with the colors?”

“It’s like how Deadbur is to Alivebur,” Spirit said. “N-not like I am to Deadbur as you are to Alivebur-” he quickly corrected. *Too quickly*. “Just the colors.”

“Mkay,” Ghostbur nodded. “Makes sense. I guess.”

They continued around L’manhole, until Ghostbur caught sight of something and stopped.

“FRIEND!” Ghostbur shouted, running towards the blue sheep. He pushed his face into Friend’s wool, sitting down and hugging the sheep.

Spirit stood back, letting Ghostbur reunite with Friend (after like... not even half a day of not seeing him?).

There was something.... off, about Friend, though.

At first Ghostbur thought he was just imagining it, but when he looked at ‘Friend’, he saw that Friend didn’t even look at him.

Ghostbur frowned. “F-friend?”

Spirit’s eyes widened. “Wait-” he ran over, sitting down next to Ghostbur and looking at Friend. “This is my Friend!”

“What do you mean?” Ghostbur asked.

“This- this is my Friend!” Spirit repeated, shocked. “How the hell did you go back in time, bud?” He hugged Friend, brushing his fingers through the wool.

“Then where’s my Friend?” Ghostbur pouted.

“I dunno,” Spirit shrugged. “Here, have some blue.”

Ghostbur looked at Spirit.

Spirit grinned, handing some blue dye to Ghostbur.

Ghostbur took it, smiling. “Thanks.” He sat down more comfortably, crossing his legs. “So where is my Friend?”

“Maybe the others fou-” Spirit suggested, only to be cut off by a shout.

“We found Friend!”

Spirit and Ghostbur looked over to the voice to see Resurrectedbur, Alivebur and Deadbur-with Friend!

Ghostbur ran over immediately, hugging Friend. “There you are, Friend! I was looking for you, where’d you run off to?”

“He was by the hotel,” Deadbur said.

“Were you trying to get a room?” Ghostbur giggled.

Friend stared at him. Sheep can’t talk.

Ghostbur seemed to think that was good enough of an answer, and brushed his hand through Friend's wool.

"So why are there two Friends?" Alivebur asked.

Ghostbur blinked. "Oh yeah, Spirit has a Friend too!"

"I dunno how he got here," Spirit shrugged. "since this is technically in the past, and this is the overworld, which neither I nor my Friend can technically be in."

"Why not?" Ghostbur asked.

Spirit froze. Resurrectedbur and Deadbur looked at each other, and Alivebur simply looked away.

"What?" Ghostbur asked. "Is this some sort of inside joke?"

"Uh- you could call it that," Resurrectedbur laughed nervously. "It's nothing to worry about, let's go um. Get Friend somewhere other than the giant hole in the ground with plants that possess?"

"Good idea!" Ghostbur agreed happily.

He tied a leash to Friend and pulled out some blue.

Friend always liked blue.

Chapter End Notes

has friend canonically been referred to with he/they pronouns or am i imagining things or /gen

also if u havent then check out the next fic in the series :thumbsup:

sweater shenanajgnaun i cant spell :D

OH ALSO ALSO ALSO!! what should i have them call spirit's friend sheep bc i can't just have them call both sheep 'friend'... that would be way too confusing

rn the only ideas i have (with some help from some friends haha friends :D) are enemy, frenemy, comrade, and pal

if you have a suggestion or like one of the ideas i already have then please comment it! i love seeing what everyone thinks :0

friends whenever

Chapter Summary

like the flowers and the fishies

Chapter Notes

raises fist in the air, head pressed against table WOO

this was a hard chapter to right simply because i knew WHERE i WANTED to go with it, but not HOW to actually get there,,, but i think i finished it! (PS please tell me if it feels like. rushed or boring or something! dont be mean but please be honest i'm trying to improve my writing and feedback helps a lot :])

ALSO! TW: death mention, panicky part at the end? if you need a tw to be added please tell me! i can tldr what happened in the end notes :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur got a leash for Spirit and his Friend (they still needed to get a name for him....), and they set off.

Where were they going? No clue. Like usual. Ghostbur had pretty much finished the tour of the server.... except one place!

“Wait, follow me!” Ghostbur said. “I still have one place to take you!”

Ghostbur pulled Friend along while leading the others up back to the Prime Path. They went left, then down all the way to the Community Nether Portal. In the Nether, they followed one of the many paths until they got to a Portal by a nearby bastion. They went through the Portal and came out to a snowy tundra.

He led the others across the snow- thank goodness it wasn't snowing, or else he would melt!

“What the-”

Ghostbur looked behind him to see Spirit staying up on the portal steps, looking down at the snow with a disgusted face.

“What’s wrong?” Ghostbur asked.

“The fucking- the weird cold shit-” Spirit stuttered. “It burns!”

“It’s snow, Spirit,” Ghostbur said dryly. “It’s like water but cold. And more solid. It burns. Just float.”

Spirit blinked, then floated an inch in the air. “I... may have forgotten I could do that.”

Ghostbur facepalmed. “You’ve gotta be kidding me.”

“Shut up,” Spirit huffed as he floated away from the portal, pulling along his Friend.

Ghostbur rolled his eyes and smiled, walking away from the portal. He led them across the snowy landscape.

“I-” Resurrectedbur stopped walking.

Ghostbur turned around, also stopping. “You good?”

“Yeah, yeah... I thought I felt something change...” Resurrectedbur trailed off, sounding uneasy.

Ghostbur tilted his head. “Whaddya mean?”

“It was probably nothing,” Resurrectedbur waved it off, looking like he obviously did not think it was ‘probably nothing’.

Ghostbur squinted, then shrugged. Strange. He kept floating just above the snow, until a cabin came into view.

“Oh, we’re here!” He exclaimed. He walked up to the cabin and up the stairs, but Resurrectedbur walked in front of him before he could open the door.

“What are you doing?” Ghostbur asked.

“I- maybe we shouldn’t go in,” Resurrectedbur laughed nervously. “seeing as there are uh... five of us.. and he would only expect one?”

“Everyone else expected one of us,” Ghostbur argued, trying to push past Resurrectedbur. “and no one seemed to care that there were five of us! It’s fine!”

“No, this is different-” Resurrectedbur argued back, moving to block the door.

Four things happened at once.

The door opened, Alivebur’s soul seemed to leave him in a matter of milliseconds, and Philza Minecraft himself asked a simple question.

“What the fuck?”

And in the yard, with his Friend, once again, with head in hands, Spirit said, “I hate this fucking family.”

Phil didn’t know what to expect when he heard yelling outside that sounded like Wilbur. He was just reading and drinking some coffee, and then two minutes later he found himself standing outside his door looking at five different versions of his son.

“What the fuck?” he asked. Well, asked isn’t the right word. ‘Asked’ implies that he was expecting an answer, this was rhetorical.

The Wilbur he knew and recognized first- the one who was holding his arms out in front of the door, seeming to try to block the door from whoever was in front of him- whipped his head around, eyes wide.

The next Wilbur he saw was Ghostbur (and his little blue sheep- Friend was it?)- but Ghostbur was dead, wasn’t he? Dream had killed him in the prison and revived Wilbur...

The other two Wilburs, behind Ghostbur, looked like the Wilbur Phil had killed over half a year ago. One looked very confused, and the other looked like he would rather be anywhere else than here, not because he was uncomfortable but just because he was bored.

“Heyyy, Phil!” Wilbur said quickly. “I can explain- well I probably can’t, to be honest-”

“Aren’t you all supposed to be technically dead?” Phil asked, confused.

Wilbur glared at him. Okay. Wrong thing to say.

“Shut the fuck up,” Wilbur hissed to him. “Let me explain before you call people dead.”

“I... okay?” Phil moved and opened the door to let them in.

Wilbur sighed and walked in, the other Wilburs following, except for Ghostbur.

“Spirit!” Ghostbur called out across the snow.

Phil looked to where he was looking and saw... another Ghostbur. What the fuck was going on.

The other Ghostbur looked up from where he was watching a blue sheep just like Friend. “Yeah?” he asked.

“C’mere, we’re going inside!” Ghostbur called.

“Okay!” Spirit said, standing up and pulling the sheep along with him up to the steps.

They all walked inside, Phil closing the door behind him. It was a little cramped, to say the least, as it was meant for two to three people.

“So,” Wilbur started. “You know Ghostbur, you know Alivebur, he”- he gestured to the gray Wilbur- “is Deadbur, and he”- he gestured to the other Ghostbur- “is Spirit. Questions?”

“Yeah,” Phil said. “Why are there five Wilburs here at once?”

“I’d say it’s not really five Wilburs,” Spirit spoke up. “It’s three Wilburs and two Ghostburs. We’re technically different people.”

Phil nodded slowly. “Okay... but that doesn’t answer my question.”

“Really, we have no clue,” Wilbur laughed nervously. “We all kinda just... appeared in Ghostbur’s time. Now I assume we’re in mine- our? Normal time?”

Phil blinked. “O...kay then.”

“Told you it would be fine,” Ghostbur whispered to Wilbur, who glared at him, but was smiling.

“S..o,” Phil started. “Spirit, who exactly are you?”

“Um...” Spirit glanced at Wilbur. “Ghostbur?”

“But that’s Ghostbur,” Phil argued, pointing to Ghostbur.

“I can explain,” Wilbur promised. “Uh... somewhere else?”

Phil nodded. “Upstairs?”

Wilbur nodded, standing up and motioning to Spirit to follow them. Phil led Wilbur and Spirit to the ladder and upstairs.

Ghostbur watched as Phil, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit went up the ladder to the second floor, and frowned. Why did they have to go upstairs? What was so special about Spirit? Why couldn't Ghostbur and Alivebur and Deadbur hear?

Alivebur and Deadbur seemed to not care, both instead looking at the picture of Alivebur above the doorway.

Ghostbur did care, he wanted to know what they were talking about. Part of him wanted to stay put and not invade on their conversation, but another, slightly stronger part of him wanted to sneakily listen from the ladder.

And soon he found out that that second, slightly stronger part of him won in an internal argument, and he was standing up to climb up the ladder.

"What are you doing?" Alivebur asked, causing Deadbur to jump.

"None of your business," Ghostbur hissed, continuing to climb the ladder.

He poked his head a little bit into the room, hoping no one would notice.

"...y did you need to come up here to tell me?" Phil was asking.

"Well," Resurrectedbur started. "Ghostbur doesn't know yet, and we don't exactly want to... straight up tell him?"

Ghostbur squinted. Unfair.

"And what don't you want to tell him?" Phil asked.

“Well, you know what happens,” Spirit responded.

“Yeah,” Phil nodded slowly. “and that doesn’t answer my question.”

“You know what happens after death,” Resurrectedbur continued from where Spirit left off.

Oh.

“We can’t just *tell* Ghostbur that he dies,” Spirit said. “especially *how* he dies.”

Oh.

“Yeah, I guess that does make sense,” Phil nodded. “So.. what you’re saying here, is that Spirit is...”

“Afterlife Ghostbur,” Spirit confirmed.

Oh.

“Dead Ghostbur.”

Oh.

Ghostbur didn’t think his eyes could go wider, or his heart go any faster. He had had his suspicions about Spirit, but he thought he was just making things up, just jumping to conclusions, Spirit had even said he wasn’t like Deadbur to Alivebur like that, he-

did spirit lie?

Ghostbur looked back to the three, listening to what they were saying again, as he had zoned out.

And Spirit looked directly at him.

Ghostbur sucked in a breath, the two staring at each other for a few moments while Resurrectedbur and Phil talked, until Ghostbur went back down the ladder, ignoring Alivebur and Deadbur and running out of the cabin, not caring that he was running on the snow, and running somewhere else, not paying attention to where he was running, just “dead Ghostbur” repeating in his head over and over again.

He didn't even notice the tears making his face burn.

Chapter End Notes

so,, theyre in resurrectedbur's time now :D
uhm i have the next few chapters planned! a bit of angst that i will hopefully be able to write well :D and yes they will be naming spirit's friend soon dw we love our emotional support sheep in this household <3
OH RIGHT UH I WROTE A THING FOR ENGLISH and i just. put a fic in there. for funsies. so thats in this series if u wanna go check that out :]

TLDR of the chapter: the five of them went to techno and phil's cabin in the arctic and all talked to phil, and resurrectedbur and spirit explained to phil who spirit is (ghostbur in the afterlife after dream resurrectedbur wilbur in the prison) and ghostbur heard, causing him to panic and run away! hope hes alright :(

also yeah the "'What are you doing?" Alivebur said, causing Deadbur to jump.' was me projecting (/hj) because now whenever someone says 'what are you doing' or when i read or write it, all i can think of is phil saying "What are you doing?" to alivebur on nov. 16th :/

friends... remember?

Chapter Summary

like the blue sky, flying real high

Chapter Notes

bit shorter chapter that i wrote last night :D this isnt exactly how i planned for this bit to go? but i mean it works ig and the summary for the next chapter works so :thumbsup: so have this :]

TW: death mention!

i'll put a summary of the chapter in the end notes :] i think i forgot to do that last chapter,,

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

spirit watched ghostbur go back down the ladder, unnoticed by resurrectedbur or phil.

spirit ran past the two and went down the ladder quickly, but ghostbur had already left, based on the door being wide open. he looked over to alivebur and deadbur, both of who looked confused.

“where’d he go?” spirit asked.

“he just ran out the door,” alivebur answered. “why?”

“thanks!” spirit called as he ran out the door, not answering alivebur.

he quickly looked around to see ghostbur running across the snow- fucking idiot, he’s gonna melt- and ran after him, careful to float above the snow.

“ghostbur! wait!” spirit shouted. ghostbur didn’t stop, unfortunately, but what was to be expected? if you’re running away, you’re running for a reason, and a simple “wait” isn’t gonna make you stop.

after a bit of internal debate, spirit stopped going after ghostbur, deciding that chasing someone who’s panicking because they just learned that they die even though they thought that was impossible would be a bad idea and only make them panic more.

spirit went and sat on the edge of the small wall around.. ranboo’s farm, wasn’t it? he watched ghostbur run off, not looking back, looking.. not to good, from what spirit could see.

he waited a bit after ghostbur went out of view behind the mountain, then jumped down into the snow.

“fuck, that burns,” spirit hissed, floating above the snow. he looked to where ghostbur had disappeared from and went over there. there were footprints that... led up the mountain. what the fuck. since when could ghostbur rock climb. spirit couldn’t do that...

he floated up the side of the small mountain to see ghostbur, sitting on the snow and staring at the sky in front of him. spirit sat down next to him.

“we probably shouldn’t be sitting in the snow,” he spoke up.

ghostbur shrugged. “at least it’s not water.”

“you have low standards,” spirit deadpanned.

“you are me,” ghostbur reminded him. “you also have low standards.”

“shut up,” spirit teased, lightly punching him in the arm.

“anyways,” ghostbur said. “i was thinking, what should we name your friend?”

“we could name him enemy,” spirit suggested.

ghostbur stared at him. “really? be more imaginative.”

“okay, well what do you have then?” spirit huffed.

“bud,” ghostbur said proudly. “or pal. those are both nice words.”

“y’know what, bud is nice,” spirit said. “friend and bud.”

“friend and bud!” ghostbur said, smiling.

they sat in silence for a bit before spirit broke it.

“so...” spirit started. “wanna talk about it?”

“about what?” ghostbur said.

“you know what i’m talking about,” spirit sighed. “do you want to talk about it, do you want to just do nothing, do-”

“i want you to explain,” ghostbur cut him off, turning to look him in the eyes. “and i want you to tell the truth.”

“well, that might take a bit, and i don’t know if you really want or should know that...” spirit trailed off.

“i do want to know,” ghostbur insisted. “and i dunno if i should, but i want to.”

spirit sighed. “fine. might as well tell you.”

ghostbur brightened up at that.

“so, tommy decided to try to sneak into the prison to kill dream,” spirit started. “and his plan was basically i go in as a visitor, and tommy follow me with an invis potion, and we got all the way through to the cell before things started to go wrong. honestly, it worked better than i thought it would. anyways, tommy pulled out the axe a bit to early, sam caught him, tommy got back over but sam didn’t let me come back, and dream...” he trailed off, staring at the snow, then took a deep breath and continued. “dream killed me and revived wilbur.”

neither ghostbur nor spirit said anything for a good minute, spirit instead opting to stare at the snow, and ghostbur staring at spirit.

“i know this might seem like a gruesome question...” ghostbur finally said. “or something weird to ask, but.. what were my- your- last.. words?”

spirit didn’t look up from the snow when he answered. “you said it would be okay. cut off.”

“...ah.” was all ghostbur said.

they watched the sun rise, climbing into the sky as it turned various hues of pink and orange, fading into blue. pretty.

“welp,” spirit said, standing up. “we should probably get going now.”

“hmm,” ghostbur hummed in acknowledgment, still looking at the sunrise.

“...i’m gonna go now,” spirit said. “feel free to come anytime you want, and.. don’t melt.”

““kay,” ghostbur called as spirit made his way back down the mountain.

that may or may not have helped.

Chapter End Notes

bud :) what a nice name

anyways yea theres that uhm next chapter hopefully soon? depends on if i decide to write tonight probably kfiudsjk

i stayed up until like 2 am writing this chapter last night cause i just kept getting lots of ideas and i am still having many ideas

chapter summary: spirit goes after ghostbur, who is running bc he found out he dies!

even though he thought he couldn't since he was. yk. a ghost. and then they talk a bit and spirit explains to ghostbur how he dies :(

sadge

lmao i can add the hurt/comfort tag now

friends forever

Chapter Summary

let it wash away, let all the memories pass by

Chapter Notes

so uh cool cool cool bit of a shorter chapter this one was hard to write and took a while :/

i cant write conversations just like i cant make conversation irl lmao fun

oh also to clear things up a bit- the whole fic so far has been in about like fucking two days. dw the ones who need sleep got their sleep lmao :] from the first chapter to the eleventh chapter was one day, then the 12th chapter was all at night and the 13th chapter was as the sun was rising (and everyone else slept lmao) and then this is the next day! if i said any other measurements of time in this fic then ignore it! i'm trying okay ksfuhduif

TW death mention once again lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

spirit saw ghostbur the next day, out in the snow and looking very confused.

he went over to him quickly, “hey, ghostbur.”

ghostbur looked at him and tilted his head. “spirit? when did.. when did we get here? in the arctic?”

“...yesterday?” spirit frowned. “why?”

“i...” ghostbur looked around. “but we were just looking for friend...”

oh. OH.

“ghostbur, what do you last remember?” spirit asked.

“we found friend and your friend...” ghostbur started. “bud, isn’t he? we found friend and bud, and then...” he trailed off, frowning. “i-i don’t know...”

“okay,” spirit said. “um... let’s just go back inside!”

he took ghostbur’s hand and pulled him back into the cabin. he then went down to where resurrectedbur and phil were, in phil’s basement with weeb shit or whatever.

“resurrectedbur!” spirit called as he jumped off the ladder and landed on the stone platform phil was currently mining away.

resurrectedbur, who was standing on the edge and looking around, turned to face spirit.
“yeah?”

“uhm...” spirit stopped in front of him. “i don’t really know how to say this but i may or may not have told ghostbur how he dies and now he’s forgotten half of yesterday because it was a bad memory?”

resurrectedbur stared at him as he processed that information. “you what.”

“okay, i know it sounds bad,” spirit said quickly. “and it probably is, but if anyone knows what to do, it’s me! but i also don’t know... what to do. so i came to you?”

“why did you come to me?” resurrectedbur asked. “i don’t have memory issues!” he paused.
“well, i do. kind of. i guess. but not the same kind as you or ghostbur.”

“one, i don’t have memory issues anymore,” spirit said. “as edgy as it might sound, i guess i’ve simply gotten used to bad memories now, and i remember all the time in limbo pretty well- honestly better than i would prefer. and two, i think you can still help better than i can right now, as i am indeed running on no hours of sleep as i do not need to sleep!”

“okay pause right there,” resurrectedbur held a hand up. “what the hell do you mean you’re running on no hours of sleep?”

“i dunno,” spirit shrugged. “ghostbur needs to sleep, alivebur does and deadbur probably does, you do, i don’t! after i died, i simply lost the need to sleep! fun!”

“o...kay,” resurrectedbur nodded slowly. “so, is ghostbur like.. freaking out right now? or is he just confused?”

“yeah he just seems really confused,” spirit replied. “and i don’t particularly want to have to tell him what we did all yesterday because that would require telling him he died again and then we would just be doing this again tomorrow.”

“so what do you want me to do?” resurrectedbur crossed his arms.

“i dunno,” spirit defended himself. “i just thought that you could help, being the kind of.. leader of the group i guess? you are kind of just... future all of us except me.”

resurrectedbur blinked, and then shrugged. “well, i suppose i can try to talk to him?”

spirit grinned. “great.”

they went up the ladder after waving bye to phil, and emerged in the pool of water. spirit quickly got out of the water, so as to not melt.

spirit led resurrectedbur back into the cabin. ghostbur was sitting on the floor next to friend.

“hey ghostbur,” spirit called. “hey friend!” he went and sat down next to ghostbur, reaching up to pat friend on the head.

“hiya,” ghostbur smiled. “so, care to explain why and how we’re here?”

“okay, well um,” spirit started. “first off, we’ve time traveled.”

ghostbur blinked. “we’ve what.”

“we’re in my time now,” resurrectedbur said, closing the door and walking over. he sat next to them. “before, we were in your time. now we’re in mine!”

“cool!” ghostbur said. “how?”

spirit shrugged. “wish i knew.”

“hmm,” ghostbur hummed. “so uh... when did we get here?”

“well, ignoring how we time traveled so we really have no clue *when* exactly we got here,” spirit responded. “we got here yesterday, i think.”

“we were near l’manhole,” resurrectedbur explained. “looking for friend. then you led us here as the last place we hadn’t seen yet, and then um..” he trailed off.

“and then what?” ghostbur questioned. “what happened?”

spirit looked at resurrectedbur, then took a deep breath. “well, i probably shouldn’t... tell you again, since you would probably forget again...”

“...oh.” ghostbur said simply.

“yeah.”

they all just sat there for a bit, none of them really knowing what to do or what to say next.

“well,” resurrectedbur clapped. “i’m going to go back to phil, you two have fun, we’ll probably be leaving soon?”

“you really are the mom friend,” spirit snorted.

“oh shut,” resurrectedbur laughed. “seeya later!”

“seeya!” ghostbur waved.

resurrectedbur walked out, closing the door behind him. ghostbur turned to spirit.

“where’s bud?” ghostbur asked. “that’s what you decided to name him, right?”

“yep,” spirit nodded. “i think he’s outside somewhere. maybe alivebur or deadbur are with him, i saw both of them outside earlier.”

ghostbur nodded. “...so, where are we gonna go after this, do you think?”

spirit grinned. “you up for some gambling?”

Chapter End Notes

so give everyone a little bit of blue :D

wow sure do wonder where theyre going next with this being resurrectedburs time :)
i was going to ask if i angsted good but i think i didnt really do angst so much as hurt
comfort at most?? idk man angst isn't my strong suit anymore it used to be now its not
i am so excited for resurrectedbur's time theres gonna be so much stuff so many
characters so much shit lmao f in the chat for resurrectedbur as the resident mom friend
and leader of the group having to deal w these guys

i swear theres gonna be more alivebur and deadbur content i swear its just i wrote this
thing and had to finish it and they werent really i big part of it but there will be more
alivebur and deadbur content soon i swear-

capitalism monkaS

Chapter Summary

communism <3

Chapter Notes

woooo longer chapter this morning (technically) gents (gender neutral)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They did end up leaving the next day, saying bye to Phil and a sleeping Techno. Everyone had a nice night of sleep, besides Spirit, who apparently didn't need to sleep and instead opted to hover ominously in the corner. Fucking cryptid.

Resurrectedbur was leading the others to... somewhere. He hadn't specified where, just that it was where he was going to before he was uh... randomly teleported into the past. Well, not the past, this didn't happen in the past. This was happening now, but also whenever and forever, but also nowhere, because this was an alternate reality from the normal timeline all the Wilburs except Alivebur had already experienced. If they went back in time now, would things still be the same? Would there be twice as many Wilburs? Would there be a time paradox? Was any of this even possible? Of course not, so how was it happening?

Best not to think about that now.

Anyways, Resurrectedbur led the group to the World Spawn Point, then past it and across a river. As he walked up a sandy hill onto a road, he smiled. He smiled even wider when he heard the various "WOAH"s behind him, coming from the other Wilburs.

He walked down the road, pointedly ignoring a *certain building to the right* and instead focusing on the tall building with a spire on top. He waved the others over to the water

elevator to the top. The water elevators didn't actually get you that wet, since it was mostly bubbles and went very fast, so Ghostbur and Spirit could go up.

When they got to the top, Resurrectedbur looked around for a certain someone. Meanwhile, however, Spirit decided to lean way too far off the edge of the tower, floating and ignoring Ghostbur telling him to stop it.

Resurrectedbur sighed, and grabbed Spirit's sweater sleeve to try and pull him back onto the tower, but Spirit seemed insistent on floating precariously half-off of the tower edge.

"Fuck you," Spirit said, sticking his tongue out. "I will float precariously half-off this tower edge if I want to."

"Why are you like this?" Resurrectedbur asked- a rhetorical question- while still trying to pull Spirit back.

"No clue," Spirit grinned.

Resurrectedbur managed to successfully pull Spirit off the edge of the tower, and now the current problem was that Ghostbur wanted to try too. He sighed and walked away, if they wanted to fall off of the edge of a tower then so be it, neither of them could die anyways.

"Wilbur?"

Resurrectedbur turned around and smirked when he saw who had called his name. "Hey Big Q."

Quackity smiled, looking a bit forced.. "Hey, Wilbur.. why are you here?"

"I dunno, thought I'd just stop by," Resurrectedbur shrugged. "and I also have a few friends... you may or may not have met a few of them."

Quackity tilted his head. “Oh really? Who?”

And as if on cue, four other Wilburs walked in right at that moment.

Quackity opened his mouth as if to say something, but then after a few seconds, closed his mouth without any sound coming out of it.

“In order from left to right,” Resurrectedbur grinned. “Deadbur, Alivebur, Spirit, Ghostbur. I’m sure you recognize a couple of them?”

“Well fucking duh,” Quackity said, shocked. “Why- how-”

“We have no clue!” Ghostbur said happily.

Quackity blinked and processed that information. “I... have better things to do. Go away, I guess.”

Alivebur seemed like he was about to say something, opening his mouth, but before he could get a word out, a rather... (for lack of better word) gross sound came from the water elevator.

It was a weird squishy sound, almost like a slime.

And from the water elevator came Charlie Slimecicle, blobs of green on his shoulders and head, a stick sticking (haha) out of his head (that was definitely made of flesh and bones), and smiling, an oblivious smile (not unlike Ghostbur’s was like at times).

“Charlie fucking Slimecicle?!” Alivebur shouted. “What the fuck?”

“You look like Wilbur,” Charlie commented, tilting his head. “Just not as old.”

“Excuse you,” Resurrectedbur huffed as Quackity snickered.

“I’m Charlie,” Charlie said, holding his hand out to no one in particular but also to everyone in the room. “I am very human and have much flesh and so much gender and many bones and I am definitely a person! No goopy bits, just human bits!”

“I don’t know how to break it to him that we can all tell that he’s a slime,” Quackity whispered to Resurrectedbur.

Ghostbur, however, seemed to not notice this, and instead stepped forward and shook Charlie’s hand. “Hi, I’m Ghostbur!” he said happily, seeming to genuinely not notice that Charlie was very not human and in fact very slime-y. “I suppose I’m human too, thought that’s debatable since I’m a ghost and also Alivebur fucked a f-”

“WE DON’t need to talk about that,” Alivebur said hastily, covering Ghostbur’s mouth, causing Spirit to burst out laughing, causing Alivebur to glare at him.

Ghostbur pushed him away lightly. “Anyways, nice to meet you, Charlie!”

“Nice to meet you too,” Charlie grinned.

When Ghostbur pulled his hand- well, sweater sleeve- away, there was no slime on the sweater. Magic sweater. Ghostbur probably didn’t notice anyways.

“So,” Charlie spoke up, grinning wider. “Can I interest you in some... capitalism?”

“As a raging communist, I would love to participate in some underage gambling,” Spirit replied.

“You’re a communist???” Deadbur asked.

“No, he’s not,” Ghostbur said. “He just likes to say he is because he hates capitalism.”

“And why do you know that?” Deadbur questioned.

“Because I also hate capitalism and am not a communist,” Ghostbur said, as if it was obvious.

“How do you know I’m not a communist?” Spirit huffed. “I’m like.. future you, things change!”

“I’ve met communists,” Ghostbur rolled his eyes. “You just don’t seem like one.”

“What communists have you met?” Spirit argued.

“Technoblade,” Ghostbur replied.

“....touche,” Spirit said.

“Anyways,” Quackity spoke up. “Gambling?”

“Yes,” Spirit said immediately. “Let’s go. Where’s the casino.”

“Right this way,” Quackity grinned, leading them back to the water elevator.

When they all got down to the ground, Quackity led them further down the road, towards a large white building and unfortunately right by a certain smaller building nearby.

“What’s in here?” Ghostbur asked, curiously looking at the um... the strip club.

“My my, what is in there?” Spirit grinned, knowing full well what that building was.

“It is nothing,” Resurrectedbur said, rushing over to block the entrance with some stone and sand he had on hand. “Absolutely nothing. Don’t look at the side of the building. Seriously.”

Ghostbur tilted his head in confusion, then shrugged. “Okie!”

All the others snickered, causing Resurrectedbur to glare at them. Quackity continued to lead them down the street, over a bush in front of the white building and into a little hole in the side of the building, dropping into a sort of hallway room. On the right wall were five columns of lanterns, four of them surrounded by red concrete, one in the middle surrounded by emerald blocks. On the other side of the lanterns on the same wall was a dispenser and a simple stone button.

Quackity pulled out five diamonds and gave each Wilbur one. “Go ahead and gamble away!” he smirked.

Alivebur put his diamond in the dispenser and pressed the button. The lanterns lit up, first column, second column, on and on, cycling through them all. After a few seconds, it stopped on the fourth one.

“Aw, boo hoo,” Quackity said. “No more diamonds for you!”

“I wanna try that!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “Looks fun!”

“Aren’t you like... thirteen years old?” Deadbur asked, squinting.

“Thirteen and a half, thank you very much!” Ghostbur crossed his arms.

“You’re six months old,” Spirit said, deadpan.

“Shut up,” Ghostbur elbowed Spirit, walking past him to try the gambling machine.

He put his diamond in and pressed the button, watching the lanterns cycle through in awe, his face falling in disappointment when the lantern that lit up last was the second one.

“Man...” Ghostbur said, disappointed.

“L’man,” Spirit said, walking past and putting his diamond in and pushing the button.

The lanterns cycled through for a few seconds, before landing on the middle lantern.

“WOO!” Spirit cheered, picking up his three diamonds that the dispenser spit out.

“Looks like we got a winner!” Quackity grinned. “Anyone else want to try their luck?”

Deadbur walked up and put his diamond in and pressed the button. The lanterns lit up again, cycling through and landing on the fifth lantern. “Dammit,” he cursed.

“Lemme try,” Resurrectedbur said, holding up his diamond. He put his diamond in and pressed the button.

The lanterns cycled through for a few seconds again, landing on the middle winner lantern.

“And we have a lucky winner!” Charlie exclaimed.

Resurrectedbur picked up his three diamonds and grinned. “Gambling... you just gotta be lucky.”

“Do you have an addiction?” Ghostbur suddenly asked, catching everyone off guard.

Ghostbur stared at Resurrectedbur, his eyes wide and curious, it was a genuine question.

“...no,” Resurrectedbur finally said.

Charlie squinted. “You sure?”

“Yes,” Resurrectedbur defended himself.

“Really now?” Spirit asked, smirking.

“I’m leaving,” Resurrectedbur sighed, turning and climbing out of the Weirdly Loud Gambling Hall, as he decided to call it. The zombies were really loud. Wherever they were for whatever reason.

The others followed him, all of them climbing out of the hall as well.

“So... where are we going now?” Ghostbur asked.

“I could show you around the rest of Las Nevadas,” Quackity offered.

“I think we’re good,” Resurrectedbur declined. “Ghostbur and Spirit are technically children and as the resident apparent leader of this group, I say that Las Nevadas isn’t the most... child-friendly place.”

“You just let them both gamble,” Quackity said.

“Look,” Resurrectedbur defended himself. “If I said they couldn’t, Spirit would have been mad.”

“Damn right,” Spirit muttered.

“Fine,” Quackity sighed. “But you’re welcome any time... the gambling machine’s always open.”

“Bye,” Resurrectedbur said simply, walking away, the other Wilburs following him.

“Seeya!” Charlie called after them.

“Byee!” Ghostbur waved back.

They walked in silence for about a minute or two, Resurrectedbur leading them down the road and back across the river.

“Can I have a diamond, Spirit?” Resurrectedbur heard Ghostbur ask behind him.

“No,” Spirit said.

“Why not?” Ghostbur pouted.

“Because they’re mine,” Spirit explained. “You should have gambled better.”

“It’s all luck!” Ghostbur argued. “There was no way I could optimize my luck to get better results from the gambling machine!”

“Okay, no need to pull out the long words,” Spirit said. “But no, get your own diamonds.”

“Fuck you,” Ghostbur said bitterly.

“Jeez, okay,” Spirit said. “It’s just two diamonds, calm down!”

“Friend is gone, I haven’t seen him in so long, I miss him, I’m bitter and upset,” Ghostbur sighed dramatically.

“Theater kid,” Alivebur teased.

“You’re one to talk!” Ghostbur immediately retorted.

Resurrectedbur sighed, trying to tune out the arguing behind him. This was going to be a long... however long it would be.

spirit isnt actually a communist lame i know
can you tell i was tired when i wrote this chapter

greetings and guilt

Chapter Summary

why was he sad?

Chapter Notes

woo short-ish chapter here u go

warning i cant write tommy for shit, c! or cc! . i just Cannot he is... he is Tommy Danger Kraken Innit sorry i just cant hugs tho. hugs.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As Resurrectedbur led the others back towards the Greater Dream SMP (he apparently had something else to do. busy man. imagine.), Ghostbur decided to look around to see what was different about the near future. Well, he assumed the near future. It seemed near, what with everything looking more or less the same.

One big key difference was that there were significantly less bloodvines everywhere... Almost none. Good to know that the Egg would be gone soon!

They were walking down the Prime Path, towards L'manhole. They had just gone past Tommy's house, and Resurrectedbur was looking around. Ghostbur heard something from below, and leaned over the edge of the Prime Path. Below them was a big... ravine? No, that wasn't it.. it was more like a mine!

And standing on a platform above the mine thing by a little railroad was... Tommy!

“Hey Tommy!” Ghostbur shouted, waving.

Tommy looked up, his eyes widening when he saw Ghostbur. He rubbed his eyes, as if he didn't believe what he saw. Ghostbur saw him mouth something that looked like 'What the fuck.'

"Ghostbur-" Resurrectedbur said behind him, sounding a bit anxious. "Maybe don't-"

"I'm gonna go say hi!" Ghostbur exclaimed, ignoring him and instead going to the right and down the ladder.

He got down to the bottom of the ladder and smiled at Tommy, who looked a mixture of shocked, horrified, happy, and sad.

"G-ghostbur?" Tommy asked, his voice quiet.

Ghostbur tilted his head. "That's me!"

Tommy's eyes widened even more, and started to water.

"What's wrong-" Ghostbur started, but was cut off by Tommy suddenly giving him a hug.

Ghostbur stood there, confused and surprised for a few seconds before slowly returning the hug rubbing Tommy's back. "A-are you okay?"

"...not really," Tommy responded, not letting go.

"Do you need some blue?" Ghostbur asked.

“I’d like that, yeah,” Tommy nodded, slowly leaving the hug.

Ghostbur took some blue out of his inventory and handed it to Tommy, who grabbed it.

Ghostbur looked back at the others, who had followed him, and saw Alivebur and Deadbur looking confused, Resurrectedbur looking guilty, and Spirit looking almost bitter.

Ghostbur looked back to Tommy, who was holding the blue tightly and looking anywhere but him.

Tommy looked behind Ghostbur, suddenly squinting and glaring. Ghostbur looked to where he was looking, and saw Resurrectedbur, looking away.

...this was very awkward.

Ghostbur felt a nudge behind him, and turned to see.. Friend! Except... he had less fluff... What happened?

“Friend?” Ghostbur felt Friend’s coat, and yeah- it was thinner. “What happened?”

“Oh,” Tommy spoke up. “I’ve been making a sweater out of Friend’s coat!”

“You have?” Ghostbur gasped excitedly. “Can I see it?”

“Sure,” Tommy said, looking through his inventory for a second before pulling out a blue blob of soft fluff. He held it up. It was a blue sweater that looked just like Ghostbur’s sweater. Just blue. and a bit bigger so it could fit Tommy. “I’m not done with it yet, but...”

“It looks so good!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “Can I hold it?”

Tommy handed him the material. “Ohhh, this is so soft!” Ghostbur smiled. “Just like Friend!”

Tommy smiled back. “Looks like your Friend is here,” he said, pointing behind Ghostbur.

Ghostbur looked at the sheep. “No, this is Bud, Spirit’s sheep!”

“Who’s Spirit?” Tommy asked, frowning.

“Him,” Ghostbur said, pointing at Spirit, who looked like he would rather be anywhere else than here. “He’s like me, but... well I don’t know, but he’s like me!”

Spirit looked at Tommy, who now had a horrified look on his face, with a hint of guilt.

“What?” Ghostbur asked. He looked to Spirit, then at Tommy, then back and forth. “Do you know each other?”

“Y- you could say that,” Tommy said. “Uh.. so, are there two Friends, then, now?”

“Three, actually!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “Your Friend, Bud, and my Friend!” His eyes widened. “Do we need another Friend name?”

“HINT HINT AHEM COUGH COUGH,” Spirit said loudly behind him. “STARES INTO CAMERA. DEAR READERS.”

“SHUT UP!” Resurrectedbur hissed.

“What the fuck are you talking about???” Deadbur asked, confused out of his mind.

“Nothing!” Ghostbur laughed. “Haha! Absolutely nothing, haha!”

Tommy also looked confused, but took back the sweater when Ghostbur handed it to him.

“Well...” Tommy said, standing up and putting the sweater back in his inventory. “I’m gonna go now... seeya later? Maybe? Unless I’m hallucinating? Which is possible, I suppose...”

Ghostbur tilted his head. “I can assure you you’re not hallucinating or dreaming, I’m real! And you. Lots of things are real!”

Tommy smiled sadly. Why was he sad? “Thanks, Ghostbur.”

Chapter End Notes

so,,, how did u like it,,
and you heard ghostbur and spirit. i need another sheep name
could be for tommy's friend or ghostbur's friend! or maybe two names idk

oh and also! alivebur content soon. i swear.
next chapter title: tfw u get possessed

tfw u get possessed

Chapter Summary

#relatable

Chapter Notes

wooo quick chapter i wrote this fast

hi its 3 am. i am going to bed. everyone hydrate and get some rest and relax. this is ur reminder :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur had no clue what was going on, to be frank.

He was time traveling. With other versions of himself from different times. And he had also learned that he dies soon, apparently, seeing as *Deadbur* looks exactly like him but fucking gray. Exactly the same height, everything was pretty much the same besides the colors. even the clothes were the same. What, was he going to die next week?

And there were three sheep here that all looked exactly alike except one was less fluffy, one was dead, and one was... who knows. That sheep can probably teleport. Wouldn't be the weirdest thing Alivebur had seen in the past few days.

And now they were headed to who knows where, since Resurrectedbur was leading them and hadn't told anyone where they were going. At least when Ghostbur was leading, he told them where the hell they were going. Most of the time.

Alivebur wasn't paying attention, and bumped into Ghostbur, who suddenly stopped in place.

Alivebur looked ahead to see why he had stopped, but Resurrectedbur, Deadbur, and Spirit were still walking, going farther and farther ahead.

“Ghostbur?” Alivebur waved a hand in front of Ghostbur’s face. “You there?”

“Uh- fuck- sh-crap-” Ghostbur suddenly said, sounding a bit panicked and looked around quickly. “Sorry, I- *shut up*- nothing!”

Alivebur looked back to the others, who were way down the path, then looked back at Ghostbur. “What the fuck?”

“Nothing!” Ghostbur said. Way too quickly. “Nothing at all, haha-”

“Shut the fuck up,” Alivebur stopped him. “What the hell was that.”

Ghostbur frowned. “What was what?”

“Don’t play dumb,” Alivebur rolled his eyes. “What was that?”

“Nothing,” Ghostbur said firmly. “Drop it.”

“Are you fucking possessed?” Alivebur asked, mostly joking.

Ghostbur froze. “No, what would make you think that? Haha?”

“...I was joking,” Alivebur said.

Ghostbur stared at him. Alivebur stared back.

“So who’s possessing you?” Alivebur finally asked,

“Oh, shut the fuck up,” Ghostbur said, in a voice that sounded oddly like...

“Schlatt?!” Alivebur yelled.

“Hm?” Possessed Ghostbur hummed, looking at Alivebur. “Hey.”

“What the fuck?!”

“That gym is nice, but even I get bored of it after a while,” Possessed Ghostbur said, grinning. His eyes had little rectangle pupils, like sheep. Or goats. Whatever the fuck Schlatt was. Disorientating, considering Ghostbur didn’t normally have ANY pupils.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Alivebur asked, very confused.

Possessed Ghostbur tilted his head at Alivebur. “You’re not dead.”

“Well I sure fucking hope not,” Alivebur crossed his arms.

“What day are you from?” Possessed Ghostbur asked.

“October... eighth,” Alivebur replied.

Possessed Ghostbur whistled. “You’ve got a big storm coming.”

“Thanks,” Alivebur said sarcastically.

Alivebur looked back to where the others were when he last saw them, only to see that they were almost out of view and he should probably catch up.

He looked back to Possessed Ghostbur.

“...You’re gonna have to come with me,” Alivebur said.

“And why is that?” Possessed Ghostbur asked.

“If I go back without Ghostbur, then they’re gonna think I murdered him!” Alivebur argued.

“Really now?” Possessed Ghostbur said, sounding bored.

“Just” -Alivebur grabbed the sleeve of Possessed Ghostbur’s sweater- “C’mere.”

“No need to pull me,” Possessed Ghostbur pulled his arm back. “I can walk.”

“Then let’s go,” Alivebur said, annoyed.

He went in front of Possessed Ghostbur, walking a good foot or two in front of him. He reached the others before Possessed Ghostbur did.

“Hey,” Alivebur called. “Why is Ghostbur Possessed?”

“Ghostbur is what-” Deadbur started, but got cut off by Possessed Ghostbur walking up.

“Hi,” Possessed Ghostbur said.

“SCHLATT?!” Deadbur and Resurrectedbur both shouted.

“I GUESS??” Alivebur shouted back, even though they were a foot away from each other.

“Hey Glatt,” Spirit greeted calmly.

“Hey,” Possessed Ghostbur responded.

“Everyone, this is Glatt,” Spirit said. “Glatt, this is Alivebur, Deadbur, and Resurrectedbur. I’m sure you recognize two of them.”

Possessed Ghostbur- Glatt- nodded.

“Are you not going to explain-” Deadbur started, but once again got cut off.

“When Phil and Ghostbur tried to revive Wilbur after Doomsday,” Spirit explained. “They failed twice, the second time bringing Glatt- Ghost Schlatt- back with him, and every now and then Ghostbur gets possessed. Luckily, after fifteen years in hell, I do not! I got him to fuck off.”

“Rude,” Glatt muttered.

“Shut up,” Spirit said.

“...Got it,” Alivebur nodded slowly. “So.. ummm... what’s Doomsday?”

Spirit didn't say anything for a few seconds. "Exactly what it sounds like," he finally settled on.

Alivebur stared at him. "...cool."

Spirit grimaced. "Not. At all."

Alivebur nodded slowly. *Can't wait for Doomsday*, he thought sarcastically.

He looked back to Glatt, who's eyes were now wide and not looking, all black instead of the usual all white.

"The fuck-" Alivebur started, but was silenced by a look from Spirit.

"This is normal, don't worry," Spirit said, sounding way too calm for someone who was looking at someone being possessed.

Ghostbur's head snapped up, as if he was waking up from a nap.

"Welcome back to the land of the living," Spirit said.

"That fff..." Ghostbur muttered. "Why. Why then."

"Plot convenience," Spirit shrugged.

"Now is not the time," Ghostbur glared.

Alivebur noticed that Ghostbur's eyes were now white with thin gray... scribbles, almost, moving around in his eyes. "The fuck is up with your eyes?" He asked.

Ghostbur blinked. "Oh, they do that. After Glatt does that. For whatever reason."

"Weird," Alivebur said.

"I know, right?" Ghostbur grinned. "It's cool, though, and it only stays like this for a few hours minimum, a day maximum, eventually fading away. Usually they're gone in like... five hours I wanna say?"

"Sounds about right," Spirit confirmed.

"How often does this happen?" Resurrectedbur asked.

"Not very," Ghostbur replied. "Dunno why he does it, he just does. No schedule, no pattern, he just decides one day to-" he stopped in the middle of his sentence. "Okay, he says he does it when he runs out of protein powder. Of course he does. Or just to say hi. Classic Glatt." He sighed.

"Is he just like Schlatt?" Deadbur asked. "But a ghost? Or is he more like you and any not ghost Wilbur- completely separate people, different personalities?"

"Well I've never met alive Schlatt," Ghostbur said thoughtfully. "But based on everyone's descriptions of him, he seems the same but way more calm."

"As someone who has met Glatt and Alive Dead Schlatt," Spirit spoke up. "I can confirm that."

“Weird,” Alivebur said again.

He still had no clue what was going on.

Chapter End Notes

i did the math and spirit is over a year in the future to alivebur
idk if that makes sense im tired

right place (wrong time)

Chapter Summary

Dear Phil,

Everything is going great! Tommy and I's new country is going well, and some new people have shown up. I'm sure you'll meet them sometime, they all seem like lovely people.

So how are you doing? Is everything going well? I haven't heard anything happening outside of this Server.

Sorry for the shorter letter, but I do have a few things to do, what with a new country to run and all, and these new visitors.

Love, Wilbur

Chapter Notes

woooo

i did it

you're welcome have fun here you go uhh happy (checks date) sunday

not the best chapter but uh its a chapter

told u u would get alivebur content

the chapter title is misleading its not the right place or time for any of them except alivebur

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur seemed to be lost.

How did he get lost? He had no clue. One moment he was in L'manburg, the next moment he was in some sort of... ravine. A rather large ravine, with stuff all over the place, implying that someone (or someones, by the looks of it) lived here.

He walked down the ravine, looking around. There were stairs- noticeably no railings- and bridges all over the place. Lanterns hung from the ceiling, and more were scattered around. Nothing was very neat, lots of things looked like they were haphazardly put around, as if in a rush.

He poked his head into a room on the right side of the ravine. There was a farm inside, with potatoes growing from it. Simple, it seemed.

“Wilbur?”

Wilbur turned to see Tommy, standing there in his red and white shirt- why was it torn? What happened? Where were they?

“Tommy?” Wilbur asked. “Where are w-”

“Why are you wearing the L’manburg outfit?” Tommy interrupted, sounding tense.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Wilbur tilted his head, confused.

“Wilbur, what the fuck is wrong in your head?” Tommy asked, borderline shouting. “We’re not in L’manburg anymore, we haven’t been for two weeks!”

“Wh- what are you talking about?” Wilbur stepped back a bit. “What do you mean? It- we’re gonna have the debate tomorrow-”

“The debate?? In the courthouse?” Tommy demanded. “Wilbur, that was a month ago!”

Wilbur didn’t know what else to say, so he just stared at Tommy. It.. it was the seventh of September, last time he checked. Though last time he checked, he was also in L’manburg.

“TOMMY!”

Tommy whipped around at the voice. Wilbur vaguely recognized the voice...

“Wilbur?!” Tommy shouted.

What the fuck.

“Tommy-” A man- Wilbur- turned the corner and stopped in his tracks, then smacking his face when he saw Wilbur. “Oh my god. Not another one.”

“What are you talking about?” Tommy asked.

The other Wilbur stepped aside and one- thre- five Wilburs stepped past him.

“What the fuck.”

Alivebur stared at himself. As in him from a month ago. He was around four other versions of himself, but this one felt different, more... unsettling. Maybe because of how close they were in time.

“What the fuck.”

“Spirit, this is the sixth Wilbur now,” Ghostbur sighed. “Why do you sound so surprised.”

“I dunno, I wasn’t there for finding you all! I was last!”

“Uh-” The other Wilbur stammered. “What the fuck?!”

“Why are there six Wilburs??” Tommy asked.

“Is this the third Tommy we’ve met?” Ghostbur asked behind Alivebur.

“Uh...” Deadbur squinted. “Yep!”

“Weird,” Ghostbur hummed.

“So are you going to answer, or-” Tommy started.

“Yeah, yeah,” Alivebur started to explain, cutting him off. “We’re all Wilbur from different periods of time, most are dead which is mildly concerning, and we have no clue how or why.”

“I-” the other Wilbur said. “What the fuck?”

“What day are you from?” Ghostbur asked.

“September 7th, 2020?”

Alivebur raised his eyebrows. “Jesus Christ...”

“What?” the other Wilbur asked nervously.

“You’re from L’manburg, right?” Ghostbur asked, not answering.

“Yeah,” Wilbur nodded. “The election is coming up, the debate is gonna be tomorrow.”

Alivebur pushed his lips into thin lines. Poor man had no clue what was going to happen, and the others were probably thinking the same thing except more. Resurrectedbur was from not even a year in the future but was *Resurrectedbur* .

“So... is that why you’ve been gone?” Tommy asked.

“Wait, I was?” Alivebur asked, which sounded like a stupid question as soon as he realized what he said. He didn’t really think about time passing in his normal time.

“Techno and I were wondering where you fucked off to,” Tommy said.

“Techno?” The other Wilbur piped up. “As in. Technoblade. Techno the Blade.”

“Yeah,” Tommy shrugged. “He’s helping us in the revolution.”

“Revolution?” The other Wilbur asked, sounding very confused. “But we’ve already won L’manburg’s independence...”

“Oh, it’s not L’manburg,” Tommy explained. “Well, technically it is, but Schlatt-”

“Maybe you should stop spoiling history?” Ghostbur said hastily. “Time travel rules and all that.”

Tommy glanced at Alivebur, then looked at Ghostbur. "Right... sorry, not used to.. time travel? I'm not the one time traveling, you all are."

"Still applies to you," Spirit shrugged.

"And how do you know?" Tommy said dryly, obviously expecting no answer.

"I've met Death herself," Spirit grinned. "Two- technically three times!"

Ghostbur looked at Spirit. "You've *what*."

"You've already met her twice," Spirit reassured. "You'll meet her again in about... a month? Maybe two?"

That did not seem to reassure Ghostbur that much, as his eyes were still wide when he looked away.

"Ignoring that," Resurrectedbur clapped. "You need a name."

"Me?" The new Wilbur asked, pointing to himself.

"Yes," Resurrectedbur nodded. "We all have different nicknames- we can't all call each other Wilbur, can we?"

"I mean we *could* -" Ghostbur started.

"Shut the fuck up," Spirit said, covering his mouth.

“Anyways,” Resurrectedbur ignored them. “I’m Resurrectedbur, there’s Deadbur, there’s Ghostbur and Spirit, and there’s Alivebur, I’m assuming you’re also technically Alivebur...” he trailed off. “This is gonna be hard.”

“Woah woah woah, hold on,” Wilbur raised his hand. “ *Deadbur* ? Ghostbur? Resurrectedbur? Alivebur? What the fuck?”

“I told you most of them were dead,” Alivebur said dryly. “I have no clue when or how I- we- die, but it’s sometime soon, based on how similar Deadbur looks to me.”

“When are you from?” Deadbur asked Alivebur.

“Uhh... October 8th?” Alivebur answered.

“Jesus,” Deadbur whistled. “Sorry in advance, good luck?”

“What-” Alivebur started.

“I have a good name idea!” Ghostbur cut him off.

“No, wait, can we go back to that-” Alivebur tried again.

“Ghostbur, your suggestion?” Spirit ignored Alivebur.

“L’mambur!” Ghostbur said happily. “It’s like L’mamburg but without the g!”

“I like that,” The newly named L’mambur nodded.

“Good,” Resurrectedbur said. “So... you’ll probably have to come with us!”

“Why?” L’manbur asked.

“Plot convenience,” Spirit smirked.

Ghostbur glared at Spirit for whatever reason.

L’manbur tilted his head, then shrugged. “Eh, why not? I have no clue where I am anyways.”

“Oh, you’re in Pogtopia,” Tommy spoke up. “It’s like our own country, kind of.”

“Isn’t that what L’manburg is?” L’manburg questioned.

“It *was*,” Tommy said in a way that meant ‘end this conversation right now <3’. Familiar feeling...

“...I’m going to not think about that anymore,” L’manbur decided. “So uh.. what are we doing?”

“We could look around Pogtopia,” Alivebur offered. “I need to fix some shit up, and send a letter to Phil, and you all and look around- Tommy or Techno, if he’s here, can show you around.”

“Sounds good to me,” Resurrectedbur nodded.

Alivebur smiled and let Tommy show the others around, and walked the other way from where they were going, to his desk. He picked up a book and quill and began writing.

Dear Phil,

Everything is going great! Tommy and I's new country is going well, and some new people have shown up. I'm sure you'll meet them sometime, they all seem like lovely people.

So how are you doing? Is everything going well? I haven't heard anything happening outside of this Server.

Sorry for the shorter letter, but I do have a few things to do, what with a new country to run and all, and these new visitors.

Love, Wilbur

Chapter End Notes

if i had a nickle for every time i wrote "Tommy said in a way that meant 'end this conversation right now <3'." in fwiate i would have two nickels which isnt a lot but its weird that it happened twice

a billion amounts to nothing in infinity's face

Chapter Summary

lots of borderline fourth wall breaking

Chapter Notes

this chapter turned into me recreating a conversation i had with my sisters today about time travel so enjoy that

edit: ALSO!! TY FOR 3K HITS! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur looked around Pogtopia. It was very different that it had been when he had last seen it, this was before a lot of things.

“So,” Tommy suddenly said, snapping Deadbur out of his thoughts. “What the fuck is going on?”

“I thought you were supposed to be giving us a tour,” Deadbur said.

“And I want to know what’s going on,” Tommy crossed his arms.

“I also want to know what’s going on,” L’manbur spoke up.

“Uh...” Resurrectedbur rubbed the back of his neck. “It’s complicated? Basically, we’re time traveling to different times and meeting the Wilbur of that time, then time traveling with that Wilbur for no apparent reason?”

“Apparent reason?” L’manbur raised an eyebrow. “So you don’t know what you’re doing either?”

“Nope!” Ghostbur exclaimed happily. “We are time traveling, though, we’ve figured that out!”

“O...kay,” Tommy squinted. “So then when are you all from?”

“I’m from the afterlife,” Deadbur raised his hand.

“I’m from the same time but in the overworld!” Ghostbur said happily.

“I’m from uh...” Spirit trailed off, glancing at Resurrectedbur. “I’m also Ghostbur, but in the future from him.”

Ghostbur squinted at him.

“I’m from the same time as Spirit,” Resurrectedbur said. “but in the overworld like Ghostbur.”

“And I’m from... before this time?” L’manbur added. “Early September.”

“I know you said earlier, but what is the exact date you’re from?” Resurrectedbur asked L’manbur.

“September 7th, 2020,” L’manbur answered.

“F in the chat,” Spirit said.

“I mean... at least he’s not Alivebur?” Ghostbur spoke up.

“The fuck is that supposed to mean?” Tommy asked.

“NOTHING,” Ghostbur said quickly. “Nothing! To worry about!”

“...something makes me not believe you,” Tommy said dryly.

“It’s nothing,” Ghostbur insisted. “Nothing.. too important, I guess.”

Spirit stared at him. Ghostbur glared at Spirit.

“Back,” Alivebur called from behind the group. “You done with the tour yet?”

“Two of us already know this place *too well*,” Deadbur said.

“I’m going to take that as a no,” Alivebur walked up to the front of the group. “And that you’d rather not have a tour.”

“I’d rather talk about time travel than get a tour of this shit place,” Deadbur rolled his eyes. “And that’s some confusing shit.”

“I know, right?” Spirit said immediately. “It’s so confusing and frustrating, and no matter what angle you see it from, or how you think about it, there’s always paradoxes and things we really just have no proof for and-”

“Time travel isn’t supposed to be possible,” Ghostbur cut in. “Yet here we are.”

“But think about how weird it is,” Deadbur insisted. “You’re moving around in time, and if you do so much as one little thing like talk to the wrong person or hell, knock over a book, you could create a billion alternate universes!”

“Any and every action could make a billion alternate universes, if you do it right,” Resurrectedbur added. “And if you do big things like kill someone or stop something from happening, it could make even more.”

“And that brings in the concept of is the Butterfly Effect real, or is everything that’s happening at any given moment an irreversible, unchangeable thing?” Deadbur said excitedly. “And if you go back and kill say- your grandpa- do you stop existing? If so, when do you stop existing? Do you create a paradox? Are alternate universes real at all? Or is everything one timeline?”

“And that brings even more in- if you go to the future, does time still keep moving in the past-”

“The present,” Spirit corrected.

“Well, kind of,” Deadbur started thoughtfully. “But I mean, it’s also your future, so really it’s all three.”

“Every moment in time is the past, present, and future, if you really think about it,” Resurrectedbur said.

“I would say no, not really,” Deadbur argued. “because it’s always the present, *but* if you were to go into the past or future, then you would have two separate present times-”

“Literally what the fuck are you talking about,” Alivebur cut in.

“Time travel?” Deadbur said, tilting his head. “I said it was weird stuff.”

“Anyways,” Spirit continued, ignoring the interruption. “back to the alternate timeline stuff, isn’t that a sort of paradox, since there are infinite universes?”

“Well yes,” Deadbur grinned. “But see, there are different sizes of infinity, like there are more natural numbers between 0 and 1 than real numbers between 0 and 1, even though both are infinite!”

“And that in itself is a paradox,” Spirit countered. “Infinity is infinity, if there’s an infinite amount of something, it’s the same amount as any other infinity.”

“That reminds me,” Ghostbur spoke up. “I saw a thing last week about why we can’t have nice things, and it’s because of capitalism, because if something lasted forever, companies couldn’t sell more of them.”

“And what if everyone was immortal?” Resurrectedbur asked. “Then there would be an infinite amount of people, since we would just keep making more people, so as long as they kept making more of the thing, they’d never run out of business.”

“Y’know, being immortal sounds like it fucking sucks,” Deadbur said. “Dying sucks, yeah, but if you’re immortal, then things would get boring after a while, you could do anything forever- but that’s the thing, it would be forever.”

“Immortality and invincibility are different,” Resurrectedbur reminded him.

“Okay, yeah,” Deadbur nodded. “But what if everyone was immortal and invincible? Then everything would be boring after like, a century. Not even.”

“People would make more things,” Resurrectedbur argued. “We would find more things to do, more things to make.”

“Would things like that even exist?” Deadbur asked. “If we were all immortal and invincible, no one would *need* to eat or sleep or anything, it would just be a preference for people.”

“And people would still want to eat and sleep,” Resurrectedbur said.

“People could do things for hours and hours,” Deadbur said. “People could play sports forever and ever for as long as anyone would want-”

“LIKE THAT ONE FOOTBALL ARTICLE!” Spirit suddenly yelled, making everyone jump.

“EXACTLY!” Deadbur exclaimed in a sudden moment of breaking the fourth wall.

“I just think immortality would be bad because eventually, the sun is going to explode, and you would just have to live in space-” Ghostbur spoke up.

“But that’s the thing,” Deadbur grinned. “ *You could live in space*. Anyone could. We could go live on any planet we want- YOU COULD STRAP YOURSELF TO A ROCKET AND BLAST YOURSELF INTO THE COLD ABYSS OF SPACE!!!” he yelled, throwing his arms up in the air.

“You say that as if we could suddenly invent immortality,” Resurrectedbur pointed out.

“Oh, but we could, Resurrectedbur,” Deadbur smiled. “We already are, with gene modification-”

“This is why I’m a communist,” Spirit sighed, turning to walk away.

“YOU’RE NOT A COMMUNIST!” Ghostbur yelled after him.

“... what the fuck,” Alivebur said.

“You get time to think in hell,” Resurrectedbur said simply. “You lose your mind, if you hadn’t already.”

“Remind me to never let myself die,” Alivebur said, staring at Deadbur.

“But then half of us won’t exist,” Ghostbur frowned.

“Did you listen to a single thing that any of them just said?” L’manbur asked. “It would just be an alternate timeline, and I’m sure it wouldn’t be that bad.”

“Are you foreshadowing something?” Deadbur joked.

Resurrectedbur looked like he was about to scream.

Chapter End Notes

<https://www.sbnation.com/a/17776-football>
thats the "football article" they were talking about
i definitely reccommend looking at it bc it,,, is not very normal and it is so fucking cool
its very interesting /gen

feel free to leave a comment arguing with my logic of time travel and immortality <3 i
have more thoughts but i didnt want to write a full on essay in my minecraft fanfiction

morbid curiosity

Chapter Summary

poor poor people of the past

Chapter Notes

shorter chapter lmao

also p sure last chapter was Like That because i got the second covid shot the day i wrote that and i got a really bad headache and i think i left my body and wrote that anyways yes yes yes uh i drew all six wilburs here --->

<https://klesek.tumblr.com/post/654033978020478976/done-didnt-take-nearly-as-long-as-i-thought-it-go-check-it-out> :P

if this chapter doesnt make any sense its because im kind of tired and im too lazy to reread this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur was sitting on some stairs in Pogtopia, L'manbur and Spirit still looking around, since they had never seen the place before. Deadbur and Resurrectedbur seemed like they would rather do anything other than wander around in Pogtopia. Ghostbur was... staring at Alivebur.

“Do you need something?” Alivebur asked, making Ghostbur blink.

“Uh.. nothing really,” Ghostbur tilted his head. “I was just wondering if some things people say about you are true.”

“What do you mean?” Alivebur asked.

“Well, everyone pretty much says you’re the villain,” Ghostbur responded. “And I thought that you would be a lot more... rude? Villain-ish? Wanting to blow things up?”

“Why would I want to blow things up?” Alivebur asked, not sure how to feel.

“You-” Ghostbur cut himself off. “Right. Not supposed to tell you that.”

“Wh-” Alivebur stared at him. “What are you not supposed to tell me? What happens with explosives?!”

“Lots of things happen with explosives, Alivebur,” Ghostbur said, voice suddenly dark.

Alivebur smiled nervously. “....Terrifying, thanks!”

“You’re welcome!” Ghostbur said happily, sounding very genuine. “People also said you were kinda... crazy? But you don’t seem crazy to me!”

“This is before the festival,” Deadbur called, also listening to the conversation.

“Ohhhh...” Ghostbur nodded. “Makes sense.”

Alivebur glanced at Deadbur. What the fuck?

“I still don’t think you would be crazy,” Ghostbur said thoughtfully. “That doesn’t seem like a nice word... and Deadbur, you don’t seem ‘crazy’ either.”

“Crazy isn’t the right word,” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “More... spiral.”

“Hey, what the fuck?” Alivebur looked around at all of them.

“Nothing you need to worry about,” Ghostbur said quickly. “At least, not right now!”

“You’re terrible at lying,” Alivebur said dryly.

Alivebur felt his communicator buzz in his pocket. He pulled it out and looked at the screen.

“Ah, fuck,” He spat. “Schlatt.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Deadbur rolled his eyes.

“Schlatt?”

Alivebur looked up to see L’manbur and Spirit coming back, Spirit sitting by them, and L’manbur looking very confused.

“Yeah,” Alivebur put the communicator back in his pocket, ignoring it.

“I’ve never met him,” Ghostbur said thoughtfully. “Only his ghost. Though people do say Glatt is pretty similar to alive Schlatt.”

“Yeah, they’re pretty much the same,” Spirit nodded. “Having met both of them, there’s really no difference.”

“How have you met Schlatt?” Alivebur tilted his head.

“I’ve met Glatt through the possession thing,” Spirit explained. “And alive Schlatt in the afterlife- though I guess he’s not really alive in the afterlife, but it’s like you and Deadbur. Same person, just one is... in a train station forever.”

“It’s not forever,” Resurrectedbur said. “At least, not for Deadbur. Me, I guess.”

“Reassuring,” Spirit said sarcastically. “Good to know I’ll never be getting out.”

“I’m going to ignore the fact that you implied that I, a ghost, can die,” Ghostbur spoke up.

“Ffffff..uck,” Spirit cursed. “Didn’t mean to say that.”

“It’s fine,” Ghostbur smiled. “I kind of assumed.”

“That’s an awkward conversation over with!” Deadbur clapped.

“One that we’ve already had,” Spirit added.

“What?” Ghostbur tilted his head.

“Nothing,” Spirit smiled.

“So,” L’manbur spoke up. “What is this place? No one really explained it to me...”

“I’m not sure you want us to explain it to you, to be entirely honest,” Alivebur said.

“....the fuck does that mean?” L’manbur asked.

“There’s... kind of a war going on,” Alivebur explained. “Like always, it seems.”

“If I had tea, I would comedically sip it right now,” Spirit said.

“Concerning!” L’manbur nodded.

“Oh shit,” Alivebur suddenly realized. “You like.. just finished up the war for independence, didn’t you?”

“A month ago, yeah,” L’manbur confirmed. He squinted. “Are you meaning to tell me only two months after a war, another starts?”

“Less than two months, actually,” Alivebur added.

“You’re not helping,” L’manbur said dryly.

"Anyways,” Ghostbur changed the subject. “L’manbur, since you’re the closest to that time, and Resurrectedbur didn’t get to answer me on account of *someone* running into him 14 chapters ago, did L’manburg really start from a drug van?”

“I suppose it may have seemed like it,” L’manbur said thoughtfully. “But it wasn’t about the drugs, or the van, or anything like that. Nothing physical. It was more... it was about the people, and... music was a big part of it, too.”

Ghostbur nodded. “I’m sure it was pretty before it was blown up.”

“It was *what* ?!” L’manbur yelped.

“Yeah, Ali-” Ghostbur started, then cut himself off and slapped his sweater sleeve over his mouth.

“Ghostbur!” Resurrectedbur glared at him. “I’m sure it’s easy to tell by now, but *please* try not to spoil history!”

“That’s such a weird sentence,” Spirit said. “‘Please try not to spoil history’.”

Resurrectedbur sighed.

“Anyways, I had a question,” Alivebur glanced at Resurrectedbur and Deadbur. “Might be an odd question to ask or to answer, but what’s dying like?”

“Terrible!” Spirit said immediately. “There’s this weird train thing, and lava-”

“Lava?” Deadbur looked at Spirit. “There’s no lava.”

“Tommy said it was just dark,” Ghostbur frowned.

“It’s different for everyone,” Resurrectedbur explained. “The Afterlife is the place below bedrock, and everyone’s Afterlife is different based on their greatest fear.”

L’manbur, Alivebur, and Ghostbur all stared at Resurrectedbur.

“....and I die in a month?!” Alivebur asked.

“More than a month,” Deadbur shook his head. “Probably about... a month and a week?”

“Thanks,” Alivebur said sarcastically. “Thanks a lot.”

Chapter End Notes

lmao rip Imanbur and alivebur and ghostbur ig
also!! this chapter was mainly me just adding in some headcanons from one comment a
while ago from @ sweaterandcoffee ! :D

AND ALSO i gave one of my discord friends a sneak peek of the first bit and they
rewrote it for fun, so have this, by @ bonespell !

"Why would I want to.. blow things up?" Alivebur asks, clenching and unclenching his
fists. He's not sure how he's meant to feel about that admission - Confused? Scared?
Pleased?

"Well, you-" Ghostbur begins brightly, clapping his hands together, before his voice
seems to die in his throat. He's silent, staring for a moment. "Right. Not supposed to tell
you that."

"What?" Alivebur demands, taking what's meant to be a menacing step forwards.
Ghostbur shouldn't be too difficult to intimidate. "What are you not supposed to tell me?
What happens with explosives?"

"Lots of things happen with explosives, Alivebur," Ghostbur drawls lowly, in a voice
that is entirely not his own. It's lost reverb, lost pitch, is Alivebur's voice parroted at him
but more ancient, more knowing-

Alivebur finally manages to regain his senses, after a long moment. Still, he can feel his
voice, his body shaking. What the fuck was that? "Terrifying! Thanks!"

"You're welcome!" Ghostbur grins, completely back to normal, frustratingly genuine.'

bitch its so good and it captures exactly what i was trying to do w that scene,,, like
imagine ghostbur saying that in a normal wilbur voice, instead of the high-pitched voice
ghostbur has

anyways yes yes drink water get some rest i amg oing to sleep after this

i have a my little pony song stuck in my head

we all still die (what will you leave behind?)

Chapter Notes

kind of shorter chapter bc i had an idea for this chapter then my older sister gave me a better idea

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So!” Alivebur clapped. “What are we doing?”

“It’s your time,” Ghostbur pointed out. “Shouldn’t you be the one leading?”

“Well I will lead,” Alivebur said. “But I don’t know what I’m leading you all to.”

“I wanna know what L’manburg looks like in the future,” L’manbur spoke up.

Alivebur grimaced. “You... might not want to see that. Not right now.”

“Not anytime in the future, actually!” Spirit unhelpfully added.

“No,” L’manbur said firmly. “I want to see.”

Alivebur seemed to debate with himself internally before he sighed. “Fine. Let’s go.”

L’manbur grinned. It couldn’t be that bad, could it?

As they walked through the ravine, there was a varying scale of emotions the Wilburs seemed to be going through here in Pogtopia. L'manbur was mostly in awe, this place was huge. Alivebur seemed indifferent, he lived here, that made sense. Deadbur also seemed indifferent, but a more cautious kind of indifferent. Ghostbur also looked around in awe like L'manbur, but he also looked a bit terrified. Spirit was similar to Ghostbur, but less in awe and more uneasy. Resurrectedbur looked like he would rather be anywhere else than here.

Alivebur led them up to the little staircase that then led them up to the outside world. They then walked for a good bit, through a bit of forest. Soon, though, they reached L'manburg. Except... it looked much different than L'manbur remembered.

"Welcome to Manberg," Alivebur said, sounding very annoyed and tense. "Also known as Schlatt's dictatorship."

"What.. happened?" L'manbur asked. It wasn't *too* too different, but it was still disturbingly... not L'manburg.

Alivebur glanced at Resurrectedbur, then looked back at L'manbur. "I don't think I should tell you that."

"Especially since the election is really soon for you," Deadbur added.

"The fuck does that mean?" L'manbur asked. "What does the election have to do with any of this?"

"If I could tell you, I would," Alivebur shrugged, and kept walking.

"Having only been in New L'manburg and L'manhole," Ghostbur started. "This place is just that little bit off that makes it wrong but the 'w' in 'wrong' is capital, and it's not creepy, but if it were a bit more dark and empty then it would be."

"That just about describes it," Alivebur nodded.

They kept on walking, past a large white building that looked very important. Alivebur looked very uneasy, and he kept looking around everywhere, as if looking out for something.

“Wilbur!”

Alivebur froze, his eyes widening. He turned around, and L’manbur also turned to see who had spoken.

“Schlatt,” Alivebur spat. “The fuck do you want?”

“I couldn’t help but notice,” Schlatt smirked. “That you’re in *Manberg* .”

Alivebur glared at him. “Fuck off.”

“And who are these people with you?” Schlatt asked.

“It’s complicated,” Alivebur shrugged. “Me, basically. Not entirely sure how it works.”

Schlatt squinted. “Mkay. Well, you should probably fuck off to that... ‘country’ of yours.”

Alivebur opened his mouth as if to say something, but Ghostbur cut him off.

“You are like Glatt,” Ghostbur commented. “But taller. And he doesn’t wear a suit, he wears a sweater like mine but blue and has a little red heart on it!”

“The fuck are you talking about?” Schlatt glanced at Alivebur, then back at Ghostbur. “Who are you anyways?”

“I’m Ghostbur!” Ghostbur said happily. “Ghost Wilbur!”

“Oh, he dies?” Schlatt grinned. “Great.”

Alivebur rolled his eyes.

“So do you!” Ghostbur chirped. “Before Wilbur, actually! Same day, but still earlier. And a much lamer way.”

“And you never get resurrected,” Resurrectedbur called. “Good fucking riddance.”

“And who are the rest of you?” Schlatt asked.

“I’m Wilbur but resurrected,” Resurrectedbur explained. “That’s Wilbur but dead, that’s Wilbur but from September, and that’s Ghostbur but dead. Not in chronological order.”

“....the fuck?” Schlatt looked at Alivebur.

Alivebur smirked. “Like I said, I have no clue either.”

“Okay, whatever,” Schlatt shrugged. “Just fuck off.”

Alivebur rolled his eyes and led the others back towards where they came from.

L’manbur ran ahead to catch up with Alivebur. “...I see why you didn’t want to go there.”

“Yeah,” Alivebur sighed. “It fucking sucks. But, we do what we can. Whatever.”

“So...” L’manbur looked around. “Why can’t you go there? And why is Schlatt there?”

“Well...” Alivebur hesitated. “I can’t really tell you, what with the time travel rules and all that, y’know.”

“Yeah...” L’manbur looked at the ground as he walked. “It’s really weird, being with five versions of yourself, all from the future, yet none of them will tell you what happens in a month.”

“Yeahh..” Alivebur nodded. “Before you showed up, I was the earliest Wilbur.”

“Showed up?” L’manbur raised an eyebrow. “I fucking time traveled. Not even on purpose.”

Alivebur shrugged. “Showed up, time traveled somehow by accident, same difference.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works,” L’manbur laughed.

“Hey, Alivebur!” Resurrectedbur called. “I was just thinking- do you know of any... button rooms?”

Alivebur tilted his head in confusion, frowning. “No? Why?”

“Nothing,” Resurrectedbur said, obviously thinking about something. “Nothing.”

Resurrectedbur and Deadbur glanced at each other, both looking a little bit concerned.

Concerning!

Chapter End Notes

ok so a few things

1. i dont think ive put this here before but!! fanart!!

<https://ghost-legeek.tumblr.com/post/652982394401456128/ello-im-ghost-and-ima-justplop-this-here-yea>

<https://ghost-legeek.tumblr.com/post/652997185778139136/ello-again-its-me-ghost-back-again-with-more>

its just. so good. i. cannot express. like when i saw this uh (looks at date) 20 days ago (woops) i just. i was thinking about it all day and i still just remember that like damn someone drew something for my silly little fic ;A; /pos

2. next chapter this chapter but them dead people methinks

3. spirit is a walking songfic

4. alivebur is from october 8th in this fic, AKA the day the festival was announced, AKA the day he and tommy had the "then lets be the bad guys" conversation, AKA the day he came up with the tnt plan and built the button room so can you see where i'm going with this here-

love u all /p go get some water and maybe a snack u great people

jubilee line

Chapter Summary

chekhov's gun isn't always reliable

Chapter Notes

hi

i hate this chapter

like i know what i WANTED to do with it and what i wanted to write

then i wrote it. and then i reread it and went like Oh this isn't my best work

so. have this

and spirit's design is important to this chapter so if u havent see it then! here it is --->

<https://klesek.tumblr.com/post/649952327081558016/klesek-stares-into-camera-new-wilbur-everybody>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur led them back to Pogtopia. He didn't seem to be thinking about where he was going, as he almost bumped into a wall, and he seemed to be walking more by instinct than actually looking where he was going.

Ghostbur found this whole place- no, this whole *time* eerie. Pogtopia, Manberg, it all felt a little bit off. Foreboding. Like something... bad was about to happen. And there was something bad about to happen, Ghostbur knew that, but... it was weird. Something felt missing.

He shook off the feeling, it was probably nothing. Chekhov's Gun wasn't always reliable.

Alivebur led them all through Pogtopia, to the main area with the bridges and the potato room.

Ghostbur sat down on a rock, Spirit sitting next to him and the others staying nearby as well. They didn't really have anything to do, so Ghostbur decided to strike up a conversation.

"So," He glanced at Spirit. "What're those two blue lines on your sweater? Did you get a new sweater or something?"

"These?" Spirit looked down at his sweater. He then rubbed a bit of it with his hand (well. sweater. hand covered by sweater.), and it stuck to the fabric covering his hand. "It's like Blue!"

"Oh, so like this thingy!" Ghostbur exclaimed, putting *his* sweater-covered-hand in *his* weird blue line scar thing on *his* sweater, and pulling out more blue. "Blue!"

"Yeah!" Spirit nodded.

"What the fuck?"

Ghostbur looked up to the others to see all of them looking mildly disturbed- some more than others. Alivebur looked absolutely disgusted. L'manbur looked vaguely concerned.

...It was kinda gross.

"What?" Ghostbur asked, shoving the blue in Alivebur's face. "Is it gross? Does it disgust you? Are you calm? Do you need some blue, Alivebur?"

"Stop it!" Alivebur pushed him away. "Grosss!"

Ghostbur grinned. "You *sure* you don't need any?"

“I’m entirely sure,” Alivebur crossed his arms.

“Well, if you insist,” Ghostbur sighed, going back to sit down. He looked at Spirit, squinting. “So where’d you get that blue?”

“Um...” Spirit looked around the ravine. “I dunno, I guess I just found it somewhere!”

Ghostbur raised an eyebrow. “In hell?”

“Yeah,” Spirit nodded. “In hell.”

“I don’t know what kind of hell you were in,” Deadbur said. “But there aren’t any nice ghosts to give out blue, or any flowers to get some from.”

Spirit glared at him. “Fine, I have no clue where I got them from, okay? Just some.. weird thing, I guess.”

Ghostbur squinted at him, then grabbed him by the arm. “We’ll be back soon,” he promised, and dragged Spirit away despite his protests and Resurrectedbur being the responsible one telling them to wait.

Ghostbur pulled Spirit to farther along in the ravine, into a little cave thing in the side of the wall. He sat down across from him.

“So!” He clapped. “Explain.”

“I did!” Spirit insisted. “I told you, I don’t know how the hell these got here! They’re kinda cool, though. Never tried to like... clean them off.”

Ghostbur raised an eyebrow. “Spirit. The ‘blue line’ we both have- the one that looks like a stab scar? You know exactly where the fuck it’s from. Those two you have are the same. What’s it from.”

“B- wh-” Spirit stammered. “Huh?”

“What’s it from?” Ghostbur asked again.

“I can’t just *tell* you!” Spirit argued.

“What’s stopping you?” Ghostbur crossed his arms.

“Time travel rules,” Spirit said. “If you were to try and tell Alivebur that he’s supposed to die in exactly a week from tomorrow, you wouldn’t be able to. Not on purpose, or directly.”

“You say that as if you’ve time traveled before,” Ghostbur snorted.

“No, I know because I physically cannot tell you no matter how hard I try,” Spirit explained. “And I have tried!”

Ghostbur frowned. “Then try harder.”

Spirit sighed and looked at the floor. “...there’s a reason... London puts barriers on the tube line. There’s a reason... they... fail.”

They both sat in silence for a few seconds, Spirit staring at the floor.

“That’s the most direct way you can tell me?” Ghostbur asked.

“As far as I can tell, yes,” Spirit sighed. “Did you get it?”

“...maybe?” Ghostbur tilted his head. “I bet I could figure it out if I really thought about it.”

“Well, then, my work here is done,” Spirit stood up and walked out, leaving Ghostbur sitting there by himself.

“London, huh...” Ghostbur muttered.

Weird.

Chapter End Notes

if u know what it is now then good on u i think i might have made it a bit too obvious also!! the idea for this whole thing about spirit is from my friend @bonespell ! she came up w it a while ago when i first added spirit :]

there is another chapter or two about this (not right after this, later in the fic) so. *finger guns*

the calm before the storm

Chapter Notes

on the wiki it says that ghostbur is still attracted to salmon but he also said in the resurrection stream that hes never seen a salmon and not eaten it

that is all

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur walked by Ghostbur, while following Alivebur. They had left Pogtopia, since it was obviously making Resurrectedbur uncomfortable.

Deadbur walked faster to catch up with Resurrectedbur, who was walking by Spirit. “Uh...” He said quietly to Resurrectedbur. “I feel sick.”

Resurrectedbur glanced at him. “When did you last eat?”

“Eat...?” Deadbur blinked. “Seven and half years ago?”

Resurrectedbur sighed. “Yeah. You need to eat now. What a shame.”

“Imagine,” Spirit smirked.

“And why don’t you need to?” Deadbur asked.

“I dunno,” Spirit shrugged. “Maybe ‘cuz I’m double dead!”

“Unfair,” Deadbur grumbled.

“Well, I have no food on me,” Resurrectedbur said, looking through his Inventory.

“Oh, I have some food on me!” Ghostbur called. “Lemme just...” He pulled up his Inventory and swiped through it for a few seconds. He pulled something out of his Inventory and held it out-

“A *salmon* ?!” Alivebur stared at Ghostbur. “Are you fucking insane?”

Ghostbur blinked. “What?”

“Ghostbur. Ghostbur Ghostbur Ghostbur Ghostbur Ghostbur.” Resurrectedbur pinched his nose. “Ghostbur, you can’t have that.”

Ghostbur pulled the salmon back. “Wh- why not?”

“Do you know who ‘Sally’ is?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“No?” Ghostbur tilted his head. “Should I?”

“Ghostbur, remember when everyone was disgusted when you said that you’d never seen a salmon and not eaten it at the failed resurrection?” Spirit asked.

“Yeah!” Ghostbur nodded. “Even Phil’s crows were freaking out!”

“And remember how there was a salmon there named ‘Sally’?” Spirit continued.

“She was hot,” Ghostbur smiled.

No one knew how to respond to that.

“...okay,” Spirit continued. “Do you know why ‘Sally’ was there?”

“Eret said I would recognize her or something,” Ghostbur said thoughtfully. “Or that she was some important thing. She was just a pretty fish.”

“Well,” Spirit took a deep breath. “You ever heard of the birds and bee-”

“AND THAT’S WHERE WE CHANGE THE SUBJECT!” Resurrectedbur said very loudly. “Deadbur, either take the fish or find something else to eat.”

Deadbur took the fish and took a bite out of it. The feeling was weird, like the opposite of hunger but also like really really really bad hunger. He ate the rest of the salmon, it tasted... good and bad.

“You okay?” Ghostbur asked, snapping Deadbur out of his thoughts. “You were making a weird face.”

“Yeah, it’s just...” Deadbur trailed off. “It’s weird, I didn’t need to really... *do* anything in the afterlife. You don’t need food, you don’t need water, you don’t even need to fucking breathe- do you know how weird it was getting back in the habit of breathing?”

Ghostbur stared at him. “Weird.”

“Actually, do you need to eat?” Deadbur asked.

“I don’t really know,” Ghostbur responded. “I’ve always just.. eaten and drunk water, never really thought about it. Seems like something too dangerous to just *test* .” He thought for a bit, then brightened up. “I do know I can’t have alcoholic beverages, though! They burn me!”

“...do you know from experience??” Deadbur glanced at him, slightly concerned.

“Oh, no,” Ghostbur assured. “It was just one of those things that you just... know, y’know? One of those things that you’re just like ‘Ah, I know this! Why do I know this? God, I guess!’”

Deadbur stared at him.

“Hey, Deadbur?”

Deadbur looked up to see L’manbur, who was slowing down to walk next to him. “Yeah?”

“I just had a question,” L’manbur said. “You’ve never really explained what the afterlife is like, and I’m curious.”

“Well...” Deadbur tilted his head. “It’s kinda complicated, it changes for every person. It’s kind of like-”

Deadbur blinked, and in the middle of his sentence, he suddenly went from a relatively sunny field to a damp, dark, horrifyingly familiar place.

He heard a single scream of nothing but frustration, lots of confusion, and the sounds of a train.

And he saw a certain train station, blue, black, and red, with smoke and the shadow people and a few cards thrown on the floor, and the five people he was traveling with.

“...like this.”

Chapter End Notes

this was a kind of shorter chapter bc im getting writers block :/ cant wait until its time to write the afterlife,,, literally what do i write its just a sad train station with two other people there :sob:

,,,yk what if any of u have ideas or something u wanna see in the afterlives. put them in the comments ig idk :P

cocaine makes you boring

Chapter Summary

i think this time i'm dying

Chapter Notes

this chapter title is uh. i forget the exact context. but its from pink parrots mcc 14 pov (specifically wilbur ksjdudf) and it was, iirc, the kinda working title for ycgma anyways what im saying is that there is context and i didnt just name the chapter something random,

so! i got the words last night at 1 am and i popped off imo. 1.2k words >:D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Spirit didn't even know how to feel. Nothing but anger and disappointment.

He felt like screaming. In fact, he did. He did scream, and he didn't really realize it until he finished screaming (he took about ten seconds to scream) and his throat hurt and Ghostbur was staring at him with nothing but pure concern.

"Are you okay???" Ghostbur asked.

"I would love to say yes," Spirit replied.

Ghostbur looked to Resurrectedbur, usually the responsible and calm and collected one of the group. However, Resurrectedbur looked like he was also about to scream. As did Deadbur. L'manbur, Alivebur, and Ghostbur just looked confused, concerned, and vaguely terrified.

“So who’s afterlife are we in?” Resurrectedbur sighed.

“Looks like mine,” Deadbur answered. “I doubt Spirit’s would look the exact same as mine, right?” He glanced at Spirit.

“Mine is wetter,” Spirit said. “And colder. And generally just a lot more sad and lonely.”

“Fun,” Deadbur said sarcastically, walking in front of the group. “Anyways, I doubt we’re gonna be doing much here, unless you feel like playing solitaire forever and staring at trains.”

“Uh. When did you say I die?” Alivebur asked, looking around.

“Well that would spoil the fun, wouldn’t it?” Deadbur smirked.

“This place doesn’t seem like fun at all,” Ghostbur frowned. “How long have you been in here?”

“Exactly seven and a half years!” Deadbur said with fake cheer. “Actually, today is Valentine’s Day. Lucky me.”

Spirit glanced to the train tracks to the right of them, not following Deadbur. Ghostbur was leaning over the edge of the train station platform, staring at the tracks.

Spirit’s heart immediately stopped, and his head started pounding. Some instinct and fear inside of him made him rush over and drag Ghostbur away from the edge of the platform, panicking.

“..rit? Spirit?”

Spirit blinked and looked at who the voice had come from- Resurrectedbur. “Y-yeah?”

“You okay?” Resurrectedbur looked very concerned.

“Wh- yeah,” Spirit glanced around to see all the Wilburs staring at him, and also Ghostbur trying to get him to let go of his arm. He let go immediately. “Sorry, uh- I don’t know what came over me!”

“Why’d you push me??” Ghostbur pouted. “I was just looking at the train tracks!”

“You were gonna fall!” Spirit retorted.

“He was not about to fall, Spirit,” Deadbur crossed his arms. “He was a good five feet away from the edge!”

“There wasn’t even a train coming!” Ghostbur added.

“To be fair, you can never tell when a train is coming, then don’t make noise until it gets here, for some reason,” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “Weird afterlife shit.”

“Look, I dunno,” Spirit stood up. “It scared me, okay? Drop it.”

He walked away from the edge of the platform, ignoring the others staring at him.

“So,” L’manbur changed the subject. “What are we doing?”

“Nothing,” Deadbur said simply. “Unless you wanna go talk to Schlatt or Mexican Dream, then the only things we have to do is play cards and wait.”

“Mexican Dream?” L’manbur asked.

“Just what it sounds like,” Deadbur explained. “Dream but Mexican.”

“And not an asshole,” Spirit added. “He’s actually quite pleasant.”

“Going to see them wouldn’t be too too bad,” Resurrectedbur said thoughtfully. “It’s not like we have anything better to do.”

Deadbur sighed. “Fine. Let’s go.”

He led them all through the station, through a few tunnels, and soon they reached a weird place with a table, cards, a filing cabinet with an open drawer full with papers, and a few chairs surrounding the table. Schlatt and Mexican Dream were each in their own chairs, playing cards.

“Hey,” Deadbur waved, making Schlatt look up from the game.

“Pounce!” Mexican Dream shouted while Schlatt was distracted.

“Oh fuck you-” Schlatt glared at him, then looked back at Deadbur. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“What, are you not happy to see me?” Deadbur smirked, walking over to the filing cabinet and picking up a deck of cards from on top of it.

“Oh, shut up,” Schlatt rolled his eyes. He glanced at the other Wilburs. “And who are you guys? Did five new people die?”

“No,” Deadbur said, sitting down and shuffling the cards. “They’re just me. From other periods of time. I’m sure you recognize Alivebur?”

Alivebur waved.

“God, you were annoying enough with just one of you,” Schlatt said. “And now there’s six of you?”

“Technically, only four,” Ghostbur piped up. “Me and Spirit are ghosts!”

Schlatt rolled his eyes. “Well, if you’re here to play cards, sit down. If you’re not, fuck off.”

“Very polite,” Alivebur said sarcastically.

“Wilbur-” Schlatt started, but cut himself off. “Do you have names besides ‘Wilbur’ so it’s less confusing?”

“We do, actually,” Deadbur nodded. “L’manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit. In chronological order.”

Schlatt looked at all of them. “Okay. Well, either sit down and get some cards, or go find something else to do.”

“Question,” Alivebur ignored him. “Deadbur said that everyone’s afterlife was different depending on their fears. What’s yours?”

“Gym,” Schlatt replied.

“...you’re scared of the gym?” Alivebur asked disbelievingly.

“It’s complicated,” Schlatt said. “Are you gonna fucking play or not?”

“Fine, fine,” Alivebur walked over and sat down at the one other chair there.

Resurrectedbur and L’manbur also went over there, but Ghostbur stayed back. Spirit also decided to.. not go over there. He didn’t really find card games all that fun, especially the one they were playing. Too fast for him. So he decided to go sit somewhere else. Somewhere else meaning the edge of the platform.

“Hypocrite,” Ghostbur sat by him.

“Fuck off,” Spirit said, not looking at Ghostbur.

“So you can sit by the edge but I can’t?” Ghostbur asked. “Unfair.”

“No, it’s just...” Spirit glanced at him. “Nothing.”

Ghostbur rolled his eyes. “Mhm. Nothing. Spirit, I may be a bit oblivious, but I’m not *stupid*.”

“I’m not telling you,” Spirit said firmly. “Time travel rules.”

Ghostbur sighed. “That seems unfair.”

“Life is unfair,” Spirit retorted.

“You sound like a boring adult,” Ghostbur sighed.

“I’m fifteen and a half,” Spirit said.

“And I’m six months old and act like I’m thirteen,” Ghostbur snickered. “Age doesn’t matter much, gonna be honest.”

Spirit smiled. “So, do you like card games?”

“I like some card games,” Ghostbur replied thoughtfully. “I like normal solitaire, but I don’t know of many other card games, and the one they were playing seemed very intense. Deadbur seemed to like it, though.”

“Yeah, I don’t really like the faster, competitive card games,” Spirit agreed.

“Why are you asking me?” Ghostbur asked. “I’m just you, you would know what card games I- *you* like.”

“If you think about it, you’re not me,” Spirit replied. “I didn’t do any of this, and if you do something different than me in the future, then you might not turn out like... me.”

“I’m not in the mood for another long, existential talk about time travel and alternate timelines,” Ghostbur said.

“Honestly, same,” Spirit snickered. “Though that isn’t to say that I couldn’t go on a long existential talk about time travel and alternate timelines.”

“I’m going to walk off of this train platform if you do that,” Ghostbur joked.

“Actually don’t do that,” Spirit said quickly. “That would not be good.”

“I was joking,” Ghostbur stared at him. “Like, I was exaggerating.”

“I know, I know, it’s just...” Spirit looked down at the tracks. “Trains are scary, they go fast and could kill you and stuff...”

“I’m a ghost, I can’t die!” Ghostbur laughed.

Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“...that was a little insensitive,” Ghostbur admitted.

Chapter End Notes

the filing cabinet by the table is there bc when tommy was there, wilbur had the fuckin. papers. w the lifetime of the universe for some reason. i just remembered that while writing this chapter so i just added it in

man i cant angst good anymore sadge

i used to be able to angst good but now whenever i write it, it just seems really awkward
:/

a fate worse than dying

Chapter Summary

they'll let you jump under trains before helping you...
remember that.

Chapter Notes

hi i hate this chapter too
i got stuck on it for like two days or however long its been so i kinda just awkwardly
half-assed the end of it

OH ALSO the game i decided to interperet "competitive solitaire" as is pounce, a card
game that i like to describe as "communal competitve solitaire"! which is why mexican
dream said "POUNCE" in the last chapter! its very fun so if youve never played it then i
definitely recommend it. i am very good at it because i am very fast.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

L'manbur watched Schlatt, Mexican Dream, Deadbur and Alivebur play 'competitive
solitaire', as Deadbur and Schlatt liked to call it. That wasn't the actual name of the game,
but it didn't really matter. They got the gist.

Resurrectbur was standing next to L'manbur, also not playing, just watching. Ghostbur and
Spirit had gone somewhere else, though L'manbur could faintly hear them talking, so they
weren't too far away.

L'manbur was bored. There was nothing to do besides watch the card game and stand around.
So he decided to see what was in the filing cabinet.

He pulled open one of the drawers, and a few papers fell out. There was a stack of papers in
the drawer, packed to the brim. It looked like no matter how hard you tried, you could not fit
any more paper in there. Not a single sheet.

He picked up a paper from on top. On it was lots of... math. And writing. And a few little sketches of what looked like stars and planets. The fuck?

L'manbur looked at a few more papers, all of them had the same kind of thing-incomprehensible math and writing, and little drawings of space. He opened the top drawer of the cabinet and picked up a paper from there. Same stuff... except this one had a title at the top...!

“Hey Deadbur?” L'manbur called.

“Yeah?” Deadbur didn't turn from the card game.

“Why do you have a bajillion papers about calculating the lifespan of the universe?” L'manbur asked.

Resurrectedbur looked at him. “I didn't start that until at least 8 years in!”

“What the fuck?” Deadbur stood up and looked at one of the papers. “I- huh?!”

“8 years in...” Resurrectedbur said thoughtfully. “Good news! We're at least six days in the future in the overworld!”

“Fun,” Alivebur said sarcastically.

“Wait,” Spirit spoke up, walking over with Ghostbur. “If it's sometime after February 20th...” He glanced at Resurrectedbur. “It could be March...”

“It sure would be convenient if it happened to be March 1st,” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“And this whole journey thing has been awfully convenient,” Spirit pointed out. “It wouldn’t be that surprising!”

“Hey,” L’manbur interrupted. “What the hell are you talking about?”

Resurrectedbur and Spirit glanced at L’manbur, then looked back at each other.

“Wanna go see, just to check?” Spirit asked Resurrectedbur, not answering L’manbur.

“Sure,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “I dunno what we’re gonna do if he *is* there, though.” He clapped. “Well, uh. Let’s go!”

“Where, pray tell, are we going?” Alivebur asked.

“You’ll see,” Resurrectedbur replied, starting to walk down the platform.

“Probably,” Spirit corrected him. “You might not. In which case we will not explain. Though Ghostbur may or may not know.”

“What?” Ghostbur asked.

“Just follow us,” Spirit pulled him along.

L’manbur followed them, and Alivebur and Deadbur got up too. Schlatt and Mexican Dream were... inexplicably gone. Huh.

Resurrectedbur led them through more of the station, though it all looked the same. The same dark, a little bit damp, but lonely besides the weird shadow people things all around the place.

“Hey Deadbur?” L’manbur asked.

“Yeah?” Deadbur looked at him.

“What are those shadow people all around the place?” L’manbur tilted his head.

“Oh, they’re...” Deadbur trailed off. “They’re there.”

“Do they... do anything?” L’manbur glanced at the shadowy beings.

“Nope,” Deadbur shrugged. “They just kind of... stand there. Menacingly.”

L’manbur nodded slowly. Those things were weird.

The group kept on walking. They walked for what felt like days but was probably only fifteen minutes before Resurrectedbur stopped in place.

“I kind of wish we weren’t right and that he wasn’t here,” Spirit said.

Resurrectedbur nodded.

“What?” L’manbur looked at where Resurrectedbur and Spirit were looking. “Who- *oh.* ”

They were looking at Tommy! Tommy, who was curled up in a ball, sitting while leaning against the wall.

Ghostbur's immediate reaction seemed to be to run over- well more float over but fast- and sit next to him.

L'manbur took a step towards them, but Spirit stopped him.

"If anyone here knows how to cheer Tommy up, it's Ghostbur," Spirit whispered.

And he did seem to be cheering him up already, seeing as Tommy was hugging Ghostbur at the moment.

Ghostbur broke away from the hug and floated back to the group.

"Umm..." He glanced back at Tommy. "He can't see anything? His limbo is just a dark void..."

"Oh yeah," Resurrectedbur snapped his fingers. "He did mention that!"

"So do we all wanna go over there, orrr..." Ghostbur looked to Resurrectedbur. "I don't really know if he would handle there being six Wilburs that well? But also what else do we do?"

"Hmm.." Resurrectedbur glanced at Tommy, who was holding some blue. It was glowing. Huh. "How about we all go over, and you explain what's going on?"

Ghostbur nodded, then led them over. He sat down next to Tommy. "Hiya, Tommy!"

Tommy looked at him. “Hey, Ghostbur.”

The first thing that L’manbur noticed was that there was blood dripping from Tommy’s head. Concerning!

The second thing he noticed was that Tommy was definitely not really looking at... anything. He wasn’t looking at anything in specific, so it kind of just looked like he was staring at Ghostbur’s sweater.

“So!” Ghostbur started to explain. “I’m gonna try to explain what’s going on and why I’m here? I haven’t died, don’t worry! Well. Not yet, I guess.” He scrunched up his face in thought. “Anyways! There are basically four Wilburs and two Ghostburs! We’re all from different points in time- L’manburg time, Pogtopia time, Afterlife time, my time, after this time, and after this time but in the Afterlife! It’s confusing.”

Tommy definitely seemed to agree with that last statement. “...What the fuck?”

“Like I said, it’s confusing,” Ghostbur smiled. “But it’ll make sense soon.”

“Tommy, question,” Resurrectedbur spoke up.

“That’s Resurrectedbur,” Ghostbur said.

“How long have you been here, just about?” Resurrectedbur continued.

“Uh...” Tommy hummed. “Almost two months? Why?”

“Oh, thank god,” Resurrectedbur sighed. “I didn’t want to just have to leave you. That would be awkward. And kind of rude.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Tommy asked.

“Oh, you’ll be out of here soon,” Spirit assured. “Probably in a few hours, depending on the day.”

“If it was within ten minutes of it, then another Wilbur would be here...” Resurrectedbur said. “Let’s just hope this is an alternate timeline and through the power of plot convenience we don’t meet another Wilbur because then we would have two Wilburs that looked the exact same and I don’t think we need any more Wilburs?”

“I have a feeling we’ll be lucky,” Ghostbur smiled.

They all sat around in silence for a few minutes. It wasn’t the most comfortable, but it’s not like it was *that* awkward.

...

“Wanna play solitaire-” Deadbur broke the silence.

“Shut the fuck up,” Tommy interrupted him immediately.

“So, um...” L’manbur started, trying to make conversation. “What’s with the blood on your head?”

Resurrectedbur glared at him. What? It was just a question.

Tommy seemed to squirm for a bit, before answering. “Uh... I’d rather not talk about that.”

Ooooookay, then. No conversation.

Suddenly, Tommy perked up, his eyes widening in panic. “No- nonono-”

And then he was gone.

“...what the fuck?!” Alivebur stared at where Tommy was three seconds ago.

“Right on time!” Resurrectedbur nodded, looking at a watch that was not on his wrist before.

“What the hell happened?” Alivebur demanded.

“He got revived!” Spirit said.

“Why was he so panicked?” L’manbur asked, concerned.

“Dream,” Spirit frowned. “Bitch.”

“What’s wrong with Dream?” L’manbur tilted his head. Dream had fought against him in the L’manburg War for Independence, but he wouldn’t go so far as to say he was a bitch. Sure, Dream wasn’t... very fair. But Spirit seemed very passionate about how bad Dream was.

“Everything is wrong with Dream,” Spirit spat.

L’manbur glanced at Ghostbur, who looked a little confused, but sad.

“Dream isn’t the nicest person,” Ghostbur explained. “He kind of... exiled Tommy? It wasn’t very fair... but he did help me find friend!” He smiled.

“He’s a manipulative fuck,” Spirit said simply.

“...ah,” Was all L’manbur said in response.

“Well,” Deadbur clapped, standing up. “If we’re done here, I have a card game to finish...”

“Yeah, yeah yeah,” Resurrectedbur sighed. “Lead us back.”

Deadbur nodded and started walking.

“So Resurrectedbur,” L’manbur called. “Are you going to explain those papers with the lifespan of the universe?”

Chapter End Notes

wooooo did u like it
say hi to my cat she is also here and sitting on my computer but she is also purring so i
cant bring myself to push her off
btw the chapter summary is important for later (kind of) <3

familiar and foreboding

Chapter Summary

something for your mind

Chapter Notes

real quick short chapter! sorry if it seems like it moves too fast or doesnt really flow well, i was thinking fast ^^;
i was mostly thinking about next chapter :) its gonna be fun to write :)

also this chapter and all of alivebur's thoughts arent my thoughts and opinions on the characters and revolution, theyre just how c!wilbur's thoughts and opinions were (as best as i can tell, along with the help of the wiki) ^^; so sorry if it doesnt really line up with what you think c!wilburs thoughts were!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As the group walked back to where they were before, Alivebur started thinking.

There was a lot going on right now, he was fucking *time travelling* . That wasn't something you do every day.

....that wasn't really something you did. Period. Ever.

Anyways, his point was that there was a lot going on right now. Both in whatever time they were in and his own time. Back in his time, there was a festival going on. And that whole thing going on made Alivebur question himself and his motives on some things.

In Manberg, they were just living their lives. Sure, Schlatt wasn't the best person, but at least he could lead a country. And with this festival, it was people celebrating. And Schlatt won the

election fairly, Alivebur had just been so sure he would win that he let anything and everything slide.

And even with the other Wilburs, most from the future, Alivebur had no clue what was going to happen at that festival. And he had no clue what they did at the festival, and how it had an effect on the future- their present times.

Deadbur didn't seem too happy about what happened at the festival... maybe Alivebur could do something different than what Deadbur did, and make his future better? It's not like it would get rid of Deadbur, it would just make an alternate timeline.

So... what could he do? What should he do?

There were the obvious choices of nothing and destroying the whole place. Obviously.

And really, what else could he do? It was way too far to do something like just talk it out with Schlatt. They were taking their land back, and they had already chosen the way they were going to do it. Violence.

But was it really *their* land? Yeah, it was a bit of a dick move for Schlatt to exile them. (...understatement.) But he still won fairly, through an election decided by the people. The people had decided who they wanted to lead them, and now Wilbur and Tommy were trying to take it back.

Were they really in the right?

Were they really the heroes in this story?

"Alivebur? Helloooo?" Ghostbur waved in front of Alivebur's face, snapping him out of his thoughts.

...this wasn't the Afterlife.

“Huh?” Alivebur pushed Ghostbur out of his face.

“We’re in L’manbur’s time now!” Ghostbur grinned.

So that’s why they were in a cobblestone courthouse.

Chapter End Notes

https://dreamteam.fandom.com/wiki/The_TNT_plot
:)

(also yeah we're already done with deadburs time sorry bout that but really what else could i do in the afterlife?
besides, gotta save SOME afterlife fun for the next afterlife ;))

the floating cobblestone courthouse

Chapter Notes

woo woo i lied this isnt the exciting chapter i decided to write that as a seperate chapter bc this one is already long enough and if i put the actual debate in this one then it would be so fuckin long
so here is this
im goin to sleep after this probably

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur looked around the courthouse. “L’manbur, remind me what day you’re from?”

“September 7th,” L’manbur replied. “Though it was late at night, so it might be the 8th by now, since time keeps moving in the past.”

“So, there is a chance the debate is going to start soon,” Resurrectedbur said.

“I mean..” L’manbur looked out of the window. “Yeah, it’s day now, so...”

“About what time?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“Almost noon,” L’manbur answered.

“Great,” Resurrectedbur smiled. “Starts soon!”

“Ghostbur?”

Resurrectedbur looked to the door of the courthouse to see that the voice had come from none other than Karl Jacobs.

“Huh?” Ghostbur looked at him too. “Karl?”

Karl slapped his hand over his mouth. “Uh- hi?”

Ghostbur squinted. “Aren’t you from the past? How do you know me?”

“Uh... Lucky guess?” Karl laughed nervously. “What are you all doing here?”

“It’s very complicated, but basically, we time travelled!” Ghostbur explained, glossing over what Karl had just said.. “And now we’re in L’manbur- this time’s Wilbur-’s time!”

“Just in time for the debate,” Karl smiled. “It’s starting in less than an hour!”

L’manbur froze. “Fuck, I need to get Tommy!”

He got up from where he was sitting in the weird.. stone bleacher-like chairs and went over to the door, quickly walking down the path.

Resurrectedbur followed him, he remembered one thing in particular that he wanted to see.

They walked down the stone path in the sky carefully so as to not fall off. Soon enough, they got to the bottom of the path and stairs to see Tommy and Quackity arguing.

“You are being so immature-” Quackity was saying as they neared.

“Ah, Big Q,” Resurrectedbur smirked.

Everyone- everyone meaning Quackity, Tommy, George, Sapnap, and Tubbo- looked at him.

“Wh- Wilbur?” Tommy stared at him.

“How and why are there two Wilburs?” Tubbo asked.

“There’s actually six,” Resurrectedbur said cheerfully. “Well. Four. Two of them are ghosts.”

“What the hell?” Quackity almost shouted. Not quite a shout.

“Do you want to meet the others?” Resurrectedbur asked. “They’re in the courthouse, waiting.”

“Uh... sure??” Tubbo tilted his head.

“I’ll lead the way,” L’manbur spoke up. “Since it’s my time.”

Resurrectedbur nodded. That went surprisingly quickly and smoothly. He waited until all the others had followed L’manbur, then walked behind the last person- Tubbo.

Huh. Tubbo looked a lot different before the festival. Before Manberg.

The group walked up and on the cobblestone path in the sky, Resurrectedbur smirking as he heard the conversation that was happening in front of him, knowing full well what was about to happen next.

George happened to be right behind L'manbur on the path, so when George implied that he would push Tommy off the bridge, L'manbur simply waited for George to catch up to him and stuck his leg out. George tripped and fell off the edge of the path.

L'manbur ignored George screaming, instead smiling and continuing to walk down the path. "He tripped!"

Soon they reached the courthouse, everyone going to their side of the room.

"So!" Resurrectedbur clapped. "I'm sure you're all wondering what the fuck we're doing here. We are too!"

"Speak for yourself," L'manbur elbowed him. "I know exactly what I'm doing here."

"Mhm, sure," Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes, smiling. "Anyways, I'll start by introducing everyone. This is L'manbur- you know him- then Alivebur, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Spirit, and yours truly, Resurrectedbur."

"Hey, why are half of you dead?" Tommy called.

"Oh, it's more than half of us!" Spirit said cheerfully. "And I'm double dead! Can't tell you why, but trust me it wasn't your fault!"

Tommy suddenly looked very concerned.

Resurrectedbur sighed. "Spirit please."

"What?" Spirit crossed his arms. "I'm just saying!"

Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“Can we just do the debate already?” Quackity called.

L'manbur walked up to the lectern. “Let's get started.”

Karl nodded and walked over to the judge area, Sapnap following him. Tommy and Tubbo sat down behind L'manbur.

“Oh, hey Fundy!” Ghostbur suddenly said, interrupting Karl, who was about to speak.

Resurrectedbur glanced at the door to see Fundy standing there.

“Wh-” Fundy looked at Ghostbur and the other Wilburs, then to Quackity's side of the room, then to the judge area, then back to L'manbur's side of the room. “The fuck?”

Ghostbur stood up and hugged Fundy. Fundy did not hug him back.

Poor Ghostbur.

“Hi, Fundy,” Deadbur said, sounding very tense.

“Uh... hi?” Fundy glanced around the room. “What's going on?”

“Time travel,” Spirit said simply. “No I don't know how, no I will not elaborate.”

Fundy didn't seem to have anything to say to that.

“So who’s side are you on?” Quackity asked him.

“My own,” Fundy replied. “I have my own party, my own presidency.”

“You missed the sign-up,” L’manbur argued.

“Look,” Fundy said to L’manbur. “I know you. I grew up with you as my father, and I’ve seen what you can do, I’ve seen your leadership, you have a lot of things. You know what you’re doing, you have charisma, you’re looking good in your suit, but there’s one thing that you’re missing.”

Tubbo gasped behind L’manbur.

“I have a bakery,” Fundy continued. “And I can deliver cookies, and ice cream. To all my citizens. I don’t have much more, but that I do have.”

“I know who I’m voting for!” Ghostbur called. “I would like some ice cream!”

“Ghostbur, you’re from the future,” L’manbur said. “You can’t vote.”

“None of the shit in the future would have happened if Coconut2020 won the election, just saying,” Spirit spoke up.

“Or if a *certain someone* didn’t sleep through it,” Resurrectedbur added, making sure to not glare at that *certain someone* .

“You sound like twitter,” Ghostbur rolled his eyes.

“Oh so I can’t-” Spirit immediately started shouting.

“Fourth-wall breaking is allowed during this specifically because of a crucial plot point that is most definitely important to the future,” Resurrectedbur interrupted him.

Spirit crossed his arms. “Fine.”

Resurrectedbur could tell that Spirit knew exactly what he was talking about.

“So,” Karl spoke up. “Let’s get started, shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

rip gogy

september 8th, 2020

Chapter Summary

debate time!

Chapter Notes

hey, sorry for a kind of late update! this chapter was kinda hard to write bc its just me writing down the debate while adding my own things here and there and taking a few things out,,
and also i'm on vacation rn, have been since sunday :] its been really fun and i havent been writing, but i finished this chapter rq rn! its kinda short but here u go <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Karl, please bring up an issue for the floor,” L’manbur called.

“Oh, yeah, yeah yeah,” Karl nodded. “Lemme just look up some debate topics, hold on...”

Quackity laughed. “Are you not prepared?”

“Uh...” Karl hummed. “Universal healthcare! Or uh.. death penalty!”

“Wha-” L’manbur snickered. “You want to talk about the death penalty, Karl?”

“I mean yeah, go for it,” Karl turned to face L’manbur.

“Alright, uh...” L’manbur started thoughtfully. “Yes, but only for Quackity.”

Everyone in the room laughed, Quackity shouting indignantly.

L’manbur smirked. “Next question.”

“Uhhh...” Karl looked at his notes. “What’s your stance on pet murder? There’s been a lot of pet killings on the server lately.”

Next to L’manbur, Ghostbur glared at Sapnap.

“If I’m reelected,” L’manbur said. “I would create a police force that will uphold the law so that no more pets are killed in L’manburg.”

“Okay,” Karl turned to Quackity. “Quackity, take the stage.”

“I will enact a policy,” Quackity declared. “That will teach all our residents to be nice to each other, and that way we won’t have to enforce any sort of law-”

“Oh, welcome to the real world Big Q,” L’manbur rolled his eyes. “A policy that makes people nice to each other! Really!”

“Settle down,” Karl called. “So Wilbur, your stance is that you’re pro-police?”

“I’m not pro-police!” L’manbur argued. “Don’t put words into my mouth, Karl. Listen, I believe that if a bad person is gonna kill someone’s animals, there should be someone to stop them! That’s what I’m saying!”

“Mkay, that sounds reasonable to me, Quackity?” Karl nodded.

“I think that we should attack the problem from the root,” Quackity said. “And that’s to change the morals we all have- no one should be dying, and no one’s animals should be dying either, Wilbur! You just wanna throw people in jail!”

“Dear *God*, no,” Spirit muttered. “No jails. No jails.”

“Agreed,” Ghostbur called.

“Should they be allowed to debate?” Quackity gestured to the other Wilburs. “They technically shouldn’t be here.”

“Wouldn’t our input be more helpful than any of your input could be?” Alivebur argued. “We’re *all* from the future. We all know what happens at least a month in the future.”

“What could happen that’s so bad in a month?” Quackity snorted.

“So many things,” Alivebur answered. “So, so many things.”

Deadbur nodded in agreement. “I’m technically only two months in the future from all of you, but let me tell you- good fucking luck.”

“Terrifying, thanks,” L’manbur said dryly.

“They can contribute,” Karl decided. “Just... don’t try to spoil the future, I guess? Not too much?”

“We physically can’t,” Spirit replied. “Not on purpose, at least.”

“Anyways!” L’manbur spoke up. “Karl, next debate topic?”

“Right,” Karl nodded. “Uh... Wilbur, what’s your stance on corruption within politics?”

“As the man who called this election, as the man who stripped his own power to allow democracy to take root,” L’manbur answered. “I would say that corruption is a big part of what I am against.”

“I remind you, that you are not an acting democracy,” Quackity argued. “You were well within your full knowledge that it would be a one-party system until *I* came up, I decided that I would be running against you.”

“You have no proof,” L’manbur argued back. “You have no proof.”

Alivebur suddenly looked up, seeming excited.

“You weren’t expecting that,” Quackity continued. “You were expecting a one-party-”

“You have no proof- he’s talking out his ass, he has no proof,” L’manbur repeated.

“I have proof- There are VODs, Wilbur, there are VODs!” Quackity argued.

“VOD? What’s a VOD? I mean let’s think about this-” L’manbur started to shout. “If it PLEASES the court-”

“I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT MY OPPONENT IS TALKING *SHIT!* ” All the Wilburs shouted in unison.

Spirit burst out laughing as everyone else in the room stared at them, as did Alivebur.

“Oh, that never gets old...” Resurrectedbur snickered. “Holy shit...”

“I don’t even know how I know that!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “There’s no recordings or anything of the debate, and no one told me about it, I barely know what’s going on right now!”

“If there’s a will, there’s a way,” Deadbur grinned.

“Are we going to.. ignore that...” Tubbo glanced at Karl.

Karl snickered. "Yeah, yeah, uhhh... taxes? Thoughts on taxes?"

“I’d like to offer this one up to Alex,” L’manbur said.

“You take it, you take it,” Quackity shook his head.

“I’ve decided Wilbur won this,” Karl spoke up, jumping down from the judge’s place. He then cracked the glass in the floor under him and fell through, falling down to the ground.

The message ‘KarlJacobs fell from a high place’ showed up in everyone’s communicators.

Everyone stared at where he had fallen.

“I would’ve survived that,” Ghostbur muttered.

Chapter End Notes

so did u like it
debate part 2 coming (hopefully) soon <3

september 8th, 2020 pt. two

Chapter Notes

woop woop

gooooooooood morning i woke up an hour and a half ago and wrote half of this chapter real fast so if it doesnt make sense then blame my brain for having thinking that writing as soon as i got up was the best idea

im a little tired now but that is okay :thumbsup:

btw do you know how fuckin annoying it is to write something but that thing is just rewriting a video into your fanfiction with your own things added bc its annoying and tedious and why this and the last chapter have taken longer to write

thats also why i skipped most of the debate (and because it would be boring as HELL if i just rewrote all that), if you want the actual debate then watch the video/vod

and if the like. geography or where something is on the map is messed up or just Wrong entirely then you try to find a good map of the dream smp from before manberg era ok its hard i gotta rely on videos and vods alone for this

AND if something seems weird or unnecessary from last chapter or this chapter in the debate then. look that was just what happened ok. dont blame me i didnt just randomly have karl fall out of the floor

i realized that i should probably say that as that may have seemed like a weird chapter end KJSDHFK

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo was standing on top of the judge's platform. George was behind SWAG2020's podium, and Tommy behind POG2020's.

"George, they're talking about conflict," Quackity said, having to repeat the subject, as George was scrolling through Twitter on his phone.

"Yeah, I mean... when this was a simpler time, we all lived in harmony," George said. "It was very nice, very peaceful, and we loved it, and then..." he paused for dramatic effect. "You came along."

Karl and Quackity gasped dramatically.

“You started wars,’ George continued. “Battles, the list goes on. And simply, my opinion on conflict is that we should keep it to a minimum. But clearly in your mind-”

L’manbur laughed, as did pretty much everyone else in the room.

“You want it to the maximum,” George pressed on. “And I don’t agree with that at all.”

“Okay,” Tubbo said, laughing a little bit at George’s comment. “George, do you have anything else to add, or can the opposition speak?”

“Uh..” George hummed. “I’ll allow it.”

“Well, I mean, you don’t allow shit, bitch,” Tubbo retorted

Everyone burst out laughing, Quackity running up to the judge stand.

“Woah, woah, how dare you speak to my running mate like that?” Quackity demanded. “I thought you were being impartial!”

“That’s my opinion,” Tubbo defended himself. “I’d say the same to them!”

“We need a new judge,” Sapnap called.

“I got it, I got it,” Karl climbed up onto the judge's platform. “Okay, Tommy, your turn-”

Dream fell from the roof onto the cobblestone path in front of the doorway to the courtroom, and no one except one certain ghost seemed to immediately notice him.

L'manbur heard a scream from behind him, and turned to see Spirit seeming a little bit terrified, but very very mad, staring at Dream in the doorway.

“Spirit-” Resurrectedbur glanced at Dream, then back at Spirit.

“Youuuu MOTHERFUCKER!” Spirit shouted, cutting Resurrectedbur off. “YOU BITCHASS SHITFACE FUCKHOLE ASSHAT! I WILL KILL YOU, I WILL, YOU HOMELESS GREEN TELETUBBY-”

“Woah, what the hell?” Quackity spoke up.

Spirit got up from where he was sitting on the stone stairs, and started towards Dream, who looked very confused, like everyone else in the room, but Ghostbur grabbed his sweater and pulled him back.

“Spirit, if you were to kill him now, you would mess up the future,” Ghostbur urged.

“Good!” Spirit retorted.

“Spirit, look, I know what happens, but you can’t kill him,” Resurrectedbur looked Spirit in the eyes. “You can’t change the future that drastically.”

“But-” Spirit looked back at Dream. He sighed. “Fine.”

“Uh...” L'manbur glanced at Dream, then back at Spirit. “What?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Resurrectedbur assured. “It’s fine.”

“I disagree,” Spirit muttered.

“Um...” Karl looked around the room. “Should Dream.. not come in?”

“He can as long as he stays on the other fucking side of the room,” Spirit glared at Dream.

Karl nodded to Dream, and Dream walked in, standing on top of the judge platform next to Karl.

Ghostbur, Spirit and Resurrectedbur glared at Dream, continuing to confuse everyone else in the room.

“I think we’re actually done here,” Karl clapped once. “Unless either candidate has anything else to add?”

“Nope,” Tommy shook his head, L’manbur didn’t object.

Quackity didn’t have anything else to add either.

“Court dismissed,” Karl said loudly. “No clear winner.”

Everyone walked out of the courtroom. It was cloudy, and the sun was setting. Everyone walked down the cobblestone path and stairs, soon reaching the ground in the Targay parking lot.

The Wilburs, Tommy and Tubbo all stopped in the parking lot as everyone else walked away to somewhere else.

“So...” Tommy looked at L'manbur. “That wasn’t.. good.”

“Nope,” L’manbur confirmed. “Don’t really know... what we should do now.”

“I guess just hope we get Twitter’s votes,” Tubbo spoke up. “And try to campaign more.”

“I hate just watching this,” Alivebur sighed. “It’s like watching a trainwreck in slow motion.”

“...is that supposed to mean something?” L’manbur laughed nervously. “Do you want to add anything to help us?”

“If I did, then it would change the future,” Alivebur shook his head. “I would love to, don’t get me wrong, but alas.”

“You would love to change the future or help us?” Tommy asked.

“Yes,” Alivebur said simply.

Tommy looked disturbed.

“Whatever,” L’manbur changed the subject. “I’m sure it’ll be fine, and to be fair, you’ve probably already changed the future enough already.”

“Uh, that reminds me,” Tubbo said. “Are you going to.. explain what’s going on? Or are we just supposed to know?”

“Well we have no clue either,” Resurrectedbur answered. “Unhelpful, I know, but really all you see is all the explanation you’re going to get.”

“I’ve just realized that I haven’t seen Friend since Resurrectedbur’s time,” Ghostbur frowned. “Is he only there when he exists in that actual time?”

“Who’s Friend?” Tommy asked.

“My sheep,” Ghostbur smiled. “He’s very soft.”

“You need to shear his wool more, by the way,” Resurrectedbur reminded him. “Sheep like it when you do that.”

“How do you know that?” Ghostbur asked.

“Puffy,” Resurrectedbur shrugged.

“Who’s Puffy?” L’manbur asked.

“Another member of the SMP in the future,” Ghostbur explained. “Joins... right after the 16th, actually, I think!”

“This sixteenth?” Tubbo asked.

“Oh, no,” Ghostbur shook his head. “*The* sixteenth, November 16th.”

“Why is it *The* 16th?” Tubbo asked.

“Well-” Ghostbur started to explain, but cut himself off. “Can’t tell you?” He laughed nervously.

Tommy squinted. “Why not?”

“Time travel,” Spirit replied. “It’s kind of... illegal? In a sense? To tell you what happens in the future on purpose. And that would spoil the fun!”

“The fun of what, exactly?” Alivebur crossed his arms.

“Living?” Spirit shrugged. “Look, I can’t just tell you.”

“That’s insensitive,” Ghostbur hissed. “Living? Really?”

Spirit snickered. “I. Did not realize that.”

Ghostbur rolled his eyes.

“What?” Alivebur demanded.

“Nothing,” Deadbur sighed. “I’m surprised you haven’t fucking picked it up by now, we’re terrible at keeping secrets, apparently.” He glared at Spirit and Ghostbur. “At least, *some of us*.”

“Sorry,” Spirit grinned.

Chapter End Notes

quick question is spirit technically my edgy oc

OH ALSO QUICK IMPORTANT EDIT: opinions on me adding another wilbur?
another ghostbur, to be specific! (and therefore another friend :D)

memories of an age gone past

Chapter Summary

From the pen of TommyInnit

History is happening History is here. history is happening this is a poem. Balcony. We are stood on a balcony. Bald people. They just aren't good. Politics. All I want to do is create more police policy politic policy keep that in. keep in the stutters. Keep this in too. Politics and ladies. Let's talk about them. Money is the root of all evil, said a good man. An evil man is good. I saw a tower the other day. I WANTED IT TO FALL DOWN.

Chapter Notes

wow not even 24 hours in between a chapter post i am speedy
can you tell i like writing these types of chapters more than the debate ones /lh
if something doesnt make that much sense in this chapter its bc its late and i dont want to read this again all my braincells are gone

but yes good morning or good night or good afternoon or good noon or good evening or bad of any of those but hello and hi welcome to i need to get a sleep schedule .

ALSO I FORGOT TO MENTION IT LAST TWO CHAPTERS BUT! 4k hits!! :D and wowie 30 chapters how long is this thing gonna be

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur felt really.. weird, walking around in L'manbur's time.

This was.. a month ago. Yet it felt like years. Just one election between the times, yet it felt like fifty.

Sometimes Alivebur would think about what he could have changed in the past to make the future- his present- not so.. bad. If he had called off the election. If he had closed the electoral ballot earlier. If he didn't even try an election. If he didn't even have the revolution.

If he never came here at all.

At least it was exciting? It was a story, and a very good one. Sometimes he wasn't even sure if his life was.. real? There were just so many... weirdly coincidental and convenient things that happened all the time, and a surprising amount of story elements.

A story sculpted by an author, maybe authors.

“Alivebur? Hellooooo?”

Alivebur blinked and noticed Ghostbur waving his sweater sleeve in front of his face.

“Oh, you're alive,” Ghostbur beamed. “Good, I thought we'd have to change you to Deadbur, and Deadbur to... Deadbur Two.”

“I'm just thinking,” Alivebur pushed him away. from him. He hesitated. “...do you ever think that some things are... awfully coincidental to not be some sort of already set-up plan?”

Ghostbur tilted his head. “What do you mean?”

“I mean..” Alivebur trailed off. “Never mind, never mind. What are we doing?”

“We're going to L'manburg,” L'manbur replied from the front of the group.

“Great,” Alivebur said.

“Why don't you want to go to L'manburg?” Ghostbur asked.

“I didn’t say I didn’t want to go,” Alivebur frowned.

“Your tone said it,” Ghostbur replied.

Alivebur sighed. “I hate you.”

“You seem like the type to,” Ghostbur smiled.

“The hell is that supposed to mean?” Alivebur glanced at him.

“I mean, everyone said that Alivebur was an evil villain that really messed up the place,” Ghostbur said thoughtfully. “Now that I’ve really met you, you don’t seem like that. But you still seem like the type of person to not like me.”

Alivebur walked faster to catch up to Deadbur. “Ghostbur freaks me out sometimes,” He whispered once he was sure Ghostbur was out of earshot.

“He’s unnerving like that,” Deadbur smirked.

“You’re no help,” Alivebur huffed.

“What kind of help are you looking for? Therapy?” Deadbur asked jokingly. He paused. “Might not be a bad idea.”

“The hell is that supposed to mean?” Alivebur retorted.

Deadbur raised an eyebrow. Alivebur frowned.

“We’re here!” L’manbur called.

Alivebur looked at the tall black walls, suddenly feeling very nervous. Why? It was just L’manburg. From one month ago.

He followed L’manbur into the walls, looking around at the place he helped build.

The first thing he saw was the rebuilt Camarvan, made of dirt and cobblestone and grass and absolute perfection.

He ran up to it before L’manbur reached it, going inside and seeing an upside-down book in the back, drugs and cauldrons on the right, a long window on the left...

“Alivebur?” L’manbur asked from behind him. “You good?”

“Yeah,” Alivebur responded, not really paying attention. “Just weird.”

“What’s weird?” L’manbur frowned.

“This was only a month ago, but now this is destroyed...” Alivebur paused. “I think. They might not have. He was planning to, though...”

“Who’s ‘they’ and ‘he’?” L’manbur asked.

“Sch-” Alivebur cut himself off. “Shouldn’t tell you that. RRight.”

“Why are all of you so bad at keeping a secret?” L’manbur facepalmed.

“It’s not like it’s a secret we’re used to keeping,” Alivebur defended himself, turning to face L’manbur. “It’s just common knowledge and what’s going on when we’re from.”

““When we’re from’..” L’manbur said quietly. “Such a weird thing to say. Never thought you’d say that, huh?”

“Nope,” Alivebur sighed.

The two of them walked out of the van, and Alivebur looked around more. The trees, the walls, the van (of course), the towers looming in the near distance...

Most of this wasn’t even gone, yet he still felt a weird sense of nostalgia being here.

Maybe it was some weird time travel thing.

“So,” L’manbur spoke once they were all back in front of the van, the others having looked around a bit. “What are we doing?”

“We could wander around the SMP?” Ghostbur suggested. “I wanna see what this whole place was actually like, I’ve never seen any of this! ...at least, not blown up a bajillion times.”

“Concerning,” L’manbur nodded. “But yeah, I guess we could do that.”

“I wanna see one specific place,” Resurrectedbur spoke up.

“Where is it?” L’manbur asked.

“You wouldn’t know where it is,” Resurrectedbur said. “Deadbur knows, Ghostbur and Spirit technically know *where* it is, but not *what* it is.”

“Well what is it?” Spirit pressed.

Resurrectedbur hesitated. “I would say ‘you’ll see’ but you won’t, it’s not there yet.”

“When is it from?” Ghostbur asked.

“Is this some weird game of 20 questions now?!” Resurrectedbur said, exasperated. When no one answered and instead kept staring at him, he sighed. “What day are you from, Alivebur?”

“October 8th,” Alivebur answered.

“Well fuck!” Resurrectedbur exclaimed. “Technically your time, but I don’t think you know of it yet, even though you make it.”

“Wait,” Deadbur said, an expression of realization dawning on his face. “You don’t mean-”

Resurrectedbur nodded, cutting Deadbur off.

Deadbur looked disturbed. “I don’t think I want to see that.”

“It doesn’t exist yet, it’s fine,” Resurrectedbur insisted.

“I disagree,” Deadbur replied, tone implying to drop the subject.

Resurrectedbur sighed. “Fine, never mind.”

“Are you going to explain, or...?” Alivebur asked.

“It would spoil the future for L’manbur,” Resurrectedbur shrugged.

“And not me?” Alivebur demanded. “Why don’t I know, then?”

“You do know,” Resurrectedbur smiled. “Probably.”

Alivebur stared at him.

“You look disgusted,” Ghostbur nodded at Alivebur’s face.

“I’m just fucking confused,” Alivebur shook his head.

“I am too, and I know what the hell he’s talking about,” Deadbur grumbled.

“So!” L’manbur changed the subject. “Shall we be on our way?”

“Yes!” Ghostbur clapped. How did he clap? His fucking sweater covered his hands. You need uncovered hands to produce the sound that a clap makes without it sounding muffled or soft.

“Let’s g-”

“-o?” Ghostbur finished his sentence, having stopped in the middle of his words because in the literal blink of an eye, the scene had changed around them from in the walls of L’manburg at night to outside of the Camarvan, this time just looking a bit better and more accurate to the very very first original one.

In front of the group was Ghostbur, just wearing a blue sweater that looked a good bit smaller than Ghostbur's yellow sweater.

“...you're not Friend.”

Chapter End Notes

blue is a nice color dont u think

(also if u cant tell then the place resurrectedbur and deadbur were talking about was the button room ksdhfjd idk if i made it to vague ^^;)

can't tell if this is the calm or if this is the storm

Chapter Summary

dear god why another one

Chapter Notes

ayooo hiii

i went to busch gardens today and am very tired :P it was lots of fun

anyways!! welcome the new wilbur :D

look at his design and tell me he doesnt give off spirit tracks link n engineer type vibes

<https://klesek.tumblr.com/post/656806526772772864/introducing-blue-ghostbur-from-new>

i think its the rolled up sleeves (the blue on his face and arms was added after i was like *points* engineer)

enjoy! ^^

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur was just looking around for Friend in New L'manburg. He was near the Camarvan, he last saw Friend around here.

Or was it by Techno's cabin? Techno seemed very stressed about something. Something about an army. But Technobade never dies, it'll be fine!

Anyways. Friend.

"Friend!" He called. "Frieeend-"

"-O."

Ghostbur heard something behind him and turned to see... a group of people. Including him? But with his yellow sweater that he wasn't wearing right now.

"...you're not Friend," was all he had to say.

"Another one!" The one with a trench coat that wasn't gray groaned. "Why! This is seven now!"

"Uh.. what?" Ghostbur looked at all of them. "Who? Are you?"

"I'm Ghostbur," The other him stepped forward and put out his sweater-covered hand for a handshake. Ghostbur took it. "Which I'm sure you can tell already, other me! Anyways, this is L'manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit!"

"Sorry, what?" Ghostbur took his hand back. "Run that by me again?"

"L'manbur, Alivebur-" The other Ghostbur repeated himself.

"Alivebur ." Ghostbur glanced at the group. " *Alivebur*. Really?"

"He's not as bad as everyone makes him out to be," The other Ghostbur quickly said. "At least, not yet."

Ghostbur squinted. "So you're also me?"

"From about... five months in the future, yep," The other Ghostbur replied. "We're gonna have to find you a different name than Ghostbur, we can't have two Ghostburs..."

“So you’re just gonna gloss over the time travel?” Ghostbur asked.

"Yep!" The other Ghostbur smiled.

Ghostbur paused. “Ok!”

“So when are we now?” One of the other people in the group- the one with... the L’manburg uniform- L’manbur?- asked. “Are we still in L’manburg?”

“Welcome to New L’manburg,” The other Ghostbur grinned. “By the looks of the Butcher Army cage... mid-December?” He glanced at Ghostbur.

“December 16th,” Ghostbur clarified.

“Oof, the execution,” The other Ghostbur winced. “Eh, no one was killed. It’s fine.”

“You just said ‘execution’ and ‘no one was killed’ in the same sentence,” The one with the colored trench coat- Alivebur?- spoke up.

“It failed,” The other one who looked like Ghostbur- Spirit?- said. “I’m not entirely sure what happened, but I think something with a Totem of Undying.”

“Uh.. real quick, who are you all?” Ghostbur spoke up. “Like you’re Ghostbur, and apparently you’re Alivebur, but who the heck are you other people?”

“I probably should have started with ‘we’re all Wilbur Soot’,” The other Ghostbur laughed nervously.

Ghostbur nodded slowly. “Why does Spirit have no -bur at the end?”

“We can’t have two people named Ghostbur, can we?” The other Ghostbur smiled.

“And for the angst potential,” Spirit called.

“Shut up,” The other Ghostbur said back, not turning to face Spirit and still smiling.

“Uh... ok,” Ghostbur glanced at the others. “But now we do have two Ghostburs.”

“Three Ghostburs, technically,” The other Ghostbur corrected. “But I know what you mean. So what should we call you?”

Ghostbur blinked. “Uh... I don’t really know...”

The other Ghostbur looked around, then back at Ghostbur. “Blue. How’s that?”

Ghostbur looked down at his blue sweater. “Okay, I guess that does fit.”

“That reminds me,” Alivebur stepped forward. “Ghostbur, care to explain why he has a different sweater than you even though you’ve shown me that if you try to take that one off, it just makes another?”

“I made this from Friend’s wool,” Blue smiled. “I just got Friend earlier!”

Ghostbur gasped. “Oh, you did just get Friend today, didn’t you!”

Blue nodded. “He’s very soft. I sheared him earlier and made this sweater really quickly!”

“Oh, I should shear Friend more...” Ghostbur said guiltily. “Where is Friend, anyways?”

“I was looking for him,” Blue frowned. “I can’t find him.”

“Is he in Phil’s house?” Spirit stepped forward.

Blue perked up. “Maybe!” He looked over to Phil’s house. “Shall we go look?”

“I thought Phil lived in the arctic,” Deadbur came over. “That’s where he was in Resurrectedbur’s time, right?”

“In Resurrectedbur’s time,” Ghostbur reminded him. “This is Blue’s time. This is New L’manburg, Phil lives here!”

“He’s on house arrest right now, actually,” Spirit added.

“Why?” L’manbur frowned.

“Not cooperating,” Spirit shrugged.

“With who?” L’manbur asked.

“The Butcher Army,” Spirit answered.

Blue walked over to the wood platforms built above the explosion hole and over to the podium platform, up to Phil’s house. He broke down the door. “Phlllll!”

“Why’d you break the door?” Alivebur stared at the door on the ground. “Just open it!”

“Force of habit,” Blue shrugged. “Can’t fit a sheep through a door!”

“Ghostbur?” Phil’s voice came from upstairs. He came down the ladder on the side of the room.

Blue walked in. “Hi, Phil! Is Friend here?”

“Yes, actually,” Phil gestured to Friend, who was tied to a fence on the ceiling with a leash. He then glanced at the other six Wilburs behind Blue. “Uh... What the hell?”

“Oh yeah, them,” Blue glanced behind him. “They’re... future mes and past Aliveburs? I’m not entirely sure..”

“Hi Phil, I can explain,” Ghostbur stepped in. “I’m just Ghostbur but from April! Back there is L’manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Spirit, and Resurrectedbur! And this time’s Ghostbur we’re gonna be calling ‘Blue’! For simplicity’s sake, though this is getting a little bit less than simple.”

Phil stared at Alivebur. “...What the hell?!”

Alivebur shrugged. “I am just as confused as you are. Well. Not as confused as you are, because I’ve been here for... a few days? I guess? I don’t know, but it’s been more than one day, I know that.”

“How has time even worked this whole time?” L’manbur said thoughtfully. “How long has it been?”

“Do you think it’s different for all of us since we’ve been here for different amounts of time?” Blue added on.

“I’m going to stop this now,” Alivebur interrupted suddenly. “We’re not having a repeat of whatever the hell happened in Pogtopia.”

“What happened in Pogtopia?” Blue asked.

“They all talked about time travel and alternate universes and as far as I could tell, the end of the world,” Alivebur pointed at Ghostbur, Deadbur, Spirit and Resurrectedbur. “I didn’t understand any of it.”

“I don’t see what’s so complicated about it,” Deadbur frowned. “It was really simple, in my opinion.”

Alivebur sighed.

"The point is," Resurrectedbur changed the subject. "We're just a bunch of Wilburs, and now that we've found Friend, we'll be going now!"

He quickly led the others out of the house, closing the door.

"This is the 16th, right?" Deadbur asked Blue.

"Yeah, why?" Blue tilted his head.

"Exactly one month after..." Ghostbur looked at Alivebur.

Blue, Deadbur, Spirit and Resurrectedbur also all looked at Alivebur.

"What?" Alivebur asked, confused.

"I think you're an idiot," Ghostbur shook his head.

Chapter End Notes

poor phil lmao

echoing where my ghosts all used to be (oh my, oh my)

Chapter Summary

daytime (you know what you've done, just move along)

Chapter Notes

woop woop i am writing at the speed of light
kinda short ish chapter for today :] enjoy!

(oh yea small tw for a bit of blood :P)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur felt a little uneasy in New L'manburg. In this time, he died just a month ago, and they had built over his little crater. It actually did more damage than he thought it would, but comparatively nothing to Ghostbur and Resurrectedbur's times' crater.

And now Resurrectedbur wanted to see the button room. Was he fucking insane? Why did he want to see that? It didn't exist in his time, sure, but still. Why the fuck did he want to see it?

Deadbur glanced at Resurrectedbur. Resurrectedbur kept looking over to where they both knew the button room was, seemingly covered by iron blocks. ...you'd think it would be more discreetly covered.

"I'm gonna go check something real quick," Resurrectedbur spoke up. "I'll be right back, you all stay here."

"What are you doing?" Ghostbur asked curiously.

“Just going to see something,” Resurrectedbur said vaguely. “You... probably shouldn’t see it.”

“Why not?” Ghostbur crossed his arms.

“Uh...” Resurrectedbur glanced at Deadbur.

Deadbur rolled his eyes. “Why do you want to see it so much anyways?”

“I dunno,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “I just wanna see what it looks like.

“You know what it looks like!” Deadbur argued.

“Not after the 16th,” Resurrectedbur countered. “Look, I just want to see.”

“Wait...” Spirit squinted, then his eyes went wide. “You wanna see that? Why?!”

“What?” Blue asked.

“I just want to see,” Resurrectedbur defended himself.

“You’re insane,” Deadbur sighed.

“What do you want to see?” Alivebur asked.

“Nothing,” Resurrectedbur said quickly. “Only Deadbur and I can see. Not.. any of you.”

“Oh, come on,” Deadbur rolled his eyes again. “Really? Not even Spirit.”

“Why’s Spirit special?” Ghostbur said, annoyed.

“I dunno,” Deadbur shrugged. “He’s just... how do I say this... more.. mature?”

“I don’t see how that changes it,” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“I AM THE SAME PERSON AS SPIRIT!” Ghostbur shouted, then looked like he did not mean to shout. “I don’t see why Spirit gets to see but not me.”

“Is someone jealous?” Alivebur teased.

“Oh, shut up,” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out. “You don’t get to see, either.”

“Look,” Resurrectedbur said loudly. “You can see, okay? I don’t care. Just... leave the room if you need to.”

Ghostbur tilted his head. “What does that mean?”

“You’ll see,” Deadbur sighed, and followed Resurrectedbur over to the iron blocks.

Resurrectedbur took out his pickaxe and mined away the iron.

“Oh, I found this the other week!” Blue exclaimed. “I asked Phil and Tubbo what it was, but it seemed like a serious talk, so I kinda.. backed out.. I didn’t care that much anyways.”

Resurrectedbur stepped in the room, and Deadbur did too.

Deadbur saw the signs on the wall and sucked in a breath. “Why the hell did you want to come in here, again?” he hissed to Resurrectedbur.

“You can leave if you want,” Resurrectedbur said back, not turning to face him in the small room.

The room had stone walls, and signs on those walls with the lyrics of the L’manburg anthem written on them. There were blackstone bricks blocking what used to be the entrance to the room. Glowstone shone dimly from the ground.

And most noticeably... there was a dark red staining the stone floor that made Deadbur’s chest ache.

L’manbur and Alivebur looked a little confused and concerned. Blue, Ghostbur, and Spirit all looked a little scared. Resurrectedbur had a small smile on his face.

“I’m gonna go,” Ghostbur spoke up. “I don’t think I like this room.”

Blue and Spirit seemed to agree, all three of the ghosts leaving the room and jumping over to New L’manburg.

“What.. is this?” L’manbur asked quietly.

“Nothing,” Resurrectedbur answered. “You should both probably forget this.”

“And why’s that?” Alivebur crossed his arms.

“I think Ghostbur was right,” Deadbur said dryly. “You are an idiot.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Alivebur asked indignantly.

“You are so fucking oblivious,” Deadbur rolled his eyes. “How do you not see what’s right in front of your eyes? We’ve practically told you a billion times on accident and on purpose! HOW HAVE YOU NOT PICKED IT UP YET?”

Alivebur opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it with no sound coming out of it.

“I’m... gonna go,” L’manbur said awkwardly, and backed out of the room.

Alivebur glanced at the red on the floor, then back to Deadbur. He turned and followed L’manbur.

“I don’t understand how he hasn’t figured it out yet,” Deadbur grumbled.

“C’mon,” Resurrectedbur elbowed him. “Maybe he did but just doesn’t want to face it. Who would?”

Deadbur didn’t say anything to that.

“Alright, I’m done in here,” Resurrectedbur stepped past him to the hole in the wall. “You coming?”

“Yeah.. be right there,” Deadbur didn’t turn to look at Resurrectedbur, but he heard him jumping out.

He looked at the cobblestone on the wall that was there to cover it, at where the button would have been.

“There was a saying,” Deadbur whispered to himself. “By a traitor... once part of L’manburg... he had a saying, Phil. It was never meant to be.”

He stared at the wall.

My L’manburg, Phil, my unfinished symphony, forever unfinished! If I can’t have this, no one can, Phil!

He looked at the red stain on the ground.

Do it.

He should probably leave the room.

Chapter End Notes

deadbur u good bro?

icicles don't soften when they die (they sharpen into sabers and they stab you in the eye!)

Chapter Summary

i used to be distracted rolling 'round in the dirt
but recently i'm thinkin 'bout my purpose on earth
but i don't wanna think about my purpose no more
'cuz i may come up short
and i hate being born

ive been thinking
that too much thinking
can start me sinking
down

Chapter Notes

dear wilbur soot:

fuck you (affectionate) (derogatory)

with love,
the fandom

thats what just happened right
someone take reddit away from that man
anyways "friend isnt here" sorry sir but he is there idk what to tell u ghostbur is in a field
with mumza and friend watching the butterflies fly past ://// /j

<https://www.youtube.com/clip/UgwTBcnR2U9-E51GSIt4AaABCQ>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You are so fucking oblivious! How do you not see what’s right in front of your eyes? We’ve practically told you a billion times on accident and on purpose! HOW HAVE YOU NOT PICKED IT UP YET?”

Alivebur almost didn't want to know what happened on November 16th.

He had a hunch, but he wasn't sure if it was right, and most of him didn't want it to be true. Part of him almost did, that little part of him telling him to just destroy it all, it wouldn't matter.

But after seeing Deadbur and all that happened after his time... he wasn't sure he wanted to listen to that tiny part of him anymore.

And sure, maybe he would change the future by doing so. But hell, the future honestly didn't seem that fun, especially for him. An afterlife that's just absolute hell? No rest after death?

He was a good 98 percent sure he knew what happened on the 16th. He just didn't want to face it.

Who would?

“Aliveburrrrr!”

Alivebur blinked to see Ghostbur standing on his tip-toes glaring at him.

“Are you okay? You keep not responding for like five minutes straight,” Ghostbur tilted his head.

“Just thinking,” Alivebur pushed him.

“You say that every time,” Ghostbur crossed his arms. “And you push me every time.”

“Oh, come on,” Alivebur rolled his eyes. “It hasn't happened that often.”

“It has happened at least two times,” Ghostbur frowned. “And you pushed me both times.”

“You’re annoying,” Alivebur stepped away from him.

“Most people say that at first,” Ghostbur grinned.

“Stop plagiarizing,” Spirit called.

“It’s not plagiarizing if the saying doesn’t exist in this universe yet,” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out at Spirit.

“I don’t think that’s how it works,” Spirit shook his head.

“So what are we doing?” Alivebur spoke up.

“We’re going to check on Tommy,” Blue smiled.

“Where is he?” Alivebur asked.

“Uh...” Spirit glanced at Blue. “On.. vacation!”

“Hmm,” Alivebur glanced around. “Where’s Deadbur?”

Resurrectedbur nodded to the room they had all just stepped out of. Deadbur was jumping out, seemingly lost in thought, staring at the ground.

“Okay!” Blue smiled. “Let’s get goi-”

Rain started to fall down, and all three of the ghosts immediately ran under a bit of stone poking over the small cliff that the room was in.

“Shit-” Spirit cursed. “I kinda forgot about rain-”

Alivebur snickered at the three of them looking at the rain warily from squeezed under the rock. “You look so funny.”

“Shut up,” Ghostbur retorted. “Why don’t you try being melted by rain?”

“No thanks,” Alivebur smirked.

“Hmph,” Ghostbur huffed, seemingly having no argument against that.

“How does it hurt?” L’manbur asked curiously. “Like, is it a burn, or is it more like an ache, or...”

“Well, it doesn’t exactly *hurt*,” Blue explained. “It’s more just getting melted a little bit, just a tiny bit.”

“Unless it’s a thunderstorm. Particularly a dramatic thunderstorm when something close to you has been blown up, apparently,” Ghostbur spoke up. “Then it’s way more. That’s when it hurts.”

“What the fuck?” Alivebur glanced at him.

Spirit shrugged. “It’s true.

“Anyways,” Blue continued. “It’s like when you put water or something on a heated pan. A *pssst* sizzle.”

“It’s also kinda numb?” Spirit said thoughtfully. “It’s like when you get like... a shot at the doctor’s, but they numb it before you get it, it’s like that. Or when you’re really really cold in the snow.”

“I hate snow,” Ghostbur grumbled.

“It’s not that bad,” Blue tilted his head. “If you float over it.”

“I forgot you can fly,” Alivebur said.

“It’s actually not flying,” Ghostbur shook his head. “And we can’t go through walls either, unfortunately. It’s just a little float of the ground to avoid snow and stuff.”

“Not all ghosts can walk through walls,” Spirit sighed. “That’s spectrophobic.”

“#NotAllGhosts,” Blue nodded.

“Can you get cold?” L’manbur asked.

“My stab wound keeps me nice and toasty,” Spirit smiled.

“Nice and toasty-” Ghostbur snorted.

“Oh yeah,” Alivebur snapped his fingers. “Blue, do you have the stab scar thing? If it’s like Ghostbur’s, then does it just not show because of the blue sweater?”

“Oh, that,” Blue perked up. “I have that.”

“Why do *I* have that thing,” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “It’s like a weird stain on this specific sweater that I can’t get out literally no matter what I do. I also can’t destroy it.”

“Did you try to destroy it?” Ghostbur asked. “Rude.”

“It’s not like it’s yours,” Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes. “It’s mine, you just somehow fucking stained it from the afterlife.”

Ghostbur suddenly frowned. “Did we... tell Blue who Spirit... is?”

Alivebur looked at Blue. The others also all looked at Blue.

“What?” Blue asked, confused.

“So you know how Resurrectedbur exists?” Ghostbur quickly said. “And how to exist, Ghostbur wouldn’t be able to exist?”

Blue squinted, thinking, then his eyes widened. “Wait- when??”

“I don't know, and I don’t think I want to know,” Ghostbur shrugged.

Blue glanced at his Friend, who was standing next to Resurrectedbur, getting soaked in the rain.. “Friend, c’mere!”

Ghostbur perked up. “Wait, is my Friend and Spirit’s Friend- Bud- here, too?”

“Probably somewhere around here,” Spirit grinned. “Wait- we need to name Blue’s Friend!”

“What names have we already used?” Ghostbur muttered. “Friend, Bud, and then we also named Resurrectedbur’s Tommy’s Friend Pal...”

“Bestie,” Alivebur suggested.

“So true, Bestie,” Deadbur whispered. Why did that have to be the first thing he said in ten minutes.

“I’m not naming my sheep ‘Bestie,’” Blue glared at Alivebur.

“Hmmm...” Ghostbur hummed. “Amigo? Companion?”

“Enemy,” Alivebur called.

“Homie,” Deadbur suggested.

“Comrade,” Resurrectedbur said.

“Fidus Achates,” L’manbur spoke up.

Blue, Ghostbur, and Spirit glared at them.

Chapter End Notes

we're calling blues friend fidus achates right (look it up) /j /u
as soon as they name blue's friend, i'm gonna start on the sheep cult sidefic :) so stay
tuned and look out for that ;)

castaways

Chapter Summary

we're stuck where we are
with no house,
no car

Chapter Notes

woop woop woop hi hi hi goooooood (checks clock) technically morning
reminder: blue's time is december 16th, and yk what tommy actually did on the 16th?
remember that tubbo went to go see tommy and saw nothing but a pit and a tower?

tw implied suicide (not actual suicide tho!! and its barely implied, its just them looking
up at the tower and assuming the worst, aka what c!tubbo also assumed!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue was walking next to Ghostbur and Spirit, looking for Friend and Bud while walking down the Prime Path. They were also debating over names for Blue's Friend. Alivebur, Deadbur and Resurrectedbur were walking behind them.

"I still think Companion is the best," Ghostbur said.

"But consider: Amigo," Spirit grinned.

"Yeah, I don't think so," Blue shook his head.

"What was that thing L'manbur suggested?" Ghostbur asked.

“Fidus Achates,” Spirit replied. “A faithful friend or devoted follower.”

“That’s a long name and I don’t know how to pronounce it,” Blue waved the idea away.

“Hmm.... Sidekick,” Ghostbur hummed.

“Buddy,” Spirit suggested. “Ally.”

“Partner,” Ghostbur continued. “Familiar. Associate.”

“Acquaintance,” Spirit listed. “Well-wisher.”

“These are getting more and more distant and less friend-like...” Blue remarked.

“Enemy!” Ghostbur and Spirit said in unison.

“I’m not naming my sheep ‘Enemy’!” Blue shouted.

“Well, what are you going to name it?” Ghostbur asked.

Blue paused in thought. “I think Companion.” He glanced down at his sheep. “Companion?”

Friend nudged his leg in agreement, and Blue smiled. “I think he likes it!”

“Great!” Ghostbur grinned.

“And would you look at that-” Spirit pointed to the side of the Prime Path. They were right in front of the Nether Portal staircase. “Friend and Bud!”

Indeed, there were two other blue sheep, one of them looking a little duller than the other.

Ghostbur and Spirit went and each got their respective sheep, gently pulling them over with a leash until the sheep followed them.

“Hey, why is Spirit’s sheep dull and grayer?” Blue frowned. “Is he dirty? You should wash him!”

Spirit and Ghostbur glanced at each other.

“He got Skep’d,” Resurrectedbur spoke up with a fake sadness. “I saw it happen with my own two eyes.”

“One day, he just showed up in my train station,” Spirit nodded. “And I was like oh! He died! Cool!”

Ghostbur raised an eyebrow, obviously not believing something Spirit had said.

They walked through the Portal, pushing the sheep in first. They walked down the path in the Nether leading to Logsted.

“Fuck, it’s hot,” Deadbur hissed.

“Maybe if you weren’t wearing a trench coat 24/7,” Resurrectedbur suggested sarcastically. “You wouldn’t be as warm.”

“Shut up,” Deadbur rolled his eyes.

They kept on walking, making sure to not let the sheep get anywhere close to the edge. No casualties!

They eventually got to the Nether Portal that led to Logsted, having a little trouble on the very last bit of bridge, only one block wide.

They emerged on the other side of the Portal, walking out to see Logsted.

Blue looked around smiling, looking for Tommy.

L’manbur, Alivebur and Deadbur all looked around, they had never been here before, of course.

Blue turned left, towards a big cobblestones tower in the near distance.

“Wait,” Spirit spoke up, his eyes suddenly widening. “Today’s the 16th, isn’t it?”

“Yeah?” Blue frowned. “Why?”

Spirit glanced at Ghostbur, who also seemed confused.

"Tommy- he-" Spirit paused. "Never mind."

Blue tilted his head, then turned towards the tower again and kept walking.

“No...”

“Tubbo?” Blue’s eyes widened. Tubbo was standing there, in front of a blown up pit, staring at the tower. “Why are you here?”

Tubbo didn’t seem to notice him. “Surely not,” he whispered.

Then he fell.

Backwards, into Ghostbur.

“What the-” Blue glanced at the others.

L’manbur was staring at the tower now, too, his eyes wide in sudden realization.

“Oh fuck-” Spirit frantically looked around. “Right, he’s- he’s... Tommy’s not...”

“Uh...” Alivebur glanced at Resurrectedbur. “What... happened here?”

Resurrectedbur shrugged.

It was a little bit chaotic, but eventually they all just went silent for a good few minutes.

...

....

Until Ghostbur piped up while holding Tubbo by the arms, the way you hold someone when they fall into your arms backwards awkwardly.

“....castaways...”

“We are castaways,” Spirit continued.

“Ahoy there, ahoy,” Blue sang.

“We are castaways,” Ghostbur glanced at the other two.

“On an island at sea,” Spirit nodded.

“Just me-” “Me-” “-And me!”

“Castaways, ahoy, we are castawa-” Ghostbur continued.

“Is this really the time?” Alivebur cut him off.

“Look, I didn’t know what else to do,” Ghostbur retorted.

Alivebur sighed. “Okay, where’s Tommy?”

“Techno’s house,” Ghostbur replied.

“Let’s go, then!” Blue exclaimed.

“Uh..” Deadbur glanced at Ghostbur. “What are we gonna do with Tubbo?”

“Bring him with us?” Alivebur suggested.

“To the man he just tried to murder?” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“...Touche,” Alivebur admitted.

“I don’t think we have any other options,” Blue reasoned. “I mean, are we just supposed to leave him out here in the rain?”

“If we weren’t here, that’s what would have happened,” Resurrectedbur pointed out.

“And yet we’re here,” Blue said dryly. “Are you a jerk? Are you just gonna watch him get hypothermia or something?”

“Okay, jeez, we’ll bring him to Techno’s,” Resurrectedbur raised his hands defensively.

Blue smiled, glancing at Ghostbur. “Can you carry him all the way there?”

“Oh, god, no,” Ghostbur pulled Tubbo up and let Resurrectedbur carry him.

“Okay, who knows how to get to Techno’s place?” Alivebur asked.

“I do!” Ghostbur raised his hand. “I went there a lot!”

“Lead the way, then,” Alivebur nodded.

Chapter End Notes

btw to get through the rain, the ghosts borrowed aliveburs and lmanburs jackets to hide from the rain under, so imagine everything ghostbur and spirit do under alivebur's coat together, and everything blue does under lmanburs coat (except in the nether bc the nether is hot)

my friend came up with that after i had finished the chapter so if it doesnt fit with something they did then shut up its sweet and i like it but im not rewriting it

GONNA START WRITING THE SHEEP CULT FIC !!!!!

don't go there 'cause you'll never return

Chapter Summary

same shit, a different lie

Chapter Notes

the summary and chapter title dont make much sense to the chapter itself i just couldnt think of anything else and i like the song theyre lyrics from

i still dont know how to write tommy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur was following Ghostbur, who was leading the way to Techno's house. Resurrectedbur was also holding Tubbo, who was unconscious. Why? Why were they bringing Tubbo to Techno's house? Couldn't they have just brought him back to New L'manburg? Although, that would require going back through the Nether, and answering questions like why and how the fuck they found Tubbo unconscious which wouldn't really be a problem, but Resurrectedbur didn't want to explain that Tubbo thought Tommy jumped. That would be very uncomfortable.

How were Techno and Tommy even going to react? They were probably arguing with each other right now anyways, and even if they were on good terms with each other, neither of them currently were with Tubbo right now. And the added 'bonus' of seven wilburs certainly wasn't going to help.

"Almost there!" Ghostbur called. They were behind a big mountain with light coming from the other side.

"Question," Alivebur spoke up. "What are we gonna be *doing* when we get there? Barging in and saying 'Hey we were looking for Tommy and found an unconscious Tubbo, how've you been'?"

Ghostbur hesitated. "I dunno."

"We'll figure it out once we get there," Resurrectedbur shrugged.

They went to the left of the mountain, over a small hill, and soon they caught sight of Technoblade's cabin.

"We're hereee!" Ghostbur said in a singsong voice. "Time for some improv!"

Resurrectedbur grimaced. He wasn't looking forward to this.

They walked across the snow over to Techno's cabin doors. Ghostbur opened the door without knocking, and the first thing they saw and heard was Tommy climbing up the ladder, shouting. Presumably at Techno.

"-on't wanna team with you, you massive pig prick-" Tommy cut himself off when he saw the Wilburs.

"Hi Tommy!" Ghostbur smiled.

"Ghostbur?" Tommy asked, then looked behind Ghostbur. "I- what??"

"I can explain," Ghostbur said quickly. "Although I guess maybe Blue should, since he's your Ghostbur." He glanced back at Tommy, who still looked very confused. "Lots of time travel."

"Tommy?" Techno called from below.

Tommy looked down the hole with the ladder. “Uh-” He climbed out, allowing Techno to climb up.

Techno climbed out of the hole and stared at the Wilburs. “Wilbur?”

Blue came up to the front. Him and Ghostbur went inside, and the rest of the Wilburs stayed outside. “Hi!” Blue glanced at Tommy and Techno. “Uh... Time travel is all I can do to explain this! We were looking for Tommy in Logsted and instead found Tubbo... uh...” He glanced at Resurrectedbur.

Tommy and Techno looked at Resurrectedbur, their eyes widening.

“The fuck happened?” Tommy asked.

“He was staring at the tower,” Blue explained. “Said ‘surely not’, then fainted.”

“I don’t think someone can faint and stay unconscious for more than a minute,” Techno spoke up.

“We are literally time travelling right now,” Alivebur pointed out. “I don’t think that’s that bizarre.”

“I’m just saying that it’s concerning,” Techno shrugged.

“He’s not dead,” Resurrectedbur deadpanned. “He’s breathing. Slower than normal, but he *is* unconscious. So.” He tilted his head. “Didn’t he just try to execute you? You’d think you’d be more mad we brought him here.”

“I am a little annoyed you brought him here,” Techno crossed his arms. “But like... Wilbur- The one with the Pogtopia coat said, you are literally time travelling right now.”

“Oh, we have nicknames,” Ghostbur spoke up. “L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit.”

“What time is Spirit from?” Tommy asked.

“October 26th, 2021,” Spirit sighed.

“And you’re Ghostbur?” Tommy squinted.

Spirit hesitated. “I don’t know if I should tell you the details.”

“Oh, come on, it can’t be that bad,” Techno said.

“I can’t tell you,” Spirit crossed his arms. “Not on purpose, at least. Sorry.”

“Hm,” Tommy hummed.

Resurrectedbur caught a glance with Spirit.

“Can I put Tubbo down somewhere?” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “This is getting tiring. Especially in the cold.”

“Uh.. sure, upstairs,” Techno gestured to the ladder.

Resurrectedbur stared at him, then went back outside and up the stairs on the side of the house. He put Tubbo down on a chest, then looked down to the others on the lower floor.

“You have a small house,” He called down the ladder.

“Thanks,” Techno said dryly.

“You’re welcome,” Resurrectedbur smiled as climbed down the ladder.

They all stood around awkwardly.

“Well, hi, Tommy!” Blue waved. “We went to say hi at Logsted, but you weren’t there. So hi now!”

“Uh... hi,” Tommy waved back. “We were kinda in the middle of arguing, but hi.”

“So...” Alivebur rocked on his heels. “What are we doing now?”

Resurrectedbur glanced around. “I dunno, I didn’t plan anything. If we were going straight back to New L’manburg, I suppose it was pointless for me to put Tubbo down up there.”

“I feel like he should be awake by now,” Techno looked up the ladder. “You sure he’s not dead?”

“I just carried him for fifteen minutes,” Resurrectedbur crossed his arms. “I think I would know if he was dead.”

“I feel like you should take him to the hospital,” Techno said.

“There’s no hospital on this server,” Resurrectedbur pointed out.

Resurrectedbur suddenly felt a pull, but not physically. More mentally, but in the fabric of time and space. The world around him seemed to warp.

“True,” Techno sighed. “But I just think that if he’s been out for ten minutes, he may be bleeding internally-”

“So sorry to interrupt,” Resurrectedbur cut him off. “But I think we’re about to time travel-”

He blinked, and suddenly he was in a dark train station, wet and lonely, and the tug on his brain was gone and the world looked normal.

“Oh, for FUCK’S SAKE!”

Chapter End Notes

btw that thing w the pull on his brain and the world warping does happen to resurrectedbur and resurrectedbur only whenever they time travel
why? hes not like other wilburs

btw technos right, after fainting, one usually only stays unconscious for a minute at most. i decided to ignore that for plot convenience

the station

Chapter Summary

i know i'm your comic relief, but i too have my fair share of grief

Chapter Notes

i have the weirdest upload "schedule" it hasnt even been 24 hours yet SJDFKJSK

HOLY FUCKING SHIT IM LISTENING TO CASTAWAYS AND SPOTIFY JUST STOPPED IT AFTER "JUST ME" I,,,
ON AN ISLAND AT SEA, JUST ME-
jfc spotify i get it theyre in spirits time :sob:

anyways. hi

(summary from "the station" by megan shumway! really underrated, amazing music :D)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

spirit looked around at the dark, wet, stupid fucking train station. he was done with this shit. fifteen years, he gets a break, and not even three days later- probably, he wasn't sure how much time had actually passed- he was back.

“oh, for FUCK’S SAKE!” he shouted. he then sighed. “welcome? though nothing is very welcome, here..”

“this is your afterlife?” deadbur asked.

“yeah,” spirit replied.

“looks the same,” deadbur looked around. “just a lot more... wet.”

“and a tiny bit darker,” spirit nodded. “but other than that, pretty much the same.”

“gloomy,” ghostbur commented. “when did you say you were from, again?”

“october 26th, 2021,” spirit replied.

“and how long have you been here?” ghostbur asked.

“fifteen years,” spirit answered.

“holy fuck,” ghostbur’s eyes widened. “that’s a long time.”

“did you just say fuck?” alivebur squinted.

“we are in limbo,” blue raised an eyebrow. “and your main concern is that ghostbur cursed?”

“you say fuck,” alivebur said to blue.

“no,” blue crossed his arms. “i won’t curse just because you told me to.”

“when will you curse?” alivebur asked.

“probably on accident,” blue answered. “like how ghostbur just did.”

“if i were to punch you, would you curse?” alivebur asked.

“no, i would punch you back,” blue frowned.

“can you two stop?” resurrectedbur shook his head.

“sure,” alivebur turned to face him. “how did you know we were about to time travel?”

resurrectedbur frowned. “the pull?”

“what pull?” spirit asked.

“the pull from the universe, and the world waving,” resurrectedbur tilted his head. “y’know?”

“...what the hell are you talking about?” l’manbur glanced around.

“do none of you know what i’m talking about?” resurrectedbur asked.

no one knew what he was talking about.

“huh,” resurrectedbur blinked.

“how come you get that but not us?” ghostbur asked.

“maybe it has something to do with resurrection?” resurrectedbur responded, at the same time that spirit replied with “he’s just quirky like that, sparkles emoji.”

ghostbur stared at spirit. “thanks.”

“no problem,” spirit grinned.

“probably because of the resurrection, yeah,” deadbur nodded. “so, shall we go?”

“to where?” spirit crossed his arms. “there is nothing to see here, it looks exactly the same and no one else is here.”

“not even mexican dream or schlatt?” resurrectedbur asked.

“nope,” spirit shrugged. “not because they were resurrected, they’re just not here. Only me and Friend.” his eyes suddenly widened. “wait, there is one person- well, not person- here!”

“who?” l’manbur asked.

“you’ll see,” spirit grinned.

he led them through the tunnels, which all looked exactly the same, but he knew where he was going. he was looking for a very specific place, with a very specific being.

soon, he reached a tunnel with a dark figure- but not the same as the dark people with the red eyes that didn’t respond to anything and did nothing but walk around- and he ran up to it.

“kristin!” he called.

kristin, the goddess of death, turned around and smiled when she saw him. “oh, hi, ghostbur!”

spirit grinned. “i met some people.”

“but there’s no one here,” she frowned.

“exactly,” spirit nodded. “not *here* . in the past!”

“kristin?” resurrectedbur walked over, the others following.

“wilbur?” krisitn tilted her head. “you’re not dead anymore.”

“i got resurrected,” resurrectedbur said. “uh.. hi? long time, no see?”

“long time, no see,” kristin smiled. “so, how are you here?”

“time travel,” resurrectedbur shrugged. “now there are seven wilburs.”

“four wilburs,” ghostbur spoke up. “three ghostburs.”

“do you all call yourself wilbur and ghostbur?” kristin asked.

“i think you’re the first person to ask that,” spirit snickered. “and no, we’re l’manbur, alivebur, deadbur, resurrectedbur, blue, ghostbur, and i’m spirit.”

“well, nice to see you,” kristin nodded. “though i don’t think this is supposed to be happening...”

“what do you mean?” l’manbur asked.

“i can’t see the fabric of time and space,” kristin said thoughtfully. “and i can’t see the timeline, but i can see the universe and the afterlife, and i really don’t think you guys are supposed to be time travelling.”

“well, duh,” spirit crossed his arms. “at this rate, i have a feeling something’s going to go terribly wrong and someone’s gonna change the future.”

“i’m going to stop you right there,” alivebur spoke up. “if you keep talking like that, we’re going to have a repeat of the conversation in pogtopia. that almost gave me an existential crisis.”

deadbur snickered, but didn’t say anything when alivebur glanced at him.

“well,” kristin sighed. “i guess i’ll have to have a talk with XD.”

“you can talk to god?” l’manbur asked.

“i’m death, of course i can,” kristin smiled. “see you all later!”

and she disappeared.

“well that was a fun talk,” spirit clapped.

“so have you been talking to her for fifteen years?” deadbur asked.

“nope,” spirit replied. “twelve. she actually didn’t show up for a while, but when she did, she said that i wasn’t supposed to be there.”

“so.... what else here?” ghostbur asked.

“nothing,” spirit shrugged. “you just wait and cry.”

“wait for what?” ghostbur tilted his head.

“until you get resurrected, or someone else dies,” spirit replied. “i dunno, i’ve been waiting forever and nothing has happened since july twentieth.”

“what happened on july twentieth?” l’manbur asked.

spirit smiled. “let’s go see, shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

hi i love kristin as death/goddess of death and also as wilburs mom
kristin my beloved <3

offline

Chapter Summary

all alone at the station, i wish a train'd take me away (from here)

Chapter Notes

"i am so fucking fast i am lightning mcqueen i am sonic the hedgehog i am going to sleep"
-me
except its not late so im not going to sleep
i am so fast <3
anyways i dont really like the ending to this chapter? but i couldnt figure out a better way to end it so. take this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

blue thought this place was very... dreary.

the floor had random puddles on it, and it was dark, and it had a horribly gloomy atmosphere, and the only colorful things were the red diamonds on the black figures and the red glowing signs that all said depressing things like 'who's ghostbur?'

...he'd have to ask spirit about that.

there were a few blinking lights that shone dimly, not lighting up much. just enough to be able to see right in front of you.

this place sucked. blue was glad that this was spirit's time and not his.

speaking of spirit, he was in front, leading them. he seemed very excited, which was rather out of character for him to be. and especially in this sad of a place?

spirit stopped at a bench and sat down.

“...what are you showing us?” alivebur asked.

“sit down and wait,” spirit patted the bench next to him.

blue sat next to him, and ghostbur next to him. alivebur, deadbur, l’manbur, and resurrectedbur at on two other nearby benches.

they waited for a while, probably around five minutes. so... not a while, but it felt like a while. but not in the ‘a few minutes felt like hours’ kind of while, a weird kind of supernatural time difference. huh.

soon, a small, ghostly blue-ish figure on all fours ran up to spirit and sat on his lap. spirit smiled and patted its head.

blue looked closer, and realized it was... a raccoon??

“hi!” spirit picked up the raccoon, and it jumped on his head. “awww, thanks!”

it jumped on blue’s head too, surprising him. “hey- what the-”

then it jumped onto ghostbur’s lap. it sat down, and ghostbur petted it.

“why is there a raccoon?” blue asked.

“oh, there’s way more than that one raccoon,” spirit grinned. “there are more raccoons, and so many other.... well, some of them are animals, though a lot of them aren’t.”

“is this just a ghost of a raccoon?” l’manbur asked.

“oh, no, they’re very much alive,” spirit watched the raccoon run off. “all of them.”

“how many are there?” ghostbur asked.

“hundreds of thousands of them,” spirit smiled. “i don’t know how many exactly, but there are so many.”

“ *what* are they?” alivebur asked.

“offline chat,” spirit grinned.

just then, a couple lemons, a few ferrets, several more raccoons, a swarm of bees, a bunch of enderman particles, a murder of crows, and a whole lot of rats appeared from the shadows.

“wow, there’s a lot,” spirit stood up. “more than usual. why are you all here?” he paused as a rat climbed up on his shoulder. “aww, that’s so sweet!”

“what are they saying?” deadbur stood up and walked over.

“they’re saying they miss me,” spirit smiled as a bee landed on his sweater. “they’re very nice, y’know. on july twentieth exactly, they realized that offline chat was canon, so they all just suddenly showed up!”

alivebur picked up a rat. “is this my chat?”

“yep!” spirit nodded. “any rats are your chat, any smaller rats are ghostbur’s chat. raccoons are tommy’s, bees are tubbo’s, particles are ranboo’s, lemons are ponk’s, crows are phil’s, and ferrets are eret’s.”

“this is a lot,” ghostbur picked up a ferret. “aww, they’re really cute!”

blue felt something land on his head. “wh-”

“oh, there’s a crow on your head,” spirit smiled.

“are you a fucking disney princess?” deadbur joked as a bunch of the chats surrounded spirit.

“yes,” spirit said sarcastically. “and when the clock strikes midnight, everything goes back to normal.”

“and what’s ‘normal’?” resurrectedbur asked.

“that’s a loaded question,” spirit shrugged. “normal could be l’manbur’s time, when i don’t exist, normal could be ghostbur or blue’s time, when i’m alive, normal could be before the smp, hell, normal could be after the smp. it could be any point in time.”

“i guess it’s different for everyone,” l’manbur watched a lemon waddle across the floor. he bent down, and the lemon climbed into his hand. “how do these lemons work?”

“no clue,” spirit shrugged. he picked up a small rat. “hiiii!” he paused, then smiled. “aw, you too.”

“what *are* they saying?” alivebur asked. “we can’t understand them.”

“this one just said that they love me and that they didn’t forget me,” spirit nodded to the small rat. “and most of them say things along those lines. they’re very nice!”

“huh,” blue looked around at all of the chats. there were... a lot. jeez.

a good amount of them seemed to be leaving, though.

spirit walked over and sat on the bench again, a few rats on his head. “they come all the time, just to say hi.”

“why, though?” alivebur asked. “i don’t mean to be... rude? but how did they suddenly realize then could talk to you- and why do they?”

“it’s a loophole in the universe,” spirit explained. “they thought they couldn’t- i thought they couldn’t- but then they realized that any time they said ‘ghostbur’, or talk about me at all, that i would hear it.”

“hmm,” alivebur hummed.

blue picked up a smaller rat off of spirit’s head. “so this is offline chat?”

“yeah, they’re just like normal chat, but kind of... ghosts!” spirit smiled.

the rats ran off into the shadows again, and the shadows grew.

Chapter End Notes

hey chat! :D

if theres a chat thats not here its bc i dont know that many chats ^^; i almost forgot eret's chat KJSDHFKJ (tell me whichever ones i missed and i might rewrite the chapter to add those ksjsdfhksd)

i'm sorry boris

Chapter Summary

i'm sorry that i let you down again, i shut my eyes tight and try to pretend

Chapter Notes

hi! recognize the title?

so this chapter is like the chapter titled 'jubilee line' earlier in the fic, so um. yeah.

TW: implied/referenced (attempted) suicide!

short chapter :]

BTW!! 5K HITS :DDDD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

resurrectedbur was sitting on the bench, watching ghostbur and blue play with spirit's little rat chat. deadbur and alivebur were talking to each other, and they were all just waiting around for something to happen, whether that be a time switch or just something interesting to do.

spirit walked over and sat down on the bench next to him.

“hey,” resurrectedbur greeted.

“hi,” spirit nodded. “uh.. can i talk to you?”

“about what?” resurrectedbur asked.

spirit glanced at ghostbur and blue. “uh... not here.”

resurrectedbur tilted his head, but stood up. “we’ll be right back,” he called to the others.

spirit walked down the tunnel for a few minutes, and resurrectedbur followed. eventually, he sat down by the edge of the platform, looking down at the train tracks. resurrectedbur sat next to him.

“so what’s up?” resurrectedbur asked.

“hmm,” spirit hummed. “well... i’ve been trying for a while to figure out how to say this- i’m not even sure if i can, because of time travel rules and all, and i guess that would only affect ghostbur and blue, but who really knows, since i’m still technically in the future for you... and i told ghostbur in pogtopia, but i don’t know if he understood, since i couldn’t tell him directly. and i feel like i was kinda obvious about it, but i don’t really know, and i don’t really want to tell him anyways since it’s his future, but i also want him to know because i just really need to get it off my chest and tell someone because it’s been bugging me for years- sorry, what was i saying?”

“it’s fine,” resurrectedbur assured him. “you were saying that you were trying to figure out how to explain?”

“right, right,” spirit nodded. “so... mmm... i can’t tell you directly, so it’s kinda like a puzzle...” he laughed softly. “so.... y’know these blue lines? on my sweater?”

resurrectedbur nodded.

they sat in silence for a minute or two.

...

spirit took a deep breath. “they let you jump under trains before helping you.”

they stared at the tracks.

a train flew by. spirit edged away from the tracks a little bit.

“do.... do you...” resurrectedbur trailed off. “why?”

“to get back,” spirit kept staring at the tracks. “why else?”

resurrectedbur didn’t answer. he didn’t think he should.

“i hate dream,” spirit muttered. “bitch.”

“so you don’t blame me?” resurrectedbur asked.

“why would i?” spirit shrugged. “dream revived you, not yourself. did you ask to get revived?”

resurrectedbur hesitated.

spirit snorted. “i can hardly blame you.”

after a bit of silence, spirit stood up. “should we go back to the others, now?”

“what was it like?” resurrectedbur asked, looking up at him. “...i thought about doing it a few times, i knew it wouldn’t work but it kept nagging at me- what if it did?”

“...” spirit hesitated. “it hurt.”

he turned and left, walking back to the others, leaving resurrectedbur sitting by the tracks.

Chapter End Notes

soooooo did u like it
idk if it flows that well but eh
do u know what hes talking about? did i make it too obvious or too confusing or in that
sweet middle spot pls tell me i cant tell

btw credit to my friend kayla, (@bonespell) for coming up with spirit's edgy backstory
<3

perpetual motion machine

Chapter Summary

take a look at the time

Chapter Notes

ayoooo sorry for the late update ^^; this chapter took a while for some reason started writing, got writers block, half-assed the whole chapter, bon appetite
woop woop >:D lets goooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

l'manbur was staring at alivebur. and deadbur. something about alivebur's coat just seemed.... off... it was a little bit wrong. not in a fashion sense, or something, just something about it was *off*.

alivebur was just sitting there, looking at his communicator, though it wasn't connecting to any other communicators, probably because of the afterlife.

out of the corner of his eye, l'manbur saw spirit come back through the tunnel arch that he and resurrectedbur had just walked off through. spirit seemed upset, and came to sit next to l'manbur.

"you good?" l'manbur asked.

"yeah," spirit said in a way that meant 'end this conversation right now <3'.

l'manbur dropped it, and went back to staring at alivebur's coat.

“what are you looking at?” spirit asked.

“does alivebur’s coat seem.... weird? to you?” l’manbur asked.

spirit tilted his head. “i mean... now that you mention it...”

they stared at the coat.

alivebur noticed them after a few minutes of them trying to figure it out. “do you... need something?”

“your coat,” l’manbur said. “it looks weird.”

alivebur stared at him. “i... excuse you?”

“not as an insult,” l’manbur said quickly. “it just... it looks different. i can’t put my finger on it.”

alivebur put his communicator in his pocket and looked at his coat. “....what?”

l’manbur noticed resurrectedbur walk in through the tunnel arch. “resurrectedbur!”

resurrectedbur looked over to him. “hm?”

“does alivebur’s coat look...” l’manbur glanced at the coat. “weird, to you?”

“it looks different,” spirit nodded.

resurrectedbur looked closer at the coat. “i... i guess?”

deadbur looked at the coat. “oh, it looks grayer. makes sense.”

spirit’s eyes widened. “ghostbur!”

ghostbur turned around from where he and blue were playing with a rat. “huh?”

“yeah, the sweater looks different, too!” spirit exclaimed. “it’s darker- like mine! but not quite all the way yet.”

resurrectedbur looked at the coats and sweaters. “oh yeah, the longer you’re in the afterlife, the more you become.... almost part of the afterlife.”

deadbur stared at him. “you *what* ?!”

resurrectedbur shrugged. “by the time i got revived, my coat had the same colors as this whole place.”

“like me,” spirit nodded. “first the clothes change colors, then yourself, then....” he glanced at the shadows. “i don’t even want to know.”

“wait,” alivebur stood up. “so if we stayed here long enough, ghostbur and i would eventually look like deadbur and you?”

“well we would both probably look different by then,” deadbur said thoughtfully. “i would be those colors, and who knows what spirit would look like.”

“why don’t i look different?” l’manbur asked.

spirit frowned. “i dunno, maybe because you’re from earlier?”

“what does that have to do with it?” l’manbur raised an eyebrow.

spirit shrugged.

“maybe it has something to do with the clothes,” resurrectedbur suggested. “and since l’manbur and blue are wearing different clothes than the clothes deadbur and spirit died in, the afterlife or whatever god controls it doesn’t change them?”

“maybe,” l’manbur nodded.

“are we all technically dead right now?” ghostbur spoke up, the rat jumping out of his hand and onto spirit’s head. “were we technically dead in deadbur’s time? has resurrectedbur been technically revived two times, and soon three?”

“i wonder how many lives i have,” resurrectedbur frowned.

“probably three,” spirit glanced around. “yeah. three.”

“why do you sound so certain?” ghostbur asked.

“well,” spirit started to explain. “you see those black shadows of vaguely human shaped silhouettes? those are canon lives from everyone.”

“i was wondering what those were!” blue exclaimed. “how do you know that?”

“like resurrectedbur said,” spirit continued. “the longer you’re here, the more you start to almost become *here* . part of that is finding out that ‘oh, those shadow people do talk’.”

“wait, they talk?” deadbur asked.

spirit nodded. “wanna see?”

“yes,” resurrectedbur looked over to a group of the shadow people- three of them.

spirit stood up and walked over to them. he stood on his toes to tap it on its... shoulder? he whispered something.

the shadow stopped moving, the others also stopping. ...it didn't make any noise.

“see?” spirit turned back to them.

“...it didn’t may any noise,” l’manbur tilted his head.

“whose lives are those?” alivebur asked.

“schlatt’s,” spirit replied. he frowned. “did you not hear it?”

“no,” deadbur shook his head.

“i... a tiny little bit?” resurrectedbur squinted. “what did it say?”

spirit glanced at the life. “see, the thing is, i can’t really understand *all* of what it’s saying, just that it does speak, and i can make out names.”

“interesting,” resurrectedbur frowned.

“so are they dead?” ghostbur spoke up. “the lives? are they alive? or inanimate?”

“none of the above,” spirit shrugged. “they’re like... alive and inanimate? although kinda like a living corpse-”

“so deadbur,” alivebur smirked. “or you.”

spirit nodded slowly. “i mean... i guess???”

“i’m not a zombie,” deadbur crossed his arms.

“ghosty fuckers,” alivebur suggested. “let’s just call them ghosty fuckers.”

“they’re not really ghosts, though,” ghostbur frowned. “a ghost is an apparition of a dead person sent back to the land of the living, usually for unfinished business.”

“and this is just the manifestation of someone’s life,” blue nodded.

“do we all have shadow people here?” l’manbur asked. “since we’re time traveling, and we’ve all lost at least one life-”

“blue and i technically have never lost a canon life,” ghostbur spoke up.

“the only canon life i lost was my last one,” spirit nodded. “i assume its something special to do with resurrection.”

“to answer your question,” spirit turned to l’manbur. “i don’t think so? but we could look.”

“so if there’s some sort of like... list of canon lives,” deadbur said thoughtfully. “are we on there now? if so, does it just say ‘wilbur’ four times and ‘ghostbur’ three times?”

“i doubt it would be as simple as a list,” spirit frowned. “more like a complex web or grid, maybe something we literally can’t think of, something that is too ‘weird’ for our brains to handle.”

“didn’t kristin say she was going to ‘look at the timeline’?” blue spoke up.

“she said she couldn’t look at the timeline, but could look at the universe and afterlife,” spirit corrected. “and that she would go talk to dreamxd.”

“can dreamxd see the timeline?” ghostbur asked.

“who’s dreamxd?” alivebur asked.

“god,” spirit replied. “looks like a biblically accurate angel, and once you see him, you can tell that normal dream has a god complex.”

“it’s like he’s cosplaying!” ghostbur nodded.

“dreamxd built a mcdonalds once,” blue added. “with george.”

“uh... what does dreamxd do?” l’manbur asked.

“breaks tables, according to techno,” ghostbur smiled. “and... whatever god does??”

“i’ve met him before,” spirit spoke up. “kristin introduced us. honestly, if it weren’t for the echoing voice and the biblically accurate angel shit, you’d think he was just a normal guy.”

“yet he can look at the timeline and the universe as if it were a book,” resurrectedbur said.

“well, we don’t know if it’s like a book,” spirit said thoughtfully.

“hey, resurrectedbur,” alivebur turned to look at resurrectedbur. “didn’t you say you could feel the pull of the universe or whatever when we time travel? is that somehow connected to this?”

“and how come you never mentioned that pull thing before?” blue asked.

“i don’t think it’s really connected to this,” resurrectedbur shrugged. “and to answer blue- it just never came up, i had no reason to tell you guys when we were about to travel. in blue’s time, i said it because we were in the middle of a conversation with someone else.”

“well can you tell us next time?” l’manbur asked. “it’s a little disorientating to just time travel all the time, at seemingly random intervals.”

“sure,” resurrectedbur shrugged. “soon.”

“soon what?” ghostbur asked.

“we’re time travelling soon,” resurrectedbur replied. “the pull just started like, two seconds ago. right on time.”

“wait, what time are we going to?” deadbur asked. “we’ve been to all of our times-”

l’manbur blinked, and opened his eyes to a giant glass-covered hole, with big red vines under it, surrounding the L’manburg flag.

Chapter End Notes

i was a ghost in the smp doin alright then i became dead overnight now i gotta figure out how to do it right, not a lot to learn or see
down in hell with no family, in a train station for eternity, a whole depressing world is waiting for me, im not excited to be
spirit the first im finding out what being dead is all about (spirit the first)
making my way theres no adventure any day (spirit)
its gonna be my time (spirit) to show them all that im
spirit the fiiiiiiiiirst

spirit is slowly becoming a mary sue disney princess so last night i wrote the sofia the first theme song but a parody for my minecraft fanfiction
ignoring the fact that he is spirit the second bc of dreams horse
also i can play the sofia the first theme song on the ukulele

trials and tribulations

Chapter Summary

well, why are they back here?

Chapter Notes

i really wrote a chapter a day like three days in a row and then took like a week to right another

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue looked down to see a giant crater beneath him. What? Where were they? *When* were they?

“Wh-” Ghostbur looked down to the crater too. “Why are we in my time again?”

“Again?” Blue asked.

“Oh, right, you weren’t here yet,” Ghostbur glanced at him and L’manbur. “And neither was L’manbur.” He grinned. “Well, this is my time! This whole thing started here! Welcome!”

“What’s this giant crater?” L’manbur asked. “And where are we on the SMP, anyways?”

Ghostbur’s smile dropped. “Well, uh... this is...” he glanced at Resurrectedbur. “Um...”

“Where’s L’manburg?” L’manbur asked, with a tone that clearly meant ‘it better not be where I think it is’.

“We’re above it,” Ghostbur winced. “Or... it doesn’t exist anymore?”

L’manbur stared at him. Blinked.

“It’s not like this is really soon for you,” Ghostbur added quickly. “This is in April!”

“Ghostbur, that is not even a year after I fucking made this country,” L’manbur said calmly.

“Hey, what’s that red stuff down there?” Blue spoke up, changing the subject.

“That? That’s the Egg,” Ghostbur replied. “I don’t know a lot about it, but I do know that the Eggpire is just possessed people!”

“The *Egg* ?!” Blue asked. “It’s an *egg* ?”

“Yeah, kind of,” Spirit nodded. “It’s just a giant red egg-shaped thing that BadBoyHalo, Skeppy, Antfrost, Ponk, Punz, and Hannah like... worship, almost??”

“Why?” Deadbur frowned.

“They’re possessed,” Spirit shrugged. “Who knows why, or what the Egg is or wants to do.”

“Did a giant bird lay it?” L’manbur asked.

“I doubt it,” Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“I suppose it’s possible,” Spirit snickered. “But yeah, I doubt it. I haven’t seen any giant birds around here.”

“So I’m assuming we don’t want to go down there,” Blue glanced down at the vines. “Where are we going, instead then?”

“I mean, I could show you around,” Ghostbur suggested. “Everyone but you and L’manbur have seen this place!”

“How far ahead in the future are you?” Blue asked.

“I’m from April 9th,” Ghostbur smiled. “Only... about four months ahead of you?”

“How did *this* -” Blue gestured to the giant crater. “-happen in four months?!”

Ghostbur shrugged. “Things happen. Anyways, where shall we head?”

“I kinda wanna walk across the crater,” L’manbur spoke up.

Ghostbur blinked. “I mean, sure, we can do that.”

He started to walk across the glass covering the crater, the rest of the Wilburs following him.

Blue looked down into the crater. It seemed like it went all the way down to bedrock. In the middle of the crater was the L’manburg flag, with red vines from the ‘Egg’ wrapped around it. What in the world could have caused this??

“There’s not really much to see over here,” Ghostbur said. “There’s just the crater, the obsidian grid, the lanterns, and the resurrection shrine over there.”

“Wait, the what?” L’manbur asked. “What shrine?”

“Oh yeah,” Ghostbur’s eyes widened. “You weren’t here when I explained that! Well, let’s go over there so I can tell you and Blue about it.”

He quickly ran over- well. floated over quickly- to a weird looking mostly blue shrine thing.

“This is the-” Ghostbur started, but started coughing. “Sorry, this is the resurrection shrine from when Phil-” He started coughing again, stopping talking altogether.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Spirit rolled his eyes.

“Miss me?” Ghostbur grinned, but in a very weird (American) voice, his eyes now gray with little black rectangle pupils in them.

“Why are you back?” Spirit glared at him.

“Uh... what?” Blue asked, staring at Ghostbur.

“He’s being possessed, apparently,” Deadbur explained. “By Schlatt’s ghost.”

“Schlatt?” L’manbur tilted his head. “But he’s banned from the SMP!”

“Oh, you sweet summer child,” Alivebur sighed.

“You’re one to talk,” Resurrectedbur muttered. Alivebur glared at him.

“You act surprised,” ‘Ghostbur’ laughed. “You’re just future Ghostbur, are you not?”

“Usually you have a reason,” Spirit raised an eyebrow. “Do you have one now?”

“Not really,” ‘Ghostbur’ shrugged. “I just decided that since we were near the shrine, I might as well say hi to these two.” He gestured at L’manbur and Blue. “Hi.”

Blue waved.

“Why are you possessing Ghostbur?” L’manbur asked.

“I’m actually supposed to be dead,” ‘Ghosbur’ replied. “Then Ghostbur here tried to get revived, and failed twice, so now he’s GGGhostbur, and I possess him from time to time.”

“Does he realize when you possess him?” Blue asked. “Like, is he just in the background of his mind right now, watching you control?”

“I don’t actually know,” ‘Ghostbur’ frowned. “I’ll have to ask.”

“Yes,” Spirit spoke up. “That’s pretty much what happens.”

“Are you in the background most of the time?” Deadbur asked. “When Ghostbur’s in control?”

“Nope!” ‘Ghostbur’ grinned. “I do whatever the fuck I want, really.”

“Where, though?” Deadbur asked. “The SMP?”

‘Ghostbur’ tilted his head.. “I don’t actually know, really.”

“Oh, that reminds me!” Spirit spoke up. “Uh, Dead Schlatt has been calling himself ‘Glatt’, which is kind of stealing your entire thing.”

‘Ghostbur’ (Glatt?) frowned. “What the fuck! That’s my thing!”

“You’re ‘Glatt’?” Blue asked.

“Yeah, like you’re Ghostbur,” Glatt nodded. “Ghost plus my name. Simple.”

“Gommy,” Alivebur muttered. “Gubbo...”

“Phantommy,” Spirit corrected him. “Toast.”

“Thost?” Alivebur looked up at him.

“Toast,” Spirit repeated. “Spelled like the breakfast food. Toast.”

Alivebur frowned.

“Hi!” Ghostbur said, his actual voice back. “I’m back!”

“Oh, hi,” Spirit greeted.

“I hate it when he does that with no warning,” Ghostbur frowned. “Usually he gives a warning. Except the first few times.”

“Uh, how exactly does that *happen* ?” Blue asked. “Schlatt’s explanation... didn’t really help.”

“Oh! Well, let me explain,” Ghostbur smiled. “See, after Doomsday-”

“After *what* ?!” Blue interrupted.

“Doomsday,” Ghostbur repeated. “Exactly what it sounds like, I will not elaborate. Now, after Doomsday, I decided that we should revive Alivebur, therefore killing me.” He paused, quickly adding “Not just to kill me, don’t worry, we just thought it was a good idea to revive me, that’s all.”

“Who’s ‘we’?” Alivebur asked.

“Me and-” Ghostbur trailed off. “I... I don’t really... remember.. I wouldn’t say that was exactly a sad memory, I don’t know why...” He frowned. “Anyways, ‘we’ talked, and decided that the next week, we would revive me.

“So, Eret made a resurrection shrine- this- and we tried two times. the first time, it didn’t work and I saw a really dark place with two silhouettes, then just came back as GGhostbur! Then we went and got Friend, and then we tried again and it didn’t work, but this time I only saw one silhouette, and then Glatt possessed me and scared everyone, then I came back as GGghostbur and then Phil and Tubbo and Ranboo and Eret went to go get Totems of Undying. They got some, but then we didn’t end up trying again.”

Ghostbur took a deep breath after that.

Blue blinked. “And when did this happen?”

“January,” Ghostbur replied. “Early January.”

Blue nodded and walked over to the shrine. There was a L’manburg flag hanging from the blue walls, and there was TNT and brewing stands on the ground. Under the flag was a little hole with water in it, with a salmon name tagged as ‘Sally’.

“...who the fuck are you?” Blue asked.

Spirit burst out laughing.

“THAT’S EXACTLY WHAT I ASKED!” Ghostbur shouted. “And I never got a clear answer!”

“Who-” L’manbur walked over to see what Blue was looking at. “SALLY??”

“That’s not actually Sally,” Resurrectedbur said quickly.

“Well, fucking, DUH,” L’manbur stared at him. “You think I can’t tell what my fucking wife looks like?!”

“YOU MARRIED A FUCKING FISH????” Ghostbur and Blue shouted at the same time.

Spirit was practically on the floor laughing.

btw mumza explained the birds and the bees to spirit in a very awkward conversation in the afterlife if youre wondering how he knows but ghostbur doesnt

just think what could have been

Chapter Notes

wooo a short little chapter bc he be Thinkin(tm) again and i didnt know how to write what i was trying to write good so yeah

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur was still thinking about Ghostbur's comment about explosives back in Pogtopia, in his time.

"Lots of things happen with explosives, Alivebur."

And he didn't know a lot about the future. The Wilburs from the future seemed to be really reluctant to tell him anything, and how could he blame them? He wasn't about to tell L'manbur about the election. And there were probably so many *worse* things that were to happen in the future, based on what he had seen and heard so far.

So what did that *mean* ? There hadn't been any talk of explosives in Pogtopia or Manberg, lately, as far as he knew. The only knows recently was the festival that was supposed to be happening in like... a week, and it wouldn't make a lot of sense to have explosives at a *festival* .

....unless?

What if Manberg was just having this festival to blow the place to shit? That does kind of sound like something Schlatt would do...

Was Ghostbur warning Alivebur about explosives? Should he get explosives as a counter? What if he set up a bunch of TNT under Manberg, wired to a button with redstone? And use

it as a vague threat towards Manberg if it turned out they *did* have explosives?

Yes, Yes, this was a good plan, and he knew exactly where this button room could be, if he made a little tunnel and room in the hill on the other side of the podium-

Then he remembered Blue's time.

What *was* that weird room? Why was it only half there, overseeing the crater that was L'manburg? Why was there what looked to be *blood* on the floor?? Why did Deadbur hate it so much? Why did Resurrectedbur want to see it so bad? Why did both of them not want the rest of the Wilburs to see it?

...maybe this plan wasn't as good as he thought it was.

He didn't want Manberg blown up.. did he?

Well, of course he wanted *Manberg* gone, but not the place where Manberg was, where *L'manburg* was. Where the home he created was. He saw the aftermath of whatever happened before Blue's time, and whatever happened between his and Ghostbur's time. Not good.

So what should he do? Just sit back and watch Schlatt take over? There wasn't really much he *could* do.

...besides this.

But surely, there was another way to go about this, there had to be some sort of better way they could fight back against Manberg, like in the L'manburg Revolution! Another war, it would be fine, win L'manburg back, nothing gets blown up-

He heard a scream.

Alivebur blinked, the noise dragging him out of his thoughts.

He soon noticed that they were no longer in Ghostbur's time, or at least, not above the crater, not near the shrine. Instead, they were staring at lava.

And across from the lava, was an obsidian box, with a certain man with a green hoodie and a mask with a smile on it.

...this couldn't go well.

Chapter End Notes

aliveburs very good at thinking about things too hard and then not noticing anything in his surroundings until he hears a loud noise
wow thatll go extremely well what with the multiple people who hate that person with the green hoodie and mask with a smile on it

btw reminder that resurrectedbur in this au isnt revivebur in dsmp, as i started writing and posting this before wilbur got revived :] (and im just terrible at writing c!wilbur as you may be able to tell from aliveburs and lmanburs and deadburs characterization KSJDF)

therefore hes not a dream apologist bc i dont think i ever would have predicted that gonna be honest as much sense as it does make

perspective

Chapter Summary

it all started on a day like any other...

Chapter Notes

god. i had to watch That Stream again say thank you because it was a fucking problem
god i hate that stream /lh /j

anyways! hello there lovelies :] this chapter is kinda long! but only like 300-400 words
are technically my own writing but its fine <3

tw for yelling and death!

(i probably wouldnt usually tw the yelling since its just writing but i had to watch the
stream and god is there fucking YELLING so im warning yall anyways)
(its just the wilbur revival stream from when the lava drops to ghostbur getting killed,
just from ghostbur pov, so if u wanna skip it, then go to 'ghostbur opened his eyes to
darkness' skjdfhjksk i wouldnt blame u)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur looked into the lava, humming the L'manburg anthem quietly. He and Tommy were waiting for the lava to drop to reveal Dream.

Tommy was invisible at the moment, with an axe in his inventory, here to kill Dream. Ghostbur was helping him sneak in. He was doing such a good job lying!

Suddenly, the lava started dropping.

“Oh, look at that!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “It’s Dream! It’s Dream, hey Dream!” He waved across the lava to Dream. “It’s me, Ghostbur!”

“Listen Ghostbur,” Sam was messing with some levers on the wall. “The platform below you is gonna start to move, make sure that you walk with the platform, otherwise you’ll get dropped in the lava.”

“I will, I will,” Ghostbur nodded.

“Alright,” Sam said. “Three, two, one. Go across.” He flicked a lever.

The platform started moving, and Ghostbur started moving with it. His heart started racing. Hopefully Tommy moved along safely too...

He got to the other side, and felt Tommy gently bump into him as a sign that he was there.

“STOP!”

Ghostbur turned around sharply, and his heart sank to his feet when he saw an enchanted netherite axe floating next to him.

“STOP MOVING RIGHT NOW” Sam shouted.

“I’ve stopped, I’ve stopped, I’ve stopped!” Ghostbur raised his hands in defense.

“Walk to your left, Ghostbur,” Same said sternly.

Ghostbur did as he said, and out of the corner of his eye, he saw the floating axe being brandished towards Dream.

“Who is there?” Sam asked. “STOP, whoever’s invisible, stop right now!”

“COME HERE, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!” Tommy suddenly shouted, continuing to try to hit Dream with the axe.

“Tommy, I-” Ghostbur glanced at Sam. “Tommy, I think he knows you’re here!”

“GET ON THE BRIDGE!” Sam shouted. “If you don’t get on the bridge right now, I’ll kill you.”

Ghostbur saw the floating axe go back to the bridge, and he wanted to go over too. He felt like he wasn’t safe over here with Dream, but he couldn’t move. He really wanted to, but he couldn’t seem to move his legs to go over. And for some reason, he couldn’t float in the prison, probably to do with Sam’s precautions.

“Fuck...” Tommy hissed to himself. The platform started moving, and the floating axe disappeared as Tommy put it away.

As soon as the platform got all the way over to the other side, Sam threw a bucket of milk to the floor. “Who is invisible- take this. Drink this right now.”

Tommy chugged the milk, and Ghostbur saw Sam’s eyes go wide from all the way on the other side as Tommy became uninvisible.

“TOMMY!” Sam shouted.

“What?” Tommy retorted.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” Sam asked.

“I’M HERE TO- LET ME GO BACK OVER RIGHT FUCKING NOW!” Tommy yelled back.

“NO!”

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN NOW?!”

“TOMMY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING??”

“LET ME GO OVER- OHHH, I WAS SO CLOSE!”

“TOMMY- I SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!”

“NO NO NO NO NO- DON’T YOU FUCKING KILL ME!”

“YOU SIGNED THE BOOK- YOU SAID YOU WOULDN’T DO ANYTHING TOMMY, YOU AGREED!”

“NO, I SAID I’D NEVER BREAK DREAM OUT, THE BOOK STATED THAT I AM NOT ALLOWED TO BREAK DREAM OUT OF PRISON,” Tommy argued. “AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES DOES THAT SAY I CAN’T KILL HIM.”

“YOU’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, TOMMY!” Sam shouted.

“Sam!” Dream called.

Tommy and Sam both looked over.

“You be quiet, I don’t wanna hear anything from you,” Sam yelled. “Ghostbur, back away from him.”

The thing is, Ghostbur kind of couldn’t back away from him, as there was lava on one side and Dream on the other.

“Ghostbur, can you swing?” Tommy shouted. “Can you hit him?”

“Let me out,” Dream called.

“I’m not letting you out,” Sam said sternly. “No one’s doing anything. Everyone- everyone shut up. Walk over there, Tommy.”

“Wh- no, fucking-” Tommy argued. “Kill him, Ghostbur, kill him!”

“Tommy, walk over there!” Sam ordered.

“I’m not gonna fuckin’ walk over there- I don’t even know how many lives Ghostbur has-”

“He’s a ghost! He’s a ghost! Shut up, Tommy!”

“Don’t fucking tell me to shut up, you let me die in that prison, Sam, you shit fuckin’ warden!”

“Tommy, this is the reason I let you die in the prison!” Sam shouted. “What am I supposed to do now? Now Ghostbur’s stuck over there!”

“And I- And I’ll revive him if you don’t let me free!”

Everyone fell silent and stared at Dream.

“W-wait, what?” Ghostbur pressed himself against the wall, his heart racing. “Wait, no-Tommy- no nonononononono Tommy you said-”

“GO OVER THERE AND KILL HIM NOW!” Tommy whipped around to face Sam. “GO OVER AND GET GHOSTBUR BACK!”

“You said it would be okay!” Ghostbur frantically looked to Tommy.

Sam and Tommy were still arguing, and very loudly, but Ghostbur couldn’t discern anything he was hearing. The only things he could make out were the lava bubbling and his heart beating.

“Tommy, you said I’d be okay!” Ghostbur felt tears on his face now, melting his face, steaming. “You said I’d be okay!”

“Send me over, send me over-” Tommy was saying to Sam, then looked to Ghostbur. “No, Ghostbur, Ghostbur, it’s fine, you’re fine, it’s gonna be fine!” He looked at Sam again. “Send the fucking thing over, right now.”

“I’m not, I’m not,” Sam glared at him, then turned to Ghostbur. “Ghostbur, did you know that Tommy was here?”

“He was gonna be here in spirit,” Ghostbur answered. “He said he was gonna be here in spirit, I didn’t wanna lie, I said-” he broke off crying, still pressing himself to the wall. “Tommy said we wouldn’t be lying-”

“No, no no no no listen to me Ghostbur,” Tommy stared at Ghostbur. “Listen to me, it’s gonna be okay-”

“If you don’t let me out, I’m gonna revive him!” Dream declared again, causing Ghostbur to scream.

“Send me over, send me over,” Tommy grabbed Sam by the shoulders. “Please, we could kill him right now-”

“LOOK WHAT I’M HOLDING!” Dream shouted, holding up the revive book.

Tommy screamed. “He’s got the book, he’s got the book-”

“TOMMY!” Ghostbur sobbed. “TOMMY, I DON’T WANT TO DIE! TOMMY, PLEASE-”

“No, Ghostbur, you’re gonna be okay, it’s gonna be fine,” Tommy assured him, his voice tense but still somehow gentle. “Count to ten, Ghostbur! Count to ten- one- with me- one...”

“One,” Ghostbur sniffled.

“Two, three, we’re not gonna die,” Tommy nodded encouragingly. “Four, five, it’s fine, it’s okay.”

“Six, seven,” Ghostbur counted.

“Think of the blue, think of the blue,” Tommy continued. “Eight, nine, ten! It’s gonna be okay!”

“SHUT UP!”

Ghostbur looked up to Sam, tears starting to well in his eyes again.

“Stop counting!” Sam ordered. “Ghostbur is a ghost!”

“SEND ME OVER!” Tommy shouted. “You don’t know what you’re doing-”

“Let me out!” Dream called again.

“I’m not letting you out!” Sam glared.

“Fine,” Dream stepped towards the netherite block barrier between him and Ghostbur.

Ghostbur felt his heart drop again, beating faster and faster.

“Tommy, back up,” Sam pushed Tommy to the side of the wall.

“Tommy, you said I’d be okay,” Ghostbur cried. “Tommy, you promised me this would just be-”

“What am I supposed to do?” Sam demanded. “If I send the bridge over, something could happen, he might get out!”

“Tommy, you said I wouldn’t have to lie!” Ghostbur saw the lava dropping, and his heart beat faster and faster. “TOMMY, YOU SAID I’D BE OKA-” he felt a blow to the back of his head, and everything went dark.

~~~

ghostbur opened his eyes to darkness.

well, not complete darkness. there was a dim, flickering lamp post in front of him.

where was he?

he remembered tommy telling him something, something to do when you're anxious.

*“if you're ever anxious, look around you and name 5 things you see, 4 things you can touch, 3 things you hear, 2 things you smell, and 1 thing you taste.”*

seemed simple enough.

he saw benches, lamp posts, an arched tunnel, shadows, and train tracks. he felt his sweater, the ground underneath his feet, a bench nearby, and the small soft breeze blowing in the air. he heard his own footsteps, a train going down the tracks, and his breathing. he smelled the distinct smell of trains, and the smell of the wood of the bench. he.. tasted nothing. not even the steak he had had just earlier? ...weird.

he had no clue where he was, or why he was here, he didn't see anyone else, so he called out for people.

“tommy? sam? tubbo? ranboo?”

where was he last, right before this? what was he doing? *what was he forgetting?*

he was... near the prison, with tommy. he was... about to go into the prison, presumably? *he was forgetting something important, he could feel it.*

he walked through the tunnels, but that exploration yielded no results, all the tunnels looked exactly the same, and he found no one.

anywhere.

he sat down on a bench, wondering what was going on, and how and where he was.

*c'mon, remember, remember, REMEMBER!*

*"Let me out!"*

*"I'm not letting you out!"*

*"Fine..."*

*"TOMMY!"*

*"TOMMY, YOU SAID I'D BE OKA-"*

his eyes snapped open in surprise, and he realized he was shaking slightly, and tears welled up in his eyes.

he knew where he was.

~~~

he knew where he was.

and as he gazed across the lava, he wished he didn't.

Chapter End Notes

the universe works in mysterious ways, but i'm startin to think it ain't workin for me,
doctor should i be good, should i be good this year?

:) did u like it :D

personally, i like the chapter i just hated writing it bc i had to watch That Stream and not
only is it That Stream with That Ending but god theres so much yelling. i hate it i hate it
i hate it SO MUCH

OH BTW QUICK EDIT: do i need to add the major character death for this. i dont
THINK i do but technically it is mcd??? i have no clue pls help

im going to sleep

we know the fire awaits unbelievers, all of the sinners the same

Chapter Notes

i just started crying and then the sofia the first theme song came on and now im just sat here, tears on my face, listening to the fucking sofia the first theme song,

anyways tw for death mention

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur looked out across the lava.

“Uh... where are we?” L’manbur asked.

“*When* are we?” Alivebur asked.

“Well, we were just in my time,” Ghostbur muttered. “And the only other time with the prison is Resurrectedbur’s, so unless we somehow just teleported, or we’re meeting another Wilbur here, then this is Resurrectedbur’s time!”

“Again I ask,” L’manbur said louder. “Where are we?”

“This is the prison?” Resurrectedbur answered, more of a question than an answer. “I’ve never been inside, but this definitely seems like it.”

“Why is the lava down?” Ghostbur frowned. “I’ve never been in here either, but people who have have explained what goes on in here. The lava isn’t supposed to be down unless someone is visiting the prisoner.”

“Who is the prisoner?” Deadbur asked.

“Dream,” Ghostbur replied. “He also directed the building of it. Really just karma.”

Deadbur frowned. He looked around.

They were in a little room with obsidian walls, staring at a smaller obsidian room across a big moat of lava. The other Wilburs all also looked rather confused, except...

“Is Spirit okay?” Deadbur asked.

They all looked at Spirit, who was standing there, crying. A lot.

“Oh, no,” Resurrectedbur winced. “This is not good.” He waved his hand in front of Spirit’s face. “Spirit? You there?”

“Oh fuck,” Ghostbur cursed. “He’s crying, that’s not good, tears are water-”

“Is his face melting?” Alivebur squinted.

“Yes,” Resurrectedbur sighed. “This is really bad. We should... get out of here.”

Spirit suddenly flinched, walking backwards, breathing heavily. “I don’t- no, no no no nonononono I don’t wanna- I- Dream- Wilbur- No-”

“What.. happened here?” Blue glanced at Dream from across the lava, who also looked incredibly confused.

“Well, only Tommy, Sam, Dream, and Spirit really know that,” Resurrectedbur explained. “But long story short, Tommy was trying to kill Dream, and something went wrong, and Dream revived me by killing Ghostbur.”

Ghostbur stared at him. “He WHAT??”

“I’ll try to explain more later,” Resurrectedbur hissed. “Right now, we just need to get the fuck out of here before Spirit has a breakdown.”

“Too late,” Deadbur pointed out.

Spirit was currently pressing himself against the obsidian wall, just saying ‘no’ over and over again, crying a lot.

“Shit,” Resurrectedbur cursed. “I have no clue how to get out of here.”

“We could wait until Sam comes,” Ghostbur suggested. “There are probably security cameras, and if he saw us, he would immediately assume we were trying to break Dream out. He does not joke around.”

Resurrectedbur shuddered. “Yeah, really. I think that’s the best thing we could do.”

They all went quiet, the only sounds being the bubbling of the lava moat and Spirit’s crying.

“You said it’d be okay, you said- you said I wouldn’t have to lie, I don’t wanna d-die, I don’t wanna die,” Spirit shook his head frantically.

Ghostbur and Blue looked around very awkwardly. Deadbur couldn’t blame them.

“What are you doing in here?”

Deadbur looked to the voice, to see Sam. Sam wasn't really active on the server when he was alivebur, Deadbur assume he must have started coming on more after the 16th.

Spirit looked up to Sam, suddenly going silent.

“Uhh... hi?” Ghostbur laughed nervously.

“What is going on?” Sam demanded.

“So, long story short,” Resurrectedbur walked over to him. “We're all Wilbur from different points in time, and now we're here in what we assume to be my time, and we have no clue how we got here but clearly we need to get out of here right fucking now.” He smiled. “Can you help us?”

Sam blinked. “How did you get in here??”

“We have no clue,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “But we didn't mean to come in here and we would *love* to get out of here.”

Sam looked across the lava at Dream. “Why is the lava down?”

“We have no clue,” Resurrectedbur repeated, sounding exasperated. “Please can you just put the lava there again and get us the fuck out of there right now, as none of us would like to be here and Spirit won't be calming down anytime soon while in here.”

“Spirit?” Sam asked as he walked over to some levers.

“Dead Ghostbur,” Resurrectedbur explained. “You know. The person you killed.”

“WHAT???” Ghostbur shouted, and Deadbur saw Spirit flinch out of the corner of his eye.

“I didn’t kill him,” Sam defended himself, flicking a lever, causing the lava to go back up. “Dream killed him, I could do nothing about it.”

“I wasn’t there, so I can’t really give any evidence,” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow. “But what Tommy said implied that there were so many things you could do, instead of yelling at everyone.”

“Look,” Sam stared him in the eyes. “I was under a lot of pressure, and so was Tommy and so was Ghostbur, I’m sure. Now do you want to stand here arguing all day, or do you want to get out of here.”

Resurrectedbur frowned, but didn’t say anything.

Sam led them out of the room, down some stairs. Ghostbur was helping Spirit, gently pulling him along. It probably wasn’t.. the best way to handle this situation, but there wasn’t really another way they could go about it.

The group made their way through the prison, going through the lava with fire res potions. After that was the water tunnel, which was a little hard to get the ghosts- especially Spirit- through, but they somehow got through.

Deadbur found the prison very... creepy. Not scary, or in a big in your face sort of way, but creepy, like a psychological horror. The ceilings were high, the halls were long, the walls were dark. And the fact that the only sounds were pistons moving and Spirit’s crying wasn’t helping.

Eventually, they got to the main room, with Sam’s counter.

“Normally, I would have you retrieve your items from the lockers,” Sam went behind his counter. “But since you didn’t come in here.. the normal way, you can all just go through the portal, and then when I say you can, go through the next portal.”

Resurrectedbur nodded. “Thanks.”

They went through the portal, and with Sam’s go-ahead, they went through the next portal, leading them back to the rest of the Server, and Sam left the voice call through Resurrectedbur’s communicator.

Spirit was still crying, Ghostbur holding onto his arm to lead him places.

“So. Um,” Blue rocked on his feet. “What do we do?”

“In general, or about Spirit?” Resurrectedbur asked.

Deadbur raised an eyebrow. “I think Spirit is more urgent here.”

Resurrectedbur nodded. “Well, I’m not really quite sure what to do here...”

“Can you explain why the hell Spirit’s reaction to the prison was *this*?” Alivebur asked.

“Well,” Resurrectedbur started slowly. “Like I said, I only know what Tommy told me, but Dream killed Ghostbur, because Tommy was sneaking into the prison to kill Dream, but got caught, and Ghostbur got stuck on Dream’s side of the lava while Tommy and Sam argued, and Sam refused to send the bridge back to get him, and Dream killed him.”

Ghostbur and Blue did not seem to take that news well, their eyes wide.

Spirit suddenly took a sharp breath in, making Ghostbur jump.

“Fuck-” Spirit cursed. “Wh- what happened?”

“Uh.. we’re in my time now,” Resurrectedbur winced. “And we somehow time travelled into the prison. And. Um. Yeah.”

“O-oh,” Spirit’s eyes widened. “Um. W-what exactly.. *happened?*”

Resurrectedbur glanced at Ghostbur, then back at Spirit. “Well, you kinda just cried the entire time.”

“And screamed,” Ghostbur added. “You did scream a lot.”

Spirit felt his face, and when he pulled his sweater-covered hand away, a little bit of gray-blue sticky stuff stuck onto his sweater. “That explains that.” He forced a smile. “Great,” he said sarcastically.

Chapter End Notes

ok i know nothing about any sort of ptsd or trauma or anything as i am not Educated on that type of stuff all i know is that ppl cry when experiencing flashbacks so. uh. i am not claiming for this to be accurate Whatsoever

but yeah! uh. more angst next chapter Probably

girl, you and i will die unbelievers, bound to the tracks of the train

Chapter Summary

i've lost all meaning, i've lost all sense of hope!

Chapter Notes

'got a little soul, the world is cold, cold place to be! want a little warmth, but who's gonna save a little warmth for me?'

i dont really like this chapter but. :///// its fine, short and sweet

TW implied suicide

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

ghostbur wandered around the train station, looking for something different.

but no matter what he found, it was all the same.

he wanted to go back, to go back to tommy, and friend, and tubbo, and phil, and ranboo, and techno, and everyone else.

he just couldn't find a way to go back.

there was nothing here, the only sounds being his breathing, his footsteps, the occasional train flying by on the tracks, and the water dripping from the ceiling from an unknown source, collecting in puddles on the cold stone floor.

this place was absolutely miserable, and ghostbur hoped he could get out sometime soon, or find someone else.

he had heard about the afterlife from tommy. apparently for him, it was just a void of nothingness, and he talked to wilbur the entire time and was miserable.

and ghostbur couldn't blame him. and he also thought, that when- no, if, since he actually thought he couldn't die, as a ghost- he died, that he would be able to not lose his mind in the afterlife. sure, it might be boring, and wilbur and schlatt and mexican dream might not be the best people to talk to for a while, but at least he would have someone to talk to!

but here, in his lonely afterlife, where he had counted the days and found no one in a week, he was starting to doubt he would ever find anyone.

so he sat down on a bench, and he thought.

he thought about the overworld, about friend, about tommy, about l'manburg, about everything. he thought for days, turning into weeks, turning into months, turning into years. the more and more he waited on that bench for someone to come, the more he itched to do something.

but really, what could he do? walk around? try to get on a train? try to talk to one of the shadow people who didn't care about anything, who would walk by and not bat an eye at literally anything?

there was only one thing he could think of to do, and it was something he never thought he'd think about. ever. it's just one of those things that you would never think about until you do, and when you do, it's horrifying.

so he stood up, and stood on the edge of the platform, watching the trains rush by.

everyone's afterlife is different.

whether it's a cold train station, or the cold heart of the void, or a private gym, they're all different, and.. usually miserable.

and there's never anything new to find, nothing interesting to see, nothing fun to do. if you're lucky, you'll be able to talk to other people and walk around. if you're not, well then, have fun spending eternity alone.

you'd think that after death, one would get a nice closing to their life, a nice afterlife heaven space where they could reflect on life, but not want to go back. a nice place where they could have fun being dead. unfortunately, whatever cursed god that loves to have the people on this plane suffer decided that no one gets any rest here.

ever.

so, here ghostbur was, standing on the edge of a train station platform. and here he was, about to do something he had never thought about doing before. just to get home.

a train flies by. it doesn't work.

Chapter End Notes

i was planning for this chapter to be just straight-forward instead of implied but i didnt know how the fuck to write that
but know that its sad. cry. sob. look me in the eyes and tell me this is sad. suffer please /j
anyways! next chapter will be crack :] kinda. i think

immune to isolation

Chapter Notes

ayooo whats up another short chapter as i try to figure out what the fuck im doing
(little tw: they talk abt dead bodies a bit at the very end)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So,” Alivebur spoke up. “I have a question for Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit.”

“Yeah?” Resurrectedbur glanced up at him.

“How the fuck are any of you able to have a *conversation* right now??” Alivebur asked. “After just weeks, or months in isolation, someone would have a sort of identity crisis-breakdown-thing and lose their personality, and not be able to talk to people.”

Deadbur blinked. “Really?”

“Yeah,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “Aren’t you future me? How did you not know this?”

“Maybe I forgot it,” Deadbur shrugged.

“Alivebur’s right,” Blue piped up. “I read a book about solitary confinement and the effects that isolation has on the brain, and uh..” he winced. “It’s not very pleasant.”

“Maybe it has something to do with the afterlife,” Spirit suggested. “A lot of things change in there, like your fucking clothes. This sweater used to be yellow,” He frowned, annoyed. “I don’t have any other sweaters.”

“You have. No other sweaters.” Alivebur stared at him. “Not a single other sweater.”

“Well, I *used* to,” Spirit defended himself. “Then I fucking died. What, you think you get to pack a bag and say ‘I’m off to the afterlife, I’ll take some pictures!’”

“Okay, jeez, I get it,” Alivebur muttered.

“I got another coat from the afterlife,” Resurrectedbur mentioned. “The one I had before- the one Deadbur is wearing right now- is like... I dunno, lost to the universe or something, I guess. When I got revived, I had a whole nother coat.”

“What is it like?” Blue asked. He was curious.

“It’s basically the same, just a little bit darker and not torn up ‘n shit,” Resurrectedbur said. “I could go get it, if you wanna see it for whatever reason.”

“Yes, please,” Blue nodded. “Where is it?”

“The burger van,” Resurrectedbur flicked through his inventory.

Alivebur and Deadbur stared at him.

“A burger van.” Alivebur said dryly. “A burger *van* . Really.”

“What the FUCK made you think *that* was a good idea??” Deadbur near shouted. “Did you not see what happened with L’manburg?”

“Shut up, shut up,” Resurrectedbur started walking. “This isn’t like L’manburg at all. Trust me.”

“Why is your coat in a burger van?” Blue asked, following him.

“Cause I don’t feel like wearing it,” Reurrectedbur tilted his head. “It’s summer, why would I want to wear a trench coat?”

“You’re wearing a sweater right now,” Ghostbur pointed out. “You haven’t even rolled the sleeves up.”

“It’s not *that* hot,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “Just hot enough so that I wouldn’t want to be wearing a trench coat and a sweater.” He grimaced. “It’s also kinda gross.”

“What do you mean?” L’manbur asked. They were passing the Nether Portal now, since they had already walked a little bit in this direction before this conversation.

“I dunno,” Resurrectedbur frowned. “It’s just weirdly... uncomfortable. I don’t like wearing it. It’s like it’s perfect for me, but it was also made for someone completely different from me.”

Soon, the group reached Las Nevadas, but instead of going in the country, this time they went to the left of it, and across a river to reach a red and white van.

Resurrectedbur opened the door to the van, and went in. A few seconds later, he came back out, holding a lump of brown. He unfolded the coat and put it on.

“Why does it have a bloody bandage on?” Ghostbur asked.

“I literally have no clue,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “I kind of... don’t want to take it off. I never wear the coat anyways, it doesn’t matter.”

Blue walked up to him and looked at the coat, then looked at Alivebur's. "Definitely different. Not by a lot, though."

Resurrectedbur took off the coat, then put it back in the van. He walked back out. "Ghh, I don't like wearing it."

"Where did you get it?" Ghostbur asked. "And the sweater?"

"The afterlife, I guess," Resurrectedbur tilted his head. "I really have no clue."

"I guess it's because your body was completely destroyed by the time you got revived," Spirit spoke up. "So you got a whole new body."

Resurrectedbur looked at him. "Huh?"

"Well, think about it," Spirit pointed out. "Bodies decompose after a few weeks, and you were dead for months, and no one ever moved your body, so your skeleton just sat in the button room for like a month and a half, until Doomsday, at which point the button room and therefore your skeleton got blown to bits."

"When I saw the button room because of a creeper blowing up the wall, I saw your skeleton!" Blue piped up. "It was gross!"

"Wow, thanks," Resurrectedbur said dryly.

"Glad to know my skeleton gets blown up in seven months," L'manbur muttered sarcastically.

"Four months," Ghostbur corrected him. "Doomsday is in four months for you."

“Gee, thanks,” L’manbur groaned.

Chapter End Notes

a while ago my older sister and i had a convo about Hey What The Fuck Happened With Wilbur's Body and we came to the conclusion that dreamxd made him a whole new body and took creative liberties w the bloody bandage. dreamxd is a dsmp artist (did any ccs actually mention anything abt wilburs body pls tell me)

anyways! im gonna be on a trip for the next week or two so expect less frequent updates!

flower moon, sacred sign

Chapter Summary

flower moon
curse the night
if the sun don't make things right
then it's gonna take a year

Chapter Notes

LONG TIME NO SEE ;)

UMMMm go read the new sheep cult chapters if u havent already kshfkjdtl

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

A hole in the universe opened, and a line spread across space. The line kept going, until it forked over and over again, and there were many connected lines. Was this line just a line from another fork in the past?

A disembodied hand appeared from the dark void, and traced the line until it got to a fork, then stopped.

The line was still going on, and breaking into other possibilities. Where it was going, no one knew. Maybe it wasn't going anywhere. Maybe it wasn't going to stop.

What's going on? a voice asked, coming from nowhere and everywhere at the same time, as loud as fireworks but as quiet as a soft breeze.

“You know what’s happening.” The familiar voice of a certain woman echoed in the void.

An eye opened, another eye closed. *I suppose I might. Do you need something?*

“Why? Why is this happening?” She asked. “Did you do this?”

I certainly didn't do this, the disembodied voice from the void answered. *But I don't know who did, how, or why.*

“Hmm.”

The hand continued tracing the line. *When are they right now?*

“The present.”

They're going to travel soon. The hand stopped. *I don't know to when, but they are. Very soon.*

“How can you tell?”

Raises eyebrow sarcastically.

“Sighs. I get it.”

...we need to do something about this.

“We? You're the one in charge of the timeline, I just look over the Afterlife.”

What about the End? The Overworld?

“Clara and Sally. Did you not know?”

I thought you were in charge of the Overworld. You were, last time I checked.

“I was, then I met Sally and she offered to take over for me.”

And you didn't think to tell me?

“I thought I did!”

...let's get back on track. We- I need to do something about this.

“But what?”

The only places I can bring one to are the Inbetween and the Other Side. Although the Inbetween would be easier.

“What are you suggesting?”

Well, what if- the hand moved down, creating another fork from the original line- I brought them there, then sent them all back to their own times?

“How would you do that?”

I don't know. I've never done it before. ...but I've done something like it.

“I won’t push.”

Thank you. Anyways, I don’t see anything else we could do.

“Could we really not just do... nothing? They all seem to be having fun, it’s not like they’re gonna end up killing someone. If anything, they would just make the timeline better. They’re not that irresponsible.”

...

“C’mon, it wouldn’t change much! I thi-”

I’ll think about it. For now, though, I want to just have them finish whatever they’re doing right now and get them to the Inbetween.

“...fine. Bye, I guess.”

Wait, can you see the Overworld?

“Yeah, why?”

Can you interact with the Overworld?

“I have before, I might be able to again.”

...say hi to George for me?

“Just go say hi yourself.”

Dammit.

The hand stopped the line it was tracing.

Kristin?

Silence.

...ok, she left.

Hundreds of eyes opened at once, glowing on a floating orb with two halos and a wide forever smiling mouth. A dark green cape, barely visible in the void, peeked open a little bit to reveal a few open eyes in a sea of red. Ten disembodied almost claw-like hands started tracing the glowing white lines in the void.

Now, when are you...

Chapter End Notes

im not a dnfer i just thought that would be funny

there's something in your eyes that leaves me paralyzed

Chapter Notes

dont be weird

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

L'manbur looked around the place. They were in a forest by what looked to be an artificial desert, standing right outside of Resurrectedbur's burger van.

"Hey, um," L'manbur spoke up. "What is this place?"

"Oh, right," Resurrectedbur looked at him. "You and Blue weren't here when we went here the first time we were in my time."

"Hold on, how many times were before L'manbur and I?" Blue asked.

Resurrectedbur hesitated. "...all of them. All of them except Spirit's."

"Do you think we're gonna revisit all of our times?" Ghostbur asked.

"Maybe," Resurrectedbur shrugged. "Maybe not Blue's, though, since we've all seen then already."

"Wow, alright," Blue muttered lightheartedly.

"You didn't answer my question," L'manbur said. "Where exactly are we?"

“In my.... country? Question mark?” Resurrectedbur hesitated. “Wilburger Ranvan. And over there is Las Nevadas, Quackity’s country.”

“Hmm,” L’manbur hummed.

“Speaking of which,” Resurrectedbur said. “Let’s go over there, shall we?”

“Why?” L’manbur asked. “What are we even gonna go over there to do?”

“Talk to Quackity,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “He’s my rival burger business.”

L’manbur glanced at Alivebur, who shrugged.

Resurrectedbur led them up and into the desert, into Las Nevadas. L’manbur had to admit that it looked amazing, with the tall buildings and the fountain.

“I am... pretty sure we’re allowed to be here,” Resurrectedbur said, looking around. “Pretty sure.”

“What do you mean, ‘pretty sure’?” Blue raised an eyebrow.

“Last time we talked, Quackity said that I’m welcome to come into Las Nevadas anytime,” Resurrectedbur explained.

“Last time you talked?” Deadbur tilted his head. “Last time you two talked was when we were all here, besides Blue and L’manbur.”

“Hmm, we’ve talked since then,” Resurrectedbur smiled. “August fourth, maybe?”

“...it was June last time we were in your time,” Deadbur squinted. “And I may not know how time is working during this entire thing, but it has not been two months.”

Resurrectedbur simply smiled and winked.

What the fuck is wrong with him.

“Anyways,” Resurrectedbur kept walking down the street. “I’m like 90% sure we’re all allowed to be here.”

“Wilbur!”

L’manbur looked to the voice, to see Quackity walking over from the big tower near the entrance of Las Nevadas.

“Quackity!” Resurrectedbur called. “Hello.”

“Long time no see,” Quackity smirked.

“It’s been three weeks,” Resurrectedbur said dryly. “Almost four.”

“A month is a while,” Quackity shrugged.

“Not really,” Resurrectedbur continued walking. “What, have you missed me?”

“Fuck no,” Quackity rolled his eyes, following him.

L'manbur glanced at the other Wilburs. Alivebur was smiling, but a kind of smirk smile where it wasn't quite either. So was Deadbur, kind of. Ghostbur and Blue were just looking around, and Spirit looked like he wanted to smack Resurrectedbur in the face. What was going on.

He and the other Wilburs followed Resurrectedbur and Quackity, who both continued their weird conversation, jumping conversation topics from burgers to business to Las Nevadas to L'manburg.

“What's that?” Ghostbur suddenly asked. “I asked last time, but you didn't answer.”

L'manbur looked to where he was pointing and almost choked on air. Why the hell was there a strip club.

“Nothing, nothing at all,” Resurrectedbur said, in an almost panicked but a little distracted voice.

L'manbur noticed that Blue also looked curious, but Spirit had the same stupid grin that Alivebur had on his face. Why did Spirit know about things that Ghostbur and Blue didn't? Did he learn about that kind of shit in the Afterlife or something??

Once they reached the end of the 'street', Resurrectedbur and Quackity turned around the fountain and kept walking.

“W...where the hell are we going...” Alivebur muttered. “What are we doing??”

L'manbur wished he had an answer to that. He was just following Resurrectedbur.

Resurrectedbur and Quackity kept walking and talking (almost arguing but not quite), until they walked into what looked to be a restaurant.

“Welcome to Tubbuger,” Quackity said, turning to the other Wilburs for the first time.

L'manbur walked into the restaurant.

“Tubburger?” Ghostbur asked. “That’s a weird name.”

“It’s Tubbo’s restaurant,” Quackity explained. “And he sells burgers here. Tubbo burger. Tubburger.”

“‘Tubbo burger’ makes it sound like it’s a burger made out of Tubbo,” Alivebur commented while looking at the salmon in the fishtank.

“No cannibalism here in Las Nevadas, thanks,” Quackity said dryly. “Anyways, Tubbo isn’t here right now, so if you want a burger or something then I can help you with that.”

“I think we’re good,” Resurrectedbur shook his head. “Ghostbur, get away from the fishtank.”

Ghostbur glared at Resurrectedbur, but stepped away.

L'manbur had no clue why Ghostbur wasn't allowed near the fishtank, but honestly, he didn't think he wanted to know. He decided to assume it was because there was water and ghosts couldn't touch water.

“I doubt your burgers would taste any good,” Resurrectedbur continued.

“They’re made the same as yours are,” Quackity raised an eyebrow.

“You fucking copied me,” Resurrectedbur retorted.

“I did not,” Quackity rolled his eyes. “We simply came up with the same idea at the same time. A coincidence! Happens a lot!”

“Really now?” Resurrectedbur walked towards Quackity almost threateningly. “And where did you get the idea for an NFT, then?”

“Tubbo and I talked and thought of it,” Quackity looked up to Resurrectedbur, who was standing right in front of him, looking down. “Without your help.”

“Well I certainly wouldn’t help you on purpose,” Resurrectedbur snorted. “What kind of competition would I be then?”

“Ghostbur- stop it- no-” Alivebur suddenly said.

L’manbur turned to Alivebur, to see Ghostbur trying to get a salmon out of the fishtank, with Alivebur trying (and failing) to stop him.

“Fucking hell,” Resurrectedbur muttered. He went over and picked up Ghostbur like a dangling cat. “Stop it.” He looked at Quackity. “I think we may have to leave now.”

Quackity raised an eyebrow. “Ghostbur remembers Sally?”

“Who *is* that??” Ghostbur asked. “I asked, but no one really explained! All I know is that she is apparently important to Alivebur, and that I should remember her. But I don’t, really..”

Resurrectedbur pressed his lips together. "I'll explain later. Let's go."

"I thought we already explained.." Alivebur sighed.

Resurrectedbur shrugged and walked out of the restaurant, putting Ghostbur down.

"You didn't need to pick me up," Ghostbur brushed off his sweater as the group walked out of Las Nevadas and back to the burger van.

"And yet I did," Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes. "How horrible."

"You seem a little cranky," Blue teased.

"Quackity *is* annoying," L'manbur reasoned. "He's a bitch."

Resurrectedbur smiled. "He is, isn't he?"

L'manbur turned to Resurrectedbur. "What?"

"He's *my* bitch," Alivebur grinned.

L'manbur turned to Alivebur. "What."

"Changing the subject," Deadbur said quickly, sounding like he did not want to explain that at all, which, valid, "Resurrectedbur, please explain how it was June here three days ago and now it's August."

“I don’t really have an explanation for it,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “Unless you want another wink and a smile that doesn’t explain anything.”

Deadbur sighed. “I guess we don’t really have an explanation for any of this.”

“Speaking of which,” L’manbur spoke up. “I feel like all of us glossed over literally time travelling and meeting other versions of ourselves way too quickly.”

“I don’t really care,” Resurrectedbur commented. “At this point, it’s like alright, this might as well happen. It’s two months later than it was two days ago? Oh well. What the hell.”

L’manbur stared at Resurrectedbur and pressed his lips together. “I don’t think I want any explanations anymore.”

Chapter End Notes

resurrectedbur only wanted to go to las nevasdas to talk to quackity lmaoo
also i forget if ive said this before but. yeah spirit learned Things in the afterlife :|

BTW BTW BTW!!!! look forward to cc!wilbur getting punched in the face: the fwiatic
sidefic (that may actually be the fic name if i cant come up w anything else), coming
soon to the f(x)wiatic(etothatic) au series near you!!
oh and also alivebur gets punched next chapter so look forward to that too ig (spoiler
alert they both get punched by technically the same person)

oh baby isn't life so fucking inconsisent

Chapter Notes

gay on gay violence call that fruit punch

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur was standing on the edge of L'manburg crater. He was wearing his trench coat, even though he hated it. It reminded him of Pogtopia, and sometimes he really didn't want to think about Pogtopia.

He didn't know where Alivebur or Deadbur were at the moment, but he had last seen L'manbur and the ghosts at the Community House with Tommy, doing their sheep thing. He didn't know exactly what they were doing, but he did know that typically you don't have a cuddle pile in a cult.

He looked out across the crater. So weird to think that a year ago, this had been a new nation, standing for freedom and equality. And now it was a giant hole in the ground, being reclaimed by nature.

“RESURRECTEDBUR!!”

Resurrectedbur turned at the shout of his name.

All of the other Wilburs and Ghostburs were running straight at him, Ghostbur and Alivebur in the front.

“Uh-” Resurrectedbur backed up a bit, only to realize that Oh Yeah, he was in front of a giant crater that he shouldn't walk backwards into. Or frontwards. You probably shouldn't walk into a crater. “Do you need something??”

“Alivebur’s bullying me!” Ghostbur shouted.

“It’s fucking hilarious,” Deadbur snickered. “Ghostbur and Blue and Spirit get so mad at being called short, even though it’s just true.”

“I mean... you are like. What, three and a half feet tall?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“Actually, I’m three foot nine,” Ghostbur crossed his arms, causing Alivebur to burst out laughing.

“SHUT UP, YOU’RE JUST TALL AS FUCK!” Spirit yelled at Alivebur, who was still laughing.

“I’m six foot five, that’s not that tall!” Alivebur defended himself through laughter.

“You are eight inches taller than the average male height,” Blue pointed out. “Compared to other people on this server, you’re not that tall, but still.”

“Can you all calm down?” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “Ghostbur, admit it. You’re very short. Alivebur, you’re also very tall.”

“You’re literally taller than me,” Alivebur pointed out.

“Only by like.. an inch or two,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “And that’s only because I’m almost 11 months in the future for you.”

“Wait, what?” Alivebur blinked. “I thought you were from April or May??”

Resurrectedbur smiled and winked. “We’re getting off-topic. What did you guys need?”

“They’re bullying me,” Ghostbur repeated.

“Little baby man!” Alivebur grinned. “Little babyyyy, little baby man!”

Ghostbur looked absolutely pissed.

“You look like you’re about to punch me,” Alivebur snickered. “I know you wouldn’t though, you’re too nice for that.”

Ghostbur squinted, then punched Alivebur in the face.

Alivebur fell to the ground and Ghostbur stared at him, his eyes wide.

“Were you saying something?” Ghostbur glared at him.

Everyone stared at Ghostbur, shocked. Even Blue and Spirit looked surprised.

“Holy shit,” Alivebur touched his lip. “I’m fucking bleeding, you asshole!”

“Fuck you,” Ghostbur stuck his middle finger up at him.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Spirit laughed.

“I didn’t know you were that mad about it,” L’manbur stared at Ghostbur.

“I wasn’t,” Ghostbur shrugged. “I just wanted to punch him. His face is very punchable.”

“What the hell???” Alivebur stood up. “This is... um... alivephobia. Yeah.”

“That’s the only minority you could come up with?” Deadbur asked.

“The only one that I am and he’s not,” Alivebur defended himself. “And to be fair, being alive is a minority in this group.”

“I don’t see any alive oppression,” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“That was,” Alivebur pointed at Ghostbur. “That was a hate crime, I...”

Alivebur was still talking, but Resurrectedbur didn’t hear whatever he was saying. All he heard was a loud ringing in his ears and his head was pounding and he was feeling the pull again and-

“I hate to interrupt,” Resurrectedbur raised a hand to his head because holy shit did it hurt, “But I think we’re about to time travel again.”

“Are you okay?” Ghostbur asked, suddenly sounding worried.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” Resurrectedbur nodded. “So none of you feel the pull?? Or hear the ringing?? Or the headache??”

They all stared at him.

“I’ll take that as a no,” He muttered.

“Can you tell how soon we’re going to time travel to?” Alivebur asked.

“No,” Resurrectedbur. “Or when we’re going to travel t-”

They all blinked at the same time.

“-o.”

Resurrectedbur looked around. They were outside of Techno and Phil’s cabin again, and suddenly he was glad he had his coat. The pull let go, his headache went away and the ringing in his ears faded out.

“...I guess we know now,” He commented.

Chapter End Notes

lmao poor resurrectedbur and also alivebur ig

WOOO look forward to cc!wilbur gets puched in the fucking face: the fwiadc sidefic bc i am working on that and i am WRITINGGGGG

hello dear readers get some water and rest and maybe a snack if u havent eaten in a while :]

now's the time to disappear

Chapter Notes

woop woop 1.2k words lets gooooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur blinked to see the tundra of.. Blue's time, was it? Since they were just in Resurrectedbur's time.

"Is this my time?" Blue asked. "It's Techno's cabin..."

"I guess we'll see if we go in," Resurrectedbur gestured towards the door.

They all walked up to the door, Resurrectedbur knocking on it. Technoblade opened the door.

"Uhh... hello," Techno glanced at all of them. "Where'd you all go? You kinda just left us with an unconscious kid.."

"We time travelled," Resurrectedbur shrugged. "It's complicated. But we're back now!"

"Probably not for a while," Alivebur piped up.

"Probably not for a while," Resurrectedbur nodded. "Um. Hi."

"I would say you could come in, but I don't think there's enough room in here for all.. seven of you and me," Techno glanced inside.

“It’s snowing,” Ghostbur spoke up. “Can at least Spirit, Blue, and I come inside? It’s not very easy to dodge snowflakes, fun fact!!”

“Oh, yeah,” Techno opened the door wider and the ghosts rushed in, quickly shaking off any snow.

“Hey Techno-” Tommy’s head poked up from the ladder. “Oh, hi.”

“Hi Tommy!” Blue smiled.

“Hi,” Tommy waved. “What are you all doing here?”

“We really have no clue,” Deadbur shrugged. “But we are here.”

“Okay, well I was just about to go,” Techno walked outside. “To do um.. important training things. Yep.”

“Oh, seeya!” Ghostbur waved.

Deadbur walked inside, since there was a bit more room now. His coat was a little torn up and he was getting cold.

“Resurrectedbur,” Deadbur looked at him. “Where’d you say you got that coat?”

“Um..” Resurrectedbur glanced at his trench coat. “I think it’s the same coat, but I’m not sure. I only got it after I got resurrected.”

“Can you even feel the cold, Deadbur?” Spirit asked. “Since you’re dead?”

“I don’t feel it as much as I probably should,” Deadbur shrugged. “But I still feel it. Kind of like hunger and pain.”

“I don’t feel it at all,” Spirit tilted his head. “No pain, no cold, no hunger.”

“No pain at all?” Ghostbur asked. “So if I slapped you in the face, it wouldn’t hurt?”

“I doubt it would to someone who feels pain anyways,” Spirit raised an eyebrow. “Your sweater wouldn’t pack much of a punch when it comes to that.”

“I still punched Alivebur in the face, and that obviously hurt,” Ghostbur argued.

“Yeah, thanks for that,” Alivebur muttered.

“A punch is different- the pain from a slap is from the slap itself, the impact,” Spirit shook his head. “The pain from a punch is more the power behind it. You slap someone with a cushion on your hand, it doesn’t hurt that much, but you punch someone with a cushion on your fist and it still hurts.”

“I.. don’t think it works that way,” Alivebur shook his head. “It’s-”

“Oh, hi Dream,” Blue said loudly, interrupting Alivebur. “What are you doing here?” He quickly gestured to Tommy, whose eyes went wide.

Tommy immediately got up the ladder and out of the hole, opening a chest and pulling out a potion. He drank it and went invisible, and some trapdoors by the wall opened and closed.

“Hi, Ghostbur,” Dream said through Blue’s communicator. Out of the corner of his eye, Deadbur noticed Spirit flinching.

“Hi!” Blue responded. “Where are you?”

“I’m almost at the cabin,” Dream said. “Are you there?”

“Yep!” Blue replied. “With some... um.. other people...”

“Techno?” Dream asked.

“No, no,” Blue trailed off, glancing around the room. “Um.. It’s... I guess you’ll just see when you get here.”

“Hmm..” Dream hummed. “Okay, well I’m almost there.”

A few minutes later, those few minutes consisting of L’manbur, Alivebur, and Deadbur being very confused, Dream showed up at the door.

“...who are you all??” Dream asked.

“They’re Wilburs!” Blue smiled. “L’manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Ghostbur- just from April-, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit!”

“Who’s Spirit?” Dream asked.

“I will fucking kill you,” Spirit hissed. Resurrectedbur grabbed his arm. “I will make you beg for the sweet release of death, you pussy. And I will gladly give you that ‘sweet release’.”

Dream stared at him, then glanced at Blue. “Um. Have any of you seen Tommy?”

“Nope!” Blue said quickly. “Haven’t seen him!”

Damn, he was a terrible liar.

Dream raised an eyebrow, but didn’t say anything about it. “Okay… well, do you mind if I look around?”

“Oh, not at all,” Blue nodded. “But this isn’t my cabin, this is Techno’s! So don’t steal anything!”

“If this was your cabin, could he steal something?” Alivebur asked.

“Well, no,” Blue turned to look at Alivebur. “But I don’t have a say in whether or not Dream could have something from in here. It’s Techno’s stuff, not mine!”

“Hmm,” Dream hummed, walking around the room. “So how did you all get here?”

“Time travel,” Ghostbur replied.

Dream squinted. “That shouldn’t be possible.”

“Yet it is,” Resurrectedbur shrugged, now holding Spirit’s hand. Spirit did not look happy about this recent development.

“Hmm. Are you sure none of you have seen Tommy?” Dream asked again.

Deadbur glanced at Resurrectedbur, who gave him a look that said 'no, you have not seen Tommy'.

"The last time I saw Tommy was technically the other day," Deadbur said. "But also that might've been a few hours ago, but that also might've been months in the future, but also that might've been several months ago, but also that might've been seven years ago. Time travel. Confusing stuff."

"What does that even mean??" Dream asked, staring at him.

Deadbur shrugged. "Who knows?"

Dream sighed. "Okay, well I'm gonna go have a look around downstairs."

"I'll come with you!" Blue said. "Just to make sure you're not stealing anything- everyone on this server steals stuff..."

Dream and Blue went down the ladder.

"Why do you have so many invisibility potions?" Dream asked.

"I dunno," Blue replied. "You should be asking Techno this stuff, I have no clue! Maybe he just likes being sneaky. Maybe he uses them to get out of awkward conversations. That's what I use mine for!"

"Ooookay then," Dream muttered. "You sure you haven't seen Tommy?"

"...no!" Blue answered.

“Well, you’re around this area right? Have you seen him around?” Dream asked.

“...no!” Blue repeated. Fuck, he was a bad liar.

“..okay,” Dream said. “Well, alright Wilbur-”

“Ghostbur,” Blue reminded. “Although, I guess right now I’m Blue!”

“..Ghostbur,” Dream continued. “I will see you later.”

Dream and Blue came back up the ladder.

“Okie! Seeya!” Blue waved.

Dream opened the door and was about to go down the stairs when a certain series of events happened.

Resurrectedbur took a step back, muttered “Oh, fuck,” and put his hand to his head.

Spirit noticed that Resurrectedbur was no longer holding him back from beating the shit out of Dream.

Spirit then proceeded to run as fast as he could towards Dream, looking like he was ready to, as said before, beat the shit out of him.

Deadbur blinked.

They were in a dark, damp, quiet until you realized that it was the loudest thing you've ever heard, lonely train station platform with no one on it except seven versions of the same person and the lost lives of those in the Server.

He heard a scream.

Chapter End Notes

dream: hi :)

spirit: I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU YOU ASSHOLE I WILL MAKE YOU BEG FOR DEATH

dream:

dream: um

resurrectedbur let spirit go apeshit challenge hes a ball of fury and spite in a sweater with p much immortality let him fuck this bitch up

oh btw techno n tommy brought tubbo back to new lmanburg secretly somehow idk, this chapter is at least a day or two after the last time they were blue's time :]

ending songs

Chapter Summary

yeah i think about the end just way too much
but it's fun to fantasize!

Chapter Notes

wooo hello there :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

blue blinked and saw the darkness of a lonely train station.

he suddenly heard a scream- sounding like it was out of anger instead of being scared- and turned to the right of him to see spirit five feet in front of the rest of the group, looking like he wanted to lay on the floor and stop existing for a while.

“you okay?” blue called, walking over to spirit.

“hhhmngg,,” spirit sighed. “i’m going to kill him! i’m going to kill him.”

“are we in spirit’s afterlife now?” resurrectedbur asked.

“it’s definitely a train station,” deadbur commented. he stepped in a puddle of water. “and it’s definitely wet. so i’d say yes.”

“what are we even supposed to do in here?” alivebur asked. “there’s nothing here!”

“glad you’re looking forward to it,” deadbur said dryly.

“to answer your question, alivebur,” resurrectedbur spoke up. “there are a few things we could do. we could just talk to each other, we could wander around, we could play solitaire- i have a deck of cards on me- we could-”

“i’m continuing the sulking i was doing before we all got into this mess,” spirit interrupted him, walking off.

“can i come with you?” blue asked, running up to him. “i don’t want to play solitaire.”

“sure, i don’t see why not,” spirit shrugged. “although this isn’t going to be particularly interesti-”

a small rat suddenly popped out of spirit’s hair, surprising blue. spirit did not seem fazed.

“oh, hi, um.. rat friend,” blue waved. he put his hands up to the rat. the rat sniffed his hands, then walked onto his hands. “has this rat been in your hair the entire time?”

spirit shrugged. “maybe, i dunno.”

blue glanced back at the other wilburs, who were talking, probably about solitaire. “i wonder how chat works with this... is there seven times the rats?”

“seeing as how offline chat in here is the only chat we’ve seen,” spirit nodded to the rat. “i doubt it. unless all of us have thousands of rats in our sweaters or something.”

the other wilburs walked over.

“we cannot come to an agreement of what we’re going to do,” ghostbur explained. “so we just decided to follow you and maybe we could come up with a conversation topic.”

“umm..” spirit glanced around awkwardly. “i was just gonna sit and sulk, but alright.” he turned to lead the others.

they started to walk down the tunnels.

“can you tell the difference between different parts of this place?” alivebur asked. “ *is* there a difference?”

“there are a few tiny differences here and there,” spirit replied. “like a few places where i’ve been, there’s blue. if you see any bright blue on the ground or a bench then guess who’s been there!”

“can you go over to the other side?” l’manbur asked. “like, by walking across the tracks-”

“if you walk on the tracks i will kill you before the train does,” spirit said in a way that meant ‘end this conversation right now <3’.

“ooookay then,” l’manbur muttered.

spirit kept walking, not saying anything else.

blue looked around for any blue. occasionally, he would see some bright, glowing blue smeared on benches, or a blue handprint on an arch. was this place endless?

“are we going anywhere?” blue asked.

“i dunno,” spirit shrugged. “do you wanna see something?”

“is there someone to show?” blue tilted his head.

spirit hesitated. “mmm.. no.”

blue squinted.

“are you lying?” alivebur asked. apparently he was also suspicious.

“why would i say yes to that?” spirit raised an eyebrow.

“would you be lying if you said no?” alivebur asked.

“why would i say yes to that?” spirit repeated.

“you’re avoiding the question,” alivebur retorted.

“you’re avoiding my question!” spirit argued.

“i asked you my question first!” alivebur exclaimed. “it’s only fair that you answer me first.”

spirit and alivebur glared at each other.

spirit turned around and kept walking the way he was walking before. alivebur crossed his arms but said nothing.

blue glanced at ghostbur awkwardly. spirit really got a bad attitude when in the afterlife, huh?

the group kept on walking. spirit didn't seem to be going anywhere specific, in fact he seemed a little distracted. but really, what else could they do? why were they here? usually, they had something to do or find in each time, but here... there was nothing. just an empty train station.

"hey, what's that?" l'manbur suddenly spoke up, pointing to the floor.

blue looked at what he was pointing at and saw a bunch of blue on the ground, but instead of abstract smears, they almost seemed like.. drawings?

"oh, yeah, that," spirit said. blue glanced at him, and he seemed embarrassed. "that's just. um. something i do sometimes. it's boring here, i don't really have... anything else to do."

"painting?" ghostbur plopped himself down the ground by the scribbles, and looked at them closer.

"yeah, um," spirit walked over and pointed out some drawings. "there's some flowers, and friend, and chat, and.. tommy... and dream... and... kristin.." he trailed off.

"what's this one?" resurrectedbur spoke up, pointing out one of the little paintings.

"hmm?" spirit hummed, glancing at what he was pointing at. "oh, well that's.. you, i guess."

"..." resurrectedbur stared at it.

“maybe it wasn’t you, though...” spirit said quietly. “you don’t seem like someone to do.. that.”

“do what?” ghostbur asked.

“mm..” spirit looked uncomfortable. “it’s not important.”

“is that a bee?” alivebur asked.

“oh, yeah, tubbo’s chat!” spirit brightened up. “and there’s phil’s chat, and tommy’s chat!”

“do you just.. paint whatever?” deadbur asked.

“just whatever i remember,” spirit pulled out some blue and started smearing it across the floor. “and my friends and where i wish i was.”

“ooh, can i paint something?” blue asked eagerly.

“sure,” spirit nodded, not looking up from where he was sat on the ground, painting. “just use your blue.”

“i don’t have any on me,” blue frowned.

“i have some!” ghostbur grabbed some blue from his scar- to which alivebur and l’manbur looked very disgusted at- and gave some to blue and kept some for himself.

the three ghosts quickly busied themselves drawing.

Chapter End Notes

<https://ghostbur-daily.tumblr.com/post/661356175187640320/ghostbur-daily-hc-that-in-limbo-ghostbur-with-the-hc-!!!> ^^ (yes that is me lmao) i came up w it a while ago and was like wait,, i could put that in fwiadc :0c
so i did >:3

look forward to next chapter: cringe theorpy ! may not be named that but u get the gist right ;)

anyways :) opinions on phantommy? bc im having thoughts ;)

i've been thinking too much (help me)

Chapter Summary

cringe theorpy

Chapter Notes

ayo wassup

btw i forgot to make this joke last chapter but eyyy 51 chapters lets go halfway there (/J /J /J I WILL NOT BE WRITING 100 CHAPTERS OF THIS,,)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

deadbur glanced at resurrectedbur, who just shrugged.

deadbur decided to sit on a nearby bench, and alivebur soon decided to sit next to him. resurrectedbur and l'manbur sat on another bench, watching the ghosts paint.

“hey, deadbur...” alivebur said quietly after a few minutes of silence besides the ghosts talking quietly. “can i ask you something?”

“shoot,” deadbur looked at him.

“what’s...” alivebur paused. “what’s the big deal about explosives? whenever it’s brought up, everyone just looks at me, it’s very concerning.”

deadbur blinked and took a deep breath. “do you care about me spoiling the future for you?”

“um...” alivebur glanced around. “i’d prefer if you didn’t have to, i guess??”

“well,” deadbur paused to think. “what are your opinions on explosives?”

“me?” alivebur pointed to himself. deadbur nodded. “well, i think they could be used for a good reason.”

“and?” deadbur raised an eyebrow.

alivebur hesitated. “...okay, i’ll admit, i’ve been thinking about...” he trailed off, but deadbur understood what he meant. “manberg is just there... like, am i just overreacting or something? am i the bad guy here? are-”

deadbur held up a hand and alivebur went quiet. “do you think you’re the villain?” he asked.

“kind.. of?” alivebur waved his hand sideways in a so-so way. “that’s the question. well, one of the many questions.”

“what are you doing?” deadbur asked. “what’s making you think you might be the villain?”

“i’m trying to get manberg back,” alivebur replied. “and become president again.”

“and why does that make you the bad guy?” deadbur questioned.

“because it was a fair election,” alivebur explained. “tommy and i lost fair and square, and manberg is under schlatt’s presidential rule now. i’m trying to get back a country that kicked me out in the first place.”

“but is schlatt a bad guy?” deadbur tilted his head. “did l’manburg want you gone, really? or was that just schlatt and his party?”

alivebur didn’t say anything.

“everything is in shades of grey,” deadbur continued. “nothing is black and white. no one is completely the hero, no one is completely the villain.”

“spirit would beg to differ,” alivebur muttered, glancing at the mentioned ghost.

“ignoring dream,” deadbur rolled his eyes lightheartedly. “nothing is in complete black and white. you can’t judge someone’s morality by just a few actions or words, maybe even lots. you can only judge someone’s true thoughts by. well. their thoughts.

“and of course, thoughts aren’t always a reflection of what you actually think is good or bad. you can think something and not act on it or say it out loud,” he continued. “actions speak louder than words, and they speak louder than thoughts too.”

“hmm,” alivebur hummed. “you didn’t explain the explosives.”

“oh, but i did,” deadbur smiled cryptically.

alivebur stared at him, with a weird expression on his face. confusion, a little bit of annoyance, but also understanding.

“so..” alivebur continued. “how do you- i- die?”

“you know the answer to that,” deadbur raised an eyebrow.

alivebur hesitated, then sighed. “but i don’t want to.”

“then why did you ask?”

“i dunno, i was curious.”

“curiosity killed the cat,” deadbur reminded him.

“but satisfaction brought it back,” alivebur smirked, nodding to resurrectedbur.

“i’m definitely not satisfied,” deadbur frowned.

“bringing back the hamilton, huh?” alivebur joked.

“oh, shut up, mister ‘my name’s been through enough’,” deadbur teased.

“that’s l’manbur, not me!” alivebur elbowed him playfully.

“same person,” deadbur smiled.

“and so are you,” alivebur stuck his tongue out at him.

“i am so much more mature and wise than you could ever imagine,” deadbur replied. “i am nothing like you or l’manbur!”

“and resurrectedbur is the wisest being in the universe, then?” alivebur raised an eyebrow.
“yeah, i doubt it.”

“well, damn, alright,” deadbur snickered. “you didn’t have to do him like that.”

“oh come on,” alivebur smirked. “i didn’t mean it like that.”

deadbur rolled his eyes lightheartedly.

“..what do you mean, by you’re not satisfied?” alivebur asked.

deadbur hesitated. “well, if i could go back, i... i wouldn’t have done what i ended up doing. it just wasn’t worth it.”

alivebur glanced at him. “what did you do?”

deadbur looked at him. “what do you think?”

alivebur didn’t say anything, but sighed. “what’s even going on? what the fuck is wrong with time to make us- specifically us- time travel? why no one else? what idiot decided this would be a good idea?”

“maybe some god is playing favorites,” deadbur smirked.

Chapter End Notes

go read my new fic <https://archiveofourown.org/works/34003906/chapters/84574072>
:heart: it is ghostbur centric bc i have my favorites !!

leave before you lose

Chapter Summary

crack a smile, crack a smile

Chapter Notes

woooo lets goo death lore in this chapter
btw be thankful u got this instead of the end i had written last night bc that end was really angsty ! <333

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

alivebur sat in silence next to deadbur on the bench, watching the ghosts draw.

he really didn't know what to think. about any of this, about what was happening back in his time, about what will happen in the future if he doesn't do anything different, if he should do anything different... deadbur seemed like he wanted alivebur to not do the same things as he did. resurrectedbur seemed to think that they shouldn't change anything from the past. at this rate, there was bound to be some sort of argument over that.

he glanced at deadbur, who was staring into space. alivebur wondered what he was thinking about.

ghostbur suddenly stood up, making alivebur jump in surprise.

"i'm done with my drawing!" he declared triumphantly.

"me too!" blue exclaimed, jumping up as well.

“i’m almost done!” spirit called, hunched over the floor.

ghostbur walked over to resurrectedbur, who was sitting on another bench close by- had he and l’manbur heard deadbur and alivebur’s conversation?- and grabbed his hand, dragging him over. “come see!”

“uh, alright,” resurrectedbur blinked, standing up, having to bend over a bit to hold ghostbur’s hand. tall.

alivebur also stood up to go see, and deadbur and l’manbur probably did as well behind him.

ghostbur was pointing to a little blue drawing of three sheep, with ‘friend’, ‘bud’, ‘companion’, and ‘pal’ written above the sheep’s heads.

next to that drawing was a drawing of the three ghosts that blue was sitting by. the drawing of spirit had an angry frowny face, ghostbur’s face had a frown, and blue’s face had a smile.

... alivebur decided to not comment on that.

and next to that was what spirit was almost done with, showing the rest of the wilburs. they all looked pretty similar, since it was all in blue, but there were little differences between them. l’manbur had the l’manburg flag on his coat, deadbur’s coat was torn, resurrectedbur straight up wasn’t wearing his coat.

“aaaaaaand done!” spirit smiled and sat up straight.

“how do you.. even.. draw that..” alivebur squinted. “yours and ghostbur’s hands are covered by the sweater you apparently can’t roll the sleeves of up, your drawings should just be big smears of blue! how did you do that!”

“wouldn’t you like to know, weather boy?” spirit smirked.

“you fucker,” alivebur muttered, but he was smiling.

“so!” spirit stood up and brushed the front of his legs off, not that there was anything to brush off. “there’s ghostbur’s drawing, with the sheep. then blue’s drawing, with us ghosts...” he frowned. “why are ghostbur and i frowning?”

“you’re grumpy half the time,” blue smiled. “and ghostbur seems sad.”

“exCUSE you,” ghostbur exclaimed. “i am very happy and bubbly.”

“we all believe you, ghostbur,” resurrectedbur smirked. the fuck did that mean??

“i am not grumpy,” spirit crossed his arms. “alivebur and deadbur are the grumpy ones!”

“hey!” alivebur shouted. “deadbur’s grumpy sometimes, sure, but not me!!”

“sure, sure,” spirit grinned. “you keep telling yourself that!”

“so do you agree that you’re grumpy?” ghostbur asked deadbur.

“i wouldn’t say i’m *grumpy*, but i can see where you’re coming from.” deadbur shrugged.

ghostbur frowned, looking thoughtful.

“anyways!” spirit spoke up. “here’s the rest of you.” he pointed at his drawing.

“what’s that?” resurrectedbur pointed at the drawing of himself, specifically at the hair.

“that’s the pink in your hair,” spirit replied. “what is that, anyways? alivebur and deadbur don’t have it.”

“oh yeah, i forgot about that...” resurrectedbur glanced up at his own hair. “our natural hair color is pink, i thought you would know that.”

“i didn’t know that!” ghostbur gasped. “i wish my hair was pink.. pink hair is so cool.. like technoblade’s!”

“yeah, it’s just like techno’s,” resurrectedbur smiled. “did you also know we’re twins, that’s why my hair is pink?”

“what??” blue’s eyes widened. “i didn’t know that!!! why didn’t i know that!!!!”

“my natural hair color is pink,” resurrectedbur continued. “then i dyed it brown before i died, and now it’s just... i can’t wash it out, and i don’t have to dye it. and the white is from resurrection.”

“didn’t you say it was from stress?” spirit squinted. “i could’ve sworn you said that one time.”

“yeah,” resurrectedbur shrugged. “i honestly thought it was from stress, but it’s a very perfect line of white, and tommy has it too and only got it after resurrection, so...” he combed his fingers through his hair, fluffing it up.

“what’s that?” l’manbur asked, pointing to resurrectedbur’s hair. “the blue?”

“hmm?” resurrectedbur touched where he was pointing, and a bit of blue stuck to his finger.

spirit’s eyes widened, and resurrectedbur glanced at him, seemingly nervous.

“uh...” resurrectedbur stared at the blue. “it’s kind of like how i got stabbed in the chest, so ghostbur has the weird blue scar. spirit got.. hit in the back of the head, and that’s what killed him, so i’ve got that.” he winced. “kind of like tommy.”

“hold on,” ghostbur held up a hand. “every time i think i understand just how i apparently *die* in the future even though i’m a *ghost*, another curveball gets thrown at me.” he turned to spirit, who flinched. “please explain!”

“i already have! multiple times!” spirit retorted. “and i don’t want to again! so please stop asking!”

“okay, okay,” ghostbur held his hands up defensively. “i’m sorry.”

spirit didn’t say anything to that, and they all stood in silence for a bit.

“um,” resurrectedbur spoke up. “is the blue still there...?”

“yeah, it’s dripping down your face,” deadbur nodded.

“oh, great,” resurrectedbur grimaced.

“what, do you not like blue?” blue teased him.

“well you’re great,” resurrectedbur rolled his eyes, smiling. “but blue the substance? it just gets everywhere unless it’s kind of... packed together, like what you give people.”

“it looks like it’s blood but blue,” alivebur frowned.

“i mean, in a way, it kinda is,” resurrectedbur pointed out. “it doesn’t taste like blood, though.”

they all stared at him.

“why... have you eaten... blue...” ghostbur looked concerned.

“after 13 years of being unable to eat anything and even if you had food, you can’t taste it, wouldn’t you want to try to eat... basically anything?” resurrectedbur shrugged. “you really can’t blame me.”

“where did you even *get* blue??” ghostbur demanded. “death scars don’t show up for a few days!”

“spirit left a LOT of blue on the train,” resurrectedbur pointed to spirit with his thumb. “i was wondering what it was, so i took some.”

“that’s my property you stole,” spirit teased.

“it’s not like you’d be able to get it back,” resurrectedbur snorted.

“well gee, thanks for the fucking reminder,” spirit rolled his eyes.

“you’re welcome,” resurrectedbur said sweetly.

spirit glared at him, smirking. “anyways.”

“is there really nothing else to do here?” l’manbur asked. “like, no one and nothing else to show?”

“i mean...” spirit trailed off, looking lost in thought. “i guess there is *one* other thing.”

“what is it?” blue asked.

“well i can’t just spoil the surprise!” spirit grinned.

Chapter End Notes

btw !! fun fact (and this probably applies to actual dsmp canon revivedbur as well), since resurrectedbur saw all of ghostburs memories at once when he got revived, resurrectedbur knows shit ghostbur completely forgot! like sad things! like doomsday! so yeah lmao resurrectedbur knows shit none of the others know and he knows everything they know kind of !

i dont really like the end of this chapter but. eh its fine :P

anyways techno n wilbur twins supremacy <333

graffiti

Chapter Notes

Imanbur b kinning george washington from the hit musical hamilton this chapter also i returned to my two week hamilton phase while writing this chapter does it show

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

l'manbur tilted his head as he and the rest of the group followed spirit.

spirit led them through the tunnels, stopping every so often to look around, though he never said what he was looking for. he would just look around, and when he didn't see anything, he would keep walking.

"where are we going?" blue asked, going up to the front of the group with spirit. "what are you looking for?"

"we're going to someone," spirit replied, stopping to look around. "and i'm looking for him."

"who is that someone?" blue asked.

"you'll see," was all spirit said as he continued walking.

they kept on walking for a bit, until spirit suddenly stopped, causing blue to bump into him and almost cause the rest of them to bump into each other, just barely preventing some odd dominoes chain effect.

"what?" alivebur called out. "why did you stop?"

spirit said nothing, simply grinned and looked around more. “tommy!” he shouted, not specifically to anywhere or anyone, just shouted.

someone popped up from... where? “ghostbur?” he asked. he sounded like tommy but a bit more high pitched.

“phantommy! hi!” spirit sounded excited. “long time no see!!”

“hi!” ghost tommy grinned. “where’ve you been? i haven’t seen you in forever!”

“it hasn’t been *that* long,” spirit said teasingly.

“oh, yeah, because a year isn’t that long,” ghost tommy rolled his eyes.

“not in the grand scheme of things!” spirit grinned.

“i’ve only existed for twenty years!” ghost tommy retorted. “you didn’t visit me for a whole twentieth of my lifetime.”

“you’ve existed for nineteen years, dumbass,” spirit smirked. “and it’s really not that long.”

“sorry, are you not going to explain?” alivebur spoke up.

“yeah, since when was tommy a ghost?” blue frowned.

“oh, were you not here when we were in deadbur’s time?” resurrectedbur frowned. “well, uh, tommy... died- er, well, dies- in march. um.” he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly.

“sorry to just. tell you. like that.”

“oh,” blue frowned. “it’s fine.” he didn’t say anything else, instead turning to ghost tommy.

“everyone, this is phantommy,” spirit introduced the new ghost. “he’s been here even longer than i have!”

“so schlatt and mexican dream aren’t in your afterlife,” ghostbur muttered. “but they’re in deadbur’s afterlife, and tommy’s ghost is in your afterlife?”

“we think this might be a ghost afterlife,” phantommy offered. “we haven’t seen anyone else here, which makes sense, because no one else’s ghost is dead.”

“fun,” l’manbur commented, looking around. on the wall to the left, and on the ground, were lots of colors, but mainly blue and yellow. they were the only glowing ones, the other colors looked like just normal paint. “what’s that?” he pointed to the wall.

“hmm?” spirit glanced at what he was pointing at. “oh, that’s what we do sometimes. we don’t really do it that much anymore, since we’re almost out of paint... but it was fun while it lasted.” he walked over to the wall. “if you see any yellow, that’s just phantommy’s ‘blue’. does the same thing, fits him like blue fits me and blue and ghostbur.

phantommy pulled out some yellow like ghostbur would pull out blue. he handed it to ghostbur, who was nearest to him, and said, “have some yellow, cheer up!”

ghostbur gasped. “oh, i love it!” he smiled, but it quickly turned to a frown. “i probably shouldn’t hold it.. it would mix with my blue and turn green, and that wouldn’t look very nice..”

“oh, the colors don’t mix,” spirit said. he was doing something with.. paint cans and brushes. “otherwise this would be one big blob of ugly green and brown. paint mixes, colors don’t.” he popped open a can of paint and stuck a thin paintbrush in it.

“cool!” ghostbur grinned and squeezed the yellow gently. “thank youuu!” he thanked phantommy. phantommy smiled.

“get the fuck over here,” spirit called from by the wall, holding a paintbrush. “all of you. group therapy painting session. not just the ghosts this time.”

“sorry, i already got my therapy for today,” alivebur shook his head, glancing at deadbur.

“i don’t care,” spirit grabbed him by the arm and dragged him over to the wall. “deadbur isn’t a therapist.”

“you aren’t either,” alivebur retorted.

“there are a lot of things you don’t know about me,” spirit winked and stuffed a paintbrush into alivebur’s hands.

eventually, spirit got all seven of them over there, all of them with a paintbrush in their hands except the ghosts, who just used blue (or yellow, in phantommy’s case).

“so... what do we paint?” l’manbur asked.

“whatever you want,” spirit said, already smearing blue on the wide wall. “just let it out. do whatever you want with your colors. pull an alivebur and space out thinking about random shit.”

“hey-” alivebur started to argue, but a look from spirit made him shut up and grab a brush.

l’manbur picked up a thin paintbrush. he hadn’t really painted before, that wasn’t in his skillset. he was more of a music person. he dipped it in some light blue paint, and just started

painting.

he didn't really know what he was painting, he was just painting absentmindedly as he thought. whatever he painted was whatever he thought.

what was he thinking about? he was thinking about tommy, about tubbo, about dream, about the future, about what he was doing right now.

but most of all, he was thinking about l'manburg.

he glided the paintbrush across his part of the wall. out of the corner of his eye, he saw the others doing the same.

l'manburg was his home, his country, and he was in charge of it. he cared about it, but it seemed that in the future, it simply got ruined. attacked. blown to bits. it was nothing but a crater reclaimed by nature in resurrectedbur's time. he didn't know what to do about it. when he got back to his time, should he do something different? should he keep going on with what he was doing before? he was conflicted.

he had finally gotten independence- no, independance- from the greater dream smp, yet he hadn't really made a plan for his country. well, he had, but now it felt like that plan was falling apart. everything he planned to do was something that showed to be a bad idea in the future.

should he even go on with the election? none of the future wilburs seemed that ecstatic about it. most of them, in fact, seemed to regret it. l'manbur didn't know a lot about why alivebur wasn't in l'manburg anymore, but he knew it was something relating to the election.

what was even going on? why was this happening? in this odd time travel journey and back at home. just in general. just a day earlier- well, it could've been three days or a week, for all he knew- he had been certain and sure of l'manburg's future, now it felt like he wasn't in control at all anymore.

he washed his paintbrush off and dipped it in red paint, then put it back to the wall.

he wanted to know what he was doing. of course, improv was great, and in his opinion, he was pretty good at it, but it was nice to have a plan. you can't improvise an entire country into existence, through a war for independence, and then keep it running like that. it would be a disaster, one he couldn't risk.

he wanted to have control. not king-like control, that's the entire point. he didn't want full control over l'manburg. he had a right-hand man, a little government in place, he wasn't the one in control. he might be the president, maybe, but he didn't think of himself as in control. what he wanted was control over what he was doing, where he was going, and what was going on in his life. but currently, he didn't have control over any of that.

at times, it was a bit much. you can't be a leader without a little bit- or a lot. a lot- of panicking along the way. leadership came with responsibility, and every other minute he was on this weirdass journey, he was glad resurrectedbur was the one who was kind of in charge instead of him. was that selfish? no, resurrectedbur was just future him, if anything it was a little mean to himself.

but was it? was he? was resurrectedbur future him? it really depended on what l'manbur decided to do when he got back to his time. if he did something completely different, it could change his future entirely. he might never die like deadbur.

he wiped off his brush again and dipped it in the white paint can near him, then started gliding it across the tall surface again.

l'manbur didn't know what to do. there it was, plain and simple. in the end, he had no clue what he was doing right now. he had a feeling the others didn't know what they were doing, either. well, maybe spirit. and deadbur. they couldn't really do much about their current predicament in their times.

he cleaned his brush and this time, chose some gold-yellow paint.

so what were his options? what *could* he do? but about what? what would- no, what *could* he do about *what* ? what could he do about l'manburg? what could he do about the future? what could he do about what was going on right now? what could he do about any of this?

he blinked, stopping his thoughts.

he just now noticed that there was complete silence on the platform besides the sounds of paintbrushes brushing against the wall and the other wilburs' breathing.

he looked back at what he had painted as he thought. he looked it up and down, and while the colors and shape wasn't perfect, it wasn't bad, for an absentminded little painting on the wall of limbo itself.

l'manbur smiled at the flag in front of him. his l'manburg.

Chapter End Notes

after further inspection, i retract the statement from the beginning notes. lmanbur b
kinning george washington from the hit musical hamilton all the time i mean have you
ever watched dream smp season one

anyways no spirit is not a licensed therapist none of them have even ever gone to
therapy bc i have not either !

is it words for love? or is it words for pain? and do i stop when they sound the same?

Chapter Notes

every chapter i add the more i fear it ending at 69 chapters

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

blue gazed up at what he had painted. at first glance, it might just seem like a blue cloud, but once you looked closer, you could see a little head in a lighter blue poking out of the fluff, as well as four legs. it was a better and more thought out painting than the little doodles he had done of the sheep earlier. more detailed.

he smiled and glanced at what the others were painting- or had painted, for a few of them. they all happened to be in chronological order down the wall, l'manbur on the left and spirit on the right.

l'manbur had painted the l'manburg flag, big and flapping in the implied wind. he was looking up at it with a small smile on his face. alivebur wasn't done yet, but there was a lot of blue. deadbur seemed almost done, looking at his painting- blue couldn't tell what it was- and adding a few finishing touches. ghostbur's painting had a lot of blue as well, and blue didn't really know what it was. resurrectedbur's painting was a buncha tiny little brown and gray blobs. spirit was leaned in close to his, so blue couldn't see it.

blue set down his paintbrush and wiped some blue off on his sweater. soon, all seven of them were done. phantommy was also painting something, but he seemed to be just adding onto something he or spirit had already painted before.

“so!” spirit set down his paintbrush. “are we all done?”

“we’re all done,” l'manbur replied. “but i think for group therapy, you’re supposed to talk to each other, not just paint in silence.”

“we were all lost in thought,” spirit said dramatically. “and besides, this is the talking part. i wanna know what you all painted.” he pointed at l’manbur. “starting with you, going left to right.”

“i think it’s pretty obvious what i painted,” l’manbur waved to the flag.

“well, no need to be so blunt about it,” ghostbur teased. “anything you wanna say about it? or is it just the l’manburgian flag? any reason you painted it? wanna share what you were thinking about?”

“i’m good,” l’manbur shrugged. “just thinking about l’manburg.”

“what else is new?” alivebur smirked.

“your turn,” l’manbur rolled his eyes with a smile.

“oh,” alivebur blinked. “uh.” he blushed. “‘s water.”

“oh! me too!” ghostbur exclaimed. “i don’t like water, so i painted that! i thought it was fitting, if we were just painting what we were thinking about. i didn’t really know what else to do.” he frowned. “but you don’t burn in the water! you’re not scared of it!”

deadbur grinned. “thinking about sally?”

“yeah,” alivebur mumbled, seeming very embarrassed.

“aw, why are you embarrassed?” blue smiled. “that’s sweet!”

“i dunno,” alivebur shrugged. “i... mm.. i dunno.”

“do you miss herrrrrr?” spirit poked alivebur in the arm.

“yeah, and?” alivebur’s face was red. “i bet l’manbur and deadbur and resurrectedbur do, too.”

“i haven’t seen her in years,” resurrectedbur nodded. “i have no clue where she is.”

alivebur grimaced. “food for thought.”

“i’m sure she’s fine,” ghostbur elbowed resurrectedbur. “she probably misses you!”

“you barely know who sally is!” alivebur said teasingly.

“i do too!” ghostbur stuck out his tongue. “that was a joke!!”

“didn’t sound like a joke,” deadbur snickered.

“whatever,” ghostbur huffed. “your turn, deadbur.”

“alright,” deadbur looked back at his painting. “it’s a train. for obvious reasons.”

“anything you wanna mention?” spirit asked.

“not really,” deadbur shrugged. “what is there to talk about?”

“i dunno,” spirit frowned. “i just thought you.. never mind. blue, your turn.”

blue tilted his head at spirit, wondering what he was about to say, but smiled and explained his drawing anyways. “it’s friend- er, well, companion- but high definition compared to the little doodles from before!”

“woah,” spirit gasped. “that’s really good.”

“you’re just future me,” blue raised an eyebrow. “can’t you paint that good, especially with experience?”

“i don’t paint sheep, though,” spirit shook his head. “that’s really good!”

blue beamed. “thank you!”

“resurrectedbur, your turn,” l’manbur looked to the man.

“it’s chat,” resurrectedbur smiled, showing his drawing. now that blue looked more closely, he saw that they were little rats and mice of different sizes and colors. “they may be a real nuisance sometimes, but they’re nice.”

“i wonder where that little rat went,” spirit frowned. “the one that didn’t leave with the rest of offline chat last time we were here.”

“is it in your hair?” blue asked, half jokingly.

“i would feel it if it were in my hair,” spirit raised an eyebrow. “i guess it got teleported back to the afterlife when we left my time before? have any of you seen your chats?”

“only in my time,” alivebur tilted his head. “and just offline chat.”

the rest of them said similar things.

“hmm,” spirit hummed. “oh well. i guess chat stays in its own time.”

“doesn’t explain where that little rat went now that we’re back in your time,” l’manbur frowned.

“nah, we’re not near where offline chat usually is,” spirit shrugged. “it probably got sent back to there when we time travelled.”

as if on cue, resurrectedbur suddenly froze, his hand going up to his head, squeezing his eyes closed. “fucking hell, holy shit- oh my god, what the fuck-”

“you okay??” ghostbur asked, all six of them- and also phantommy- turning to stare at resurrectedbur.

“you’re telling me *none* of you feel that???” resurrectedbur cracked an eye open.

“feel what?” blue frowned.

“GOD, that hurts,” resurrectedbur winced. “it’s like. a REALLY bad headache, and a pull, and-” he suddenly cut himself off, and he increasingly grew more and more confused looking. “what the fuck??”

“what?” half of the wilburs asked in unison.

“okay, yep, yeah, we’re about to time travel,” resurrectedbur rubbed his head. “be thankful you’ve never been resurrected before, this is the worst headache i’ve ever fucking ha-”

blue blinked.

“-d.” resurrectedbur finished, then sighed in relief and slowly took his hands away from his head. “holy shit, thank fuck.” he blinked a few times. “so, when are we?”

“in.. my time?” l’manbur spoke up. “it seems like it.”

“yeah, this is definitely your time,” alivebur nodded. “we’re by the podium, and it’s obviously not my time or in new l’manburg.”

“alright!” l’manbur stood up straighter. “fun!”

Chapter End Notes

im starting to doubt spirits supposed licensed therapist status

i don't wanna pack up and leave though (when you know but even nobody minds)

Chapter Notes

woop woop hello ! long-ish time no see (meaning 1-3 business days)
enjoy this it took a bit to write even tho its short lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur rubbed the side of his head a bit to get rid of the last of the headache. Prime, that was horrible. It seemed like it got worse every time. In the beginning, he barely felt it, but the pull got stronger every time, and his head hurt more and more every time. Not to mention the loud ringing in his ears.

...and that other weird sound that he heard this time. He didn't even know what it was, it was almost like hissing... but not. He had no clue, and he didn't care if he never found out.

"You get a headache every time we time travel, right?" Alivebur asked him curiously. "How bad does it hurt?"

"Hmm," Resurrectedbur hummed. "Imagine someone using a hammer to hit your head. That but more and also someone's pulling you to somewhere and also there's a ringing in your ear that sounds like a flatline."

They all stared at him.

"Like I said, be glad you've never been resurrected before," He shrugged.

"Fucking hell," Deadbur muttered, rubbing his head too.

“Sooo,” Resurrectedbur looked to L’manbur. “Lead the way, I guess.”

L’manbur blinked. “Uh, alright..”

“Something wrong?” Resurrectedbur frowned.

“No,” L’manbur tilted his head. “But I do wonder why...” He trailed off and hesitated. “Never mind. It’s not important.” He shrugged and turned around to lead the group.

They were near the Community House- which was very weird, considering that when they were in L’manbur’s time last, they were under the floating cobblestone courthouse, and in the last time they were in in the overworld, they were by L’manhole- but none of this made sense anyways. Didn’t matter, probably wasn’t for any specific reason.

L’manbur obviously wasn’t going anywhere specifically, he was just leading all of them down the Prime Path towards the Community House.

“What’s the ‘pull’ like?” Ghostbur asked Resurrectedbur.

“It’s like...” Resurrectedbur trailed off. “I don’t really know how to describe it other than ‘the pull’...” He pursed his lips in thought. “Imagine slowly falling off of a really tall cliff or something. That but with no adrenaline or panic. Just the slow lean forward, but you can’t control it.”

“Weird,” Ghostbur scrunched up his nose. “Sounds terrifying.”

“It’s not,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “Well, it was confusing at first, but now it’s kinda expected.” He paused. “It’s more forceful now, though.”

“Whaddya mean?” Blue tilted his head.

“It’s pulling more than it was before,” Resurrectedbur explained. “And the headache hurts more and the ringing is louder... and...” He frowned.

“And what?” Alivebur pressed.

“There was this weird.. almost.. hissing, this time,” Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “I couldn’t really make out what it actually was.”

“Like a cat?” Ghostbur asked. “Was there a cat in your head?”

“I... doubt that, for whatever reason,” Resurrectedbur snorted. “It was more like boiling water touching a cold surface kind of hissing, y’know?”

“Ooohhh,” Ghostbur nodded. “Yeah, that makes sense.”

“Why is it happening?” L’manbur spoke up.

“Why is it happening to me specifically?” Resurrectedbur hummed. “Probably something with resurrection. Why is it happening at all?” He hesitated. “I have no idea.”

“Maybe it’s just we’re getting closer to the end of this,” Deadbur tilted his head.

They all fell silent at that.

“I never really thought about this.. ending,” Ghostbur broke the silence with a nervous laugh after a few moments. “I’ve just.. how?”

“Maybe exactly how it started,” Deadbur shrugged. “Just-” he snapped his fingers- “like that.”

“Depressing, thanks,” Alivebur muttered.

“And how do you suggest all this will end?” Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“All this will end when the sun absorbs the world,” Alivebur said as if it was obvious. “But this little thing will either end very abruptly and unexpectedly or in some big ol’ ‘you fucked with time go back to where you came from’ type shit.”

“Do....” Blue looked at the ground. “Do you think we’ll have time to say bye?”

“I’m sure the end of this journey will be a bittersweet bunch of goodbyes,” Spirit said. “And *then* it’ll be an abrupt end.”

“Geez, kids, lighten up a little bit,” Resurrectedbur muttered.

“Oh, pssh,” Alivebur elbowed him lightly. “It’s not that bad.”

“You all are fucking pessimists,” Resurrectedbur sighed jokingly.

“I’m a realist,” Deadbur smirked.

“You’re depressed,” Spirit said dryly.

“Says you,” L’manbur snorted.

“ExCUSE you-” Spirit started to shout.

“Wilbur?”

They all froze at the familiar voice.

Resurrectedbur turned to Dream, who somehow was even more threatening when he wasn’t trying to be.

He saw Spirit’s hand twitch.

Chapter End Notes

uh oh ;) i think yall will like the coming chapters

model buses

Chapter Summary

GET ME OUT OF HERE!!!

Chapter Notes

hi the next like. four chapters r gonna be the closest thing to a climax this fic is gonna have lmao
anyways WOO HOW WE FEELING ABT PEBBLE BRAIN LMAO
everything i write will have a chapter title with a lovejoy lyric for the next like month so
uhh suffer ig /j

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

spirit didn't hesitate.

he heard dream's voice, saw his stupid fucking mask, and instinct kicked in.

dream wasn't far, just under six feet away. spirit ran towards the fucker, ready to beat the shit out of him, not only for what he had done to spirit, but even more for what he had done to tommy and tubbo and hell- alivebur! he did bad things to alivebur! he's done horrible things to everyone! he deserved to have his ass beat!

a hand grabbed spirit's.

spirit was inches away from reaching dream, so close if he took one more step he would be close enough to at least punch him or something, but he was stopped. he turned around to see who the fuck had the audacity t-

resurrectedbur stared at him with a disapproving glare.

“WHAT THE FUCK??” spirit shouted. he didn’t mean to shout, but he was angry.

“i’m not gonna let you touch dream,” resurrectedbur frowned, furrowing his eyebrows.

“well, why the fuck not?” spirit demanded. “he’s perfectly deserving of it! he’s done so much wrong! i could talk for hours about why he’s a fucking pissbaby!”

“yes, i know! and i agree!” resurrectedbur nodded. “he may be deserving of it, but look- what do you think the result of killing him now would be?”

“i’m not gonna *kill* him!” spirit’s eyes widened.

“you wish you could,” resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow. “and i’m absolutely certain you’re capable of it. you’re a ball of spite, anger, and trauma in an oversized sweater.”

spirit didn’t have a response to that.

“i ask you again,” resurrectedbur narrowed his eyes. “how would that impact the future?”

“only positively!” spirit argued. “if dream never did any of that horrible shit, then the only bad things he caused would’ve been the l’manburg war, and that was bad enough! i ask *you* how would that impact the future?”

“it would change the future, for better or worse,” resurrectedbur retorted. “you really have no clue what that could cause! it could cause the future to be *so much worse* !”

“it wouldn’t even impact you, WHY DO YOU CARE?” spirit shouted. “it would only impact l’manbur!”

“then why do *you* care?” resurrectedbur glared. “it wouldn’t change anything for you! only l’manbur!”

“then think of it as a gift!” spirit snapped. “if dream never did any of the shit he did past the l’manburg war, the smp would be so much more peaceful!”

"and how would that change something like pogtopia? dream didn’t do something like have schlatt join, or rig the votes! dream didn’t do anything then!” resurrectedbur demanded. “the only thing it would stop was exile and *your death* !”

“DREAM IS THE REASON YOU DIED!” spirit yelled. “IF YOU NEVER GOT THAT TNT, WHERE WOULD YOU BE RIGHT NOW?”

resurrectedbur narrowed his eyes. “DID DREAM KILL ME? NO. I DID THAT. *PHIL* DID THAT.”

“YOU WOULD HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO BLOW UP L’MANBURG WITHOUT DREAM’S HELP!” spirit retorted.

“YOU KNOW TNT CAN BE CRAFTED, RIGHT?” resurrectedbur argued. “THERE WERE SO MANY WAYS THAT COULD’VE HAPPENED. HELL, TECHNO WOULD’VE STILL BEEN ABLE TO SET THOSE WITHERS, TOO!”

“YOU’D NEVER BE ABLE TO CRAFT THAT MUCH TNT!” spirit shook his head. “DREAM IS THE REASON EVERYTHING WENT WRONG!”

“YOU THINK I DON’T KNOW THAT?” resurrectedbur yelled. “WHO ELSE WOULD IT BE?? GEORGE??”

“THEN WHY ARE YOU ARGUING WITH ME??” spirit curled his lip. “WHY DID YOU STOP ME?”

“BECAUSE THIS COULD CHANGE SO MUCH AND I DON’T THINK YOU SHOULD DO THAT!” resurrectedbur exclaimed. “IF YOU STOPPED DREAM RIGHT NOW, THEN EVERYTHING WOULD CHANGE! IF I NEVER DIED, HELL, YOU WOULDN’T EXIST!”

“I WISH I DIDN’T!” spirit felt tears forming at the corners of his eyes, but he didn’t fucking care. “I WISH I DIDN’T EXIST LIKE THIS! I WISH I EXISTED LIKE GHOSTBUR AND BLUE DO, NOT IN THAT FUCKING HORRID HELL!”

“AND IF I NEVER DIED, YOU NEVER WOULD’VE BEEN ABLE TO EXIST LIKE THAT AT ALL!” resurrectedbur retorted.

spirit pursed his lips, dwelling on his next thought for a few moments, before he just let it out. “YOU’RE JUST SCARED! YOU’RE JUST SCARED OF NOT COMING BACK, YOU’RE JUST SCARED THAT IF I KILL DREAM, YOU’LL END UP BACK IN LIMBO! YOU’RE JUST SCARED OF THE FUTURE!”

“AND WHAT IF I AM?” resurrectedbur demanded. “I AM SCARED. SO WHAT?”

spirit was taken aback, stepping back a few steps as resurrectedbur’s grip on his hand loosened. “wh- h-”

“i know you’ve been in there for longer than i have,” resurrectedbur stared him in the eyes, not looking away. “i know you know how bad it is. but what you don’t truly understand is the relief that washes over you when you get out. you don’t understand how terrifying every single bit of damage is, the fear that something as small as falling a little bit too far could cause you to go back. so yeah, i’m scared. if you have a problem, maybe you need to educate yourself a bit more.”

they all stood in silence for a few moments, with no sound but the slight breeze and sounds of the little bit of wildlife around.

“i-” spirit’s voice was shaking. “i’m sorry.”

resurrectedbur let go of his hand and looked down to the ground. “...i’m sorry, too.”

spirit suddenly remembered that the other wilburs and dream were also there, and glanced at them.

all of them looked surprised, confused, and l’manbur and alivebur in particular looked very concerned.

for a few moments, none of them moved or said anything.

then ghostbur suddenly ran up to spirit and hugged him. spirit was surprised, but slowly wrapped his arms around ghostbur. he then realized that ghostbur was crying- fuck, he was too, wasn’t he?

spirit buried his head in ghostbur’s shoulder, and heard ghostbur sniffing quietly.

“i’m really sorry,” spirit whispered.

ghostbur just shook his head.

spirit looked up to the others, and saw that blue also looked like he was about to cry. l’manbur just looked confused, alivebur looked like he was in the middle of a silent crisis, and deadbur was rubbing resurrectedbur’s back. dream.. seemed to have left.

“i..” spirit bit his lip. “i’m really sorry, i didn’t mean to.. say that kind of stuff..”

“it’s not your fault,” resurrectedbur muttered, barely audible. “i can’t blame you.”

spirit looked away, and ghostbur let go of him, wiping his face.

“hehe...” ghostbur giggled a little through sniffles. “your face is melting.”

“so is yours,” spirit gestured to ghostbur’s face, not finding any humor in it.

“mm..” ghostbur hummed, wiping his face more with his sweater. “not as much as yours.”

spirit brought his hand up to touch his face, and felt tears and.. what do you even call it? melted face? he wiped it away anyways, and soon his face felt normal.

“uh,” alivebur finally spoke up. “ha, um,” he laughed nervously. “do i want to know what the fuck you were talking about?”

resurrectedbur and deadbur shared a look.

resurrectedbur pursed his lips. “i don’t think so.”

“uh,” l’manbur also spoke up. “spirit, please don’t kill dream, i don’t think i’d be able to explain to everyone else that my dead ghost from the future killed him.”

“pfft..” spirit snickered. “i think he’s safe, for now.”

“no, but if you see dream again, i’ll stop resurrectedbur from stopping you,” deadbur smirked. “i may be out of the loop, but i saw tommy and tubbo right after whatever was going on in that vault, and older brother instincts aren’t something to joke about.”

“oh, shut up,” resurrectedbur rolled his eyes lightheartedly. “you bar-” he suddenly cut himself off, his eyes widening.

“...you good?” deadbur asked. “oh, are we time travelling again?”

“y-yeah,” resurrectedbur managed out, his hands going up to his head, but instead of going to his forehead like normal, he covered his ears with his hands, his eyes scrunched up closed really tight.

spirit blinked, and when he opened his eyes, he saw a big stage with a microphone up on it. there were chairs in rows all around them, all facing the podium.

“oh, fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

damn spirit nice lovejoy reference

dont pay attention to the cliffhanger give me your thoughts on the argument bc it was fun to write and ive been thinking abt it for LITERAL WEEKS like i thought abt it while in line at school lmao

so put your best face on, everybody!

Chapter Summary

(here we go!)

Chapter Notes

ready to disappoint !! come get yalls food

CW for violence, a bit of blood, fighting, yk that kind of shit (not very graphic !)
summary of the chapter will be in the end notes !!

fun fact this chapter is exactly 1800 words so if it seems longer than normal. it is

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur opened his eyes to see the podium in Manberg, and he froze. “Oh, fuck,” he cursed. Deadbur also looked a little panicked. If Resurrectedbur wasn’t in immense pain, he would, too, probably. The Ghostburs and L’manbur just looked confused.

“Okay, let’s go!” Alivebur said loudly and glanced at Deadbur, who grabbed Resurrectedbur’s and Ghostbur’s hands. Alivebur grabbed Blue’s, hoping that L’manbur and Spirit would catch on faster than Ghostbur or Blue would. They started running out of Manberg, and as soon as they got out of Manberg territory, he sighed and let go of Blue’s hand.

“You didn’t have to drag me,” Blue pouted.

“Would you rather get killed?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

Blue crossed his arms and didn’t say anything.

“You okay?” Alivebur called to Resurrectedbur.

Resurrectedbur took a deep breath and finally dropped his hands to his sides. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Hmm,” Alivebur hummed. “Pogtopia?”

“Do we have to?” Deadbur grimaced.

“Where else would we go?” Alivebur asked.

Deadbur frowned, but didn’t say anything. Alivebur took that as an ‘I don’t know’.

Alivebur sighed. “Okay, so Pogtopia. Let’s go.”

He led them farther away from Manberg and towards Pogtopia. He almost got lost three times on the way, but that wasn’t important.

As they neared the entrance, he opened his inventory by holding his hand palm out in the air, and pulled out a shovel to open the entrance. He looked through his inventory, and couldn’t find it for a few moments. He could’ve sworn he had an iron shovel.. did he break it? Where was it?

He felt someone bump into him from behind, causing his inventory to close. He looked up and turned around to see who had bumped into him, and saw Spirit who was staring in front of Alivebur with wide eyes.

Alivebur turned to see what he was staring at and- for fuck’s sake.

Dream was there, standing in front of the entrance to Pogtopia.

“What the fuck do you want?” Alivebur greeted coldly, moving to stand in front of Spirit.

“I just want to talk to you,” Dream said coolly.

“I’m not interested,” Alivebur crossed his arms. “Now, if you could kindly leave.”

“It’s urgent business,” Dream didn’t move.

“And I don’t give a shit,” Alivebur frowned. “Get the fuck out of here before I make you.” He didn’t have any good weapons on him at the moment, but he was sure that Spirit would gladly beat the shit out of Dream with no hesitation if given the chance.

“I’m not scared of you,” Alivebur could hear Dream’s smile from under his mask.

Alivebur narrowed his eyes. “And I’m not scared of you.”

“Aren’t you?” Dream tilted his head.

Alivebur pursed his lips. “Get the fuck out of here.”

“And why should I?” Dream still didn’t move.

Alivebur sighed. “Dream, what do you want?”

“I want to talk,” Dream repeated.

“And no one here wants to hear it,” Deadbur spoke up. “So get. The. Fuck. Out.”

Dream didn’t say anything, but still didn’t move.

No one said anything for a few moments.

“Deadbur,” Spirit said quietly. “Were you serious when you said you would stop Resurrectedbur from stopping me?”

“Uh,” Deadbur glanced at Resurrectedbur. “I guess?”

“Great,” Spirit smiled.

Alivebur moved out of the way. Resurrectedbur didn’t move to stop Spirit, so Deadbur didn’t do anything either.

Spirit walked up to Dream and stood on his tip-toes to look at Dream in the mask’s eyes. Dream’s mask’s eyes stared right back.

Alivebur just barely heard what Spirit whispered to Dream.

“You’ve fucked up.”

Spirit punched Dream right in the face, which for some reason surprised Alivebur, and apparently Dream, too, who looked taken aback even with the mask covering most of his face.

Spirit then looked down at Dream and kicked him in the face. Multiple times.

“Ooh, yuh, get it, I guess,” Alivebur grinned.

Spirit looked back at him and gave him a smile.

Alivebur glanced at the others out of the corner of his eye as Spirit continued beating the shit out of Dream, surprisingly calmly, yet still with pent-up anger finally being released. Resurrectedbur looked tense, but the sides of his mouth were slightly up in a smile. Deadbur had a full on grin on his face. L'manbur looked a little surprised, but was still smiling. Blue was kind of hiding behind Ghostbur, his hands covering his eyes, peeking through his fingers.

Dream stood up quickly and got an *enchanted netherite axe* out of his inventory. Alivebur took in a sharp breath as it swung towards Spirit, but Spirit somehow dodged at the last second.

Spirit grabbed the axe handle somehow and after a small game of tug-of-war, he pulled it out of Dream's hands forcefully. He gripped it tightly and grinned. “You've really fucked up now, asshat!”

He swung the axe towards Dream, and while he obviously didn't exactly know how to use it correctly, it would still work. It almost hit Dream, but Dream was a skilled fighter and was very good at dodging.

Alivebur had no clue how it happened, but after about a minute of fighting and dodging, Dream was backed up against the dirt covered entrance to Pogtopia, and Spirit was holding the axe to Dream's neck.

Spirit smirked and pressed the axe up to Dream's neck, not enough to draw blood, but enough to threaten it.

“So are you gonna kill me?” Dream taunted. “Go ahead and do it. I dare you.”

“I’m not one for blood,” Spirit shrugged.

“You’re literally constantly bleeding,” Alivebur tilted his head.

“This is blue,” Spirit gestured to the blue on his sweater. “Blood is red. I don’t like red.”

“So what are you gonna do?” Dream smirked. “You threaten me with death, but you don’t go through with it.”

“Because I know you’ll just respawn,” Spirit replied. “You wouldn’t lose a life. You wouldn’t really die. All I would get is a feeling of loss over not being able to do anything, and your netherite armor.”

Dream didn’t say anything.

“If I really wanted to hurt you,” Spirit continued. “I would have to torture you.” Alivebur shivered. “But like I said, I’m not one for blood. So I can’t really do anything here, can I?”

“Then what’s the purpose of this?” Dream asked. “Why not just stop?”

“Because that would be giving in to you,” Spirit said coldly. “So instead, I’m just going to tell you something.”

Dream nudged his head a tiny little bit, barely noticeable, and Spirit pushed the axe a little harder. A small drop of red rolled down Dream’s neck.

“Don’t fuck up,” Spirit leaned in close to Dream’s masked face. His voice had lost its echo, the pitch went down, very out of character for him. “And don’t lay a finger on anyone, especially Tommy. We don’t want to end up in jail, do we?”

Dream didn’t do anything, not even a slight twitch of his head to indicate he had heard Spirit, but Spirit still backed up and pulled back the axe a little bit so that it wasn’t cutting into Dream’s neck.

“And what are you gonna do to stop me?” Dream laughed. “You can’t do anything about it!”

“Do you *want* me to cut your head off?” Spirit threatened. “Because I will. I promise you.”

“You get queasy at the sight of blood, yet you say you’ll cut my head off?” Dream taunted. “Pssh, sure.”

Spirit sneered, and the next thing Alivebur knew, half of Dream’s mask was on the ground, and half of Dream’s face was showing, seeming shocked and angry as he held the other side of his mask up to his face. Blood was dripping down his face from a long wound across the bridge of his nose, and it almost looked like it was a pre-existing scar that got opened up.

“Familiar, isn’t it?” Spirit smiled. “Don’t fucking test me.”

“SUCK IT, GREEN BOYYYY!” Alivebur shouted.

Deadbur and L’manbur burst out laughing, and Spirit looked back at him, grinning. Resurrectedbur smiled and rolled his eyes.

Spirit pulled back the axe away from Dream, allowing Dream to pick up his mask and stand up straight.

Dream narrowed his visible eye at Spirit, but didn't say anything. He glanced at Alivebur, then turned on his heel and walked away, half of his mask still in hand.

Spirit smiled and rested the axe on his shoulder.

"Fucking hell," Alivebur laughed. "I didn't know you could be so scary!"

"Me neither!" Spirit grinned, his voice back to normal.

"Do you actually not like blood?" L'manbur asked.

"Ehh," Spirit shrugged. "It's not like I get sick if I see it, I've seen plenty of it, but I don't like it. Who does?"

"True, true," L'manbur nodded.

"What did you mean by 'familiar, isn't it'?" Blue asked.

"Uh.." Spirit tilted his head. "I think it happened in Dream's Vault?" All of them except Ghostbur, Resurrectedbur, and Deadbur looked confused. "Long story. Looong story."

"Well that was.." Ghostbur blinked. "Interesting."

"I know, right?" Spirit grinned. "And I got to steal his axe!"

"What are you even going to use that for?" Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“I dunno,” Spirit shrugged, raising a hand in front of him to pull up his inventory. He put the axe away. “Try and see if I can bring it into the Afterlife? Mess around with it?”

“And maybe practice with it,” L’manbur smirked. “You looked like you’d never used an axe before.”

“Hey,” Spirit frowned. “I don’t do violence most of the time, I haven’t used an axe like that before, not really!”

“You did on Friend that one time,” Resurrectedbur muttered.

“SHUT UP!” Spirit and Ghostbur both shouted, then looked at each other and laughed.

“What?” Blue looked a little panicked. “You huh?”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry,” Resurrectedbur elbowed him gently. “Friend’s got infinite canon lives!”

“Apparently not,” Spirit raised an eyebrow. “Friend is with me in the Afterlife.”

“Speaking of that,” Alivebur spoke up. “How do both Resurrectedbur’s Tommy *and* Spirit have Friend if they’re from the same time, just different places?”

“I’m from October 26th,” Spirit shook his head. “Resurrectedbur is from like.. August, right?”

“Well I was,” Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “Now I’m from October. October 24th, I think.”

“What??” Spirit raised both of his eyebrows. “Does time move faster in your time??”

“I guess?” Resurrectedbur frowned. “I’m not really sure..”

“Let’s not get into that,” Alivebur shook his head. “We’ll just end up with a headache.”

“Not again,” Resurrectedbur said sarcastically. “No headache is worse than the time travel one.” He suddenly flinched and shut his eyes tightly. “Speak of the goddamn devil!”

Deadbur grabbed his arm to steady him, and they all prepared to travel.

Alivebur blinked, and when he opened his eyes, everything was dark and a little wet.

Chapter End Notes

i am definitely drawing smthn for this tmrw

summary: the burs are time time travelled to the middle of manberg in aliveburs time, so they quickly go back to pogtopia. when they get there, dream is waiting for them. he says he wants to talk to alivebur, but alivebur refuses. spirit starts to fight dream, and takes his axe and corners him. he threatens dream, and breaks his mask in half (see: sad-ist technoblade vs dream animation and final waltz animation). dream runs away (he walks but still). the burs have a small conversation about what happened, before resurrectedbur gets the Time Travel Headache(tm) and they time travel. the time they are at is described as 'dark and a little wet' by alivebur.

how'd yall like that one (please give feedback lmao)

concrete

Chapter Summary

sometimes you gotta bleed to know, that you're alive and have a soul!

Chapter Notes

hi hi hi ! whats up friends and foes this is a fun chapter smile
fun fact this chapter is 1.9k words long i am so powerful

****TW for mentioned suicide****

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur blinked. He opened his eyes to a dark train station. Not wet, though. Well, not so wet to be Spirit's afterlife.

"Oh, fucking fantastic," Spirit groaned. "And I just got done with threatening Dream! Why the letdown?"

"Looks to be my afterlife," Deadbur glanced at the floor, where there were not a bunch of puddles. He glanced at Resurrectedbur, whose arm he was holding. "You okay?"

Resurrectedbur didn't respond, instead just staring at the ground, hands over his ears, eyes wide open. For a few seconds, he didn't do anything, before he took a sharp breath in and rubbed his eyes.

"You okay?" Deadbur repeated.

“Yeah, I-” Resurrectedbur looked around, looking confused. “That was weird.”

“What was weird?” Blue asked.

“All of this is weird,” Alivebur snarked.

“No, that was different,” Resurrectedbur frowned. “It... I don’t know. Whatever, doesn’t matter.” He took a deep breath and Deadbur let go of his arm. “Everyone good?”

A chorus of ‘yes’ responded to him.

“Alright, perfect,” Resurrectedbur nodded.

“Why do we have to be back here?” Ghostbur sighed. “It’s so boring and sad and loud and quiet and I hate it here.”

“Wow, how could you not love this place?” Spirit said sarcastically. “It’s practically heaven. Why wouldn’t you want to be here all the time?”

“Shut up and let me complain,” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out at him.

“I don’t care,” Spirit plopped down on the concrete floor.

“What are you doing?” Ghostbur asked.

“What are *you* doing?” Spirit raised an eyebrow. “You said it yourself, there’s nothing to do here. No one to talk to, nothing to see, nothing to do.”

“Incorrect,” Deadbur smirked. “There’s cards.”

“I don’t like card games,” Spirit frowned at him. “Except solitaire- *not competitively*- and pyramid.”

“Well, I like my competition,” Deadbur shrugged. “And cards are fun. Seeing as we have nothing else to do here, if anyone wants to play, I’d be glad to deal.”

“I’ll play,” Resurrectedbur offered.

“Me too,” Alivebur spoke up.

“And me,” L’manbur said.

“Not me,” Blue sat down next to Spirit.

“Yeah, I’m good, too,” Ghostbur sat down on the other side of Spirit, right by the edge of the platform. Well, not right by the edge, Spirit seemed to hate the edge anyways.

L’manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, and Resurrectedbur sat down near them. Deadbur gave all four of them a deck of cards each, and they started playing competitive solitaire.

Blue watched them play with a curious look in his eyes. Ghostbur had to admit, Resurrectedbur moving the cards around weirdly was kind of transfixing. And he didn’t even seem to have to think about it, it looked effortless. How did he do that?”

Ghostbur turned away from the cards to look around the train station. There wasn’t much to see- some shadow people here, some weird blue-gray-purple clouds there- it wasn’t very exciting.

Every now and then, one of the burs playing cards would shout something. It was kind of entertaining.

“No- FUCK YOU-”

“HAHAHA!”

“WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU??”

“Get the King- *pick it up* !”

“DAMN YOU!”

“Pounce.”

“WHAT THE FUCK??”

Resurrectedbur smirked and put his cards down. He didn’t have many. He had no cards in front of him, unlike the rest of them. “What can I say? I’m good at the game.”

Alivebur grumbled something Ghostbur couldn’t hear, and picked up and started sorting through all the cards.

“Uh... how do we keep score?” L’manbur asked.

“Ghostbur, can I borrow some blue?” Resurrectedbur asked.

Ghostbur reached into his stab wound and pulled out some blue. “Here you go!”

“That’s gross, I hope you know,” Alivebur commented, his nose scrunched up in disgust.

“I know,” Ghostbur smiled as genuinely as he could. “You’re welcome.”

Alivebur looked as if he wanted to add something on there, but didn’t say anything. He instead turned back to the pile of cards he had.

“48,” Resurrectedbur said, writing it on the floor in blue.

“How did you do that?” Alivebur frowned. “That’s almost your whole deck!”

“I’m good at the game,” Resurrectedbur said coolly. “What’s your score?”

“27,” Alivebur muttered.

“31,” Deadbur called.

“30,” L’manbur spoke up.

Resurrectedbur wrote all the numbers down, then turned back to his cards. He shuffled them and started to set them out.

“How do you play that?” Blue asked.

“It’s kind of complicated,” Resurrectedbur put down 12 cards face down and 1 up. “But it’s basically competitive, communal solitaire. But with way less solitaire.”

“What’s that?” Blue pointed to the pile of 13 cards.

“That’s my pounce pile,” Resurrectedbur explained, setting out the rest of his cards. “I wanna get rid of that the fastest, that’s how you get a good score.” He looked around the others’ cards. “Oooh, an ace, a two and a three? Lucky.”

“Mhm,” L’manbur hummed, finishing his own cards.

They started the game, and Blue and Spirit did nothing but bother the others by stealing cards and pestering them. Alivebur looked like he was about to punch Spirit in the face after ten seconds.

But Ghostbur wasn’t. Instead, he was thinking. He was staring out at the train tracks, and he was thinking.

“Hey, Spirit?” Ghostbur looked over to him.

Spirit looked up from where he was looking over Deadbur’s shoulder at the card game. “Yeah?”

“What would happen if you went to the other side of the tracks?” He asked. “Like, by crossing the tracks to the other platform?”

Spirit frowned, looking annoyed. “Ghostbur, this is a threat.”

“What is?” Ghostbur tilted his head.

“My existence,” Spirit deadpanned.

Everyone except Spirit burst out laughing.

“Oh my god, that’s perfect,” Resurrectedbur laughed, pausing in his rapid card throwing.

“POUNCE!” Alivebur shouted suddenly.

“FUCK!” Deadbur cursed.

“Dammit,” Resurrectedbur muttered, but was smiling. He put down his cards and separated his own cards into two different piles, then picked up a bunch of the cards in the middle and started separating them.

“38,” Alivebur said smugly.

“22,” Deadbur muttered.

“25,” L’manbur added.

“And I got 30,” Resurrectedbur quickly wrote down on the floor with the blue.

They kept playing, but Ghostbur ignored them and drowned them out with his thoughts in his head.

He stared at the train tracks. What was going on with Spirit? Not right now, just in general. This entire time. With the weird blue lines, and the cryptic words, and the warnings, and the fear of the edge of the platform, and the threats.. it was all so weird. What was he hiding? What was he lying about?

He glanced at Spirit. Spirit was grinning and annoying Deadbur, poking him in the face. What was up with him? One second, he was quietly talking about the Afterlife, the next second he was annoying one of the other Wilburs, the next second he was walking along quietly.

Ghostbur recalled Spirit's ""explanations"" of what those blue lines on his sweater were, and his reasoning for a lot of things.

"...there's a reason... London puts barriers on the tube line. There's a reason... they... fail."

"Look, I dunno. "It scared me, okay? Drop it."

"You were gonna fall!"

"Trains are scary, they go fast and could kill you and stuff..."

Ghostbur furrowed his brow, then his eyes widened more than he thought he could physically widen them.

He looked over at Spirit again, at the blue lines.

"Oh my god, Spirit!" Ghostbur gasped. "You're kidding, right?"

"..what?" Spirit blinked. All of the other Wilburs looked confused, as well.

"The blue lines!" Ghostbur pointed to his sweater. "You- you didn't right? Please tell me I'm just assuming the worst!"

Spirit's eyes widened, and the silly mood in the air immediately dampened. He looked down at the ground.

Ghostbur didn't say anything, realization crushing him.

"Uh.. I think I'm missing something here," Alivebur looked between the two.

"Okay, this is going to take some explaining," Resurrectedbur laughed awkwardly.

"No, no, I can explain," Spirit interrupted him. "I did it, I should explain."

"Is that really something you want to explain?" Resurrectedbur asked. A genuine question.

Spirit bit his lip and didn't say anything.

"I'll explain," Resurrectedbur sighed. "Okay. So, of course, as we all know by now, the Afterlife is a tricky place. You're stuck, with nothing to do but wait for nothing to happen. You want to get out, it's not a nice place, it's built on your fears. It's the opposite of pleasant. So, one might do anything, literally anything, to get out." He took a deep breath. "Very drastic things. So what Spirit did... was get run over by a train to get out. It obviously didn't work, but there's nothing else to do."

They were all silent for a few seconds.

"I mean. Mood, I guess," Deadbur finally said.

L'manbur and Alivebur looked at him in alarm.

“You got run over by a train??” Alivebur asked, slight panic in his voice. Spirit flinched a little bit.

“No, no,” Deadbur said quickly. “Just. Y’know.” He made a stabbing motion to his chest where the red stab scar was. “Technically I didn’t do i-”

“Deadbur, please,” Resurrectedbur sighed. “You’re not helping.”

“Sorry,” Deadbur said sheepishly.

Spirit went and sat down next to Resurrectedbur, silently grabbing his hand. Resurrectedbur looked a little confused and surprised, but didn’t stop him.

Ghostbur scooped over to Spirit and hugged him. Spirit stiffened, but relaxed after a couple seconds.

Blue immediately came over as well, grabbing Deadbur’s arm and pulling him over as well, ignoring his protests.

Ghostbur smiled and grabbed Alivebur’s hand.

“Oh, no the fuck you don’t-” Alivebur pulled his hand back.

Ghostbur pulled as hard as he could, causing Alivebur to fall onto him with a shout, and Ghostbur to fall back onto Spirit and Resurrectedbur.

“I.. I’m not even going to try to not,” L’manbur sighed with a smile, and came over as well.

Soon, they were situated where Resurrectedbur and Spirit were basically covered in burs. It was surprisingly comfortable, considering they were on a concrete floor in a haphazard pile of humans. Probably the sweaters. They were very soft.

They stayed like that for a bit, and Ghostbur felt like he was about to fall asleep. In fact, he almost nodded off before the relaxing got interrupted.

“What the fuck- fucking hell,” Spirit suddenly jerked back from Resurrectedbur. “Why’d you d- Resurrectedbur? Hello?”

“Are we time travelling?” Alivebur asked, his voice muffled, as Ghostbur was kind of laying on top of him. On accident.

“Uh..” Spirit tilted his head.

Resurrectedbur had just frozen, his eyes wide, staring at the ground, still holding onto Spirit’s hand- very tightly, Spirit looked a little uncomfortable- and breathing very fast. Worrying.

“I guess that’s a yes,” Deadbur stood up.

Spirit reached over to try to get his hand out of Resurrectedbur’s grip. As soon as he touched Resurrectedbur’s hand, however, Resurrectedbur gasped, let go, stood up, and almost tripped into Deadbur.

Deadbur grabbed his arm to steady him, and Resurrectedbur put the hand Deadbur wasn’t holding onto to his own head.

“Holy fuck,” L’manbur winced. “I don’t even want to know how bad that headache must be.”

“Why is it so bad this time?” Blue frowned.

“He said it got worse every time we time travelled,” Ghostbur tilted his head.

“When are we even gonna be going to?” Alivebur asked. “We’ve been to all of our times twice, I can’t imagine we’d be going to one of them *again* .”

“I mean, you never kno-” Spirit started to say, but got cut off by time travel.

Ghostbur blinked, but this time when he opened his eyes, he didn’t see anything. He didn’t hear anything, he didn’t feel anything. He felt like he was floating in nowhere, but also everywhere. He felt like he was being thrown across the universe.

Everything went white.

Chapter End Notes

deadbur please stop making jokes about that /j
anyways !! we are nearing the end like yall we are literally so close idk how to feel
about this

also ignore me explaining pounce /j i just like playing it <3

i- i- i- i've got a migraine!

Chapter Summary

i hear my subconscious screaming!

Chapter Notes

wooo !!!

uhh cw for panicking n shit i guess? idk but ow

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur smiled, this was nice. Cuddle piles were always nice.

His eyes were slipping closed, but he got interrupted by his head breaking out in a splitting headache.

His eyes widened and his head started pounding, he felt the pull of the Universe so strongly that he thought he might fall over even though he was sitting, he heard loud whispering that he couldn't make out, saw spots- no, those were eyes, hundreds of thousands of unblinking eyes staring at him- all he heard was his own breathing and heartbeat and the loud ringing in his ears and the whispering and-

Something touched his hand, and it felt so gentle, and normally he wouldn't mind it, but right now it felt like someone had stabbed his hand, and he flinched and stood up, and he almost fell over, the Pull was so strong, and he felt someone grab him, and it hurt so much, but he couldn't move, and the ringing was so loud and the whispering was getting even louder and all he saw was the eyes, and he couldn't understand anything, and it was all too much, and he wanted it to stop, he wanted it to stop so bad, he was panicking, and it felt like he was suffocating, and he heard voices other than the whispering that he thought he recognized but they were so far away that he wasn't sure if he was just thinking he heard them-

and everything went bright white.

Chapter End Notes

happy halloween i updated all the fics im still updating today so like go check them out
ig
yes this chapter is supposed to be short lmao

i've gotta rearrange the stars, so that they're not as far from you!

Chapter Notes

hello

bit of a short chapter but dw next chapter will probably longer

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ten hands were moving in the void, drawing white, glowing lines across the universe, tying up loose ends, pulling things together. Hundreds of eyes were open, all on a white ball surrounded by two halos with a forever open mouth in a wide smile on it.

“Are you almost done?”

Patience.

“You’ve said that every time, yet you seem to not have made a lot of progress.”

I’m almost done this time.

“What are you even doing?”

I thought we discussed this already.

“And I still don’t understand.”

Sighs. I’m bringing them to the Inbetween.

“Why has it taken so long?”

You try moving seven people across the universe into another dimension that usually only one person can access and only on accident.

“Jeez, I’m sorry.”

Look, just be patient with me. I’m almost done. If you can look at them, then you can see.

“Fine.”

The hands continued moving, eyes opening and closing, seemingly at random.

“You look really weird when you do that, y’know.”

Unhelpful.

“You’re welcome.”

Are you coming with me to the Inbetween or...?

“I.. I think that since none of them have actually met you, but all of them have met me, that would make sense for me to come. Just to explain what’s happening.”

Very well. Prepare yourself to go.

“How do I prepare myself for something like that? I’ve never done it before.”

You won’t have to do anything. I doubt you could go to the Inbetween by yourself, anyways. I’ll bring you with me, but it may hurt a little bit.

“...how much is a little bit?”

The same amount of pain that the Wilbur from the Present is feeling right now.

“Oh, dear god. And for how long?”

Only a few seconds.

“Great.”

Something tells me you’re not looking forward to this.

“Ya think?”

I can’t do anything about it. If I could make it painless for you or the Wilbur from the Present, then I would.

“They have nicknames, y’know.”

Hmm?

“The Wilburs, they gave each other nicknames.”

I think it's easier to say when they are from.

“So what would you call Alivebur?”

The Wilbur from October, 2020.

“How is that easier?”

I'm bad with names.

“I doubt that, but okay.”

Why do you doubt me?

“Why do you make that sound so condescending and commanding?”

I'm a deity, it's kind of hard to not sound commanding.

“I'm a deity, and I don't sound that commanding all the time.”

A lesser deity.

“...”

It's true.

“You’re not that much better than me.”

I never said I was better than you.

“You said I was a lesser deity.”

Lesser in this sense means that I can do more than you. That does not mean I am better.

“Wise words, I guess.”

Thank you.

“Mhm.”

The hands brought seven lines together into one line, bringing them all to a bright dot. That dot hadn’t been there a moment before.

Get ready.

“Wha-”

The lines met the dot.

Karl opened his eyes to the outside of a white palace. The Inbetween.

He was immediately on edge. Last time he was here, things went wrong and he ended up somewhere he felt like he shouldn't have been. He wasn't even sure how he had gotten there, or what that place was.

He didn't have a book with him, and there was no book in an item frame in front of him, or anywhere that he noticed near him. That's weird, usually there was something waiting for him to see.

He pursed his lips and started walking around, making sure to stay on the path. If he had learned anything from his time here, it was to stay on the path. Last time he didn't... he didn't even know what happened. He didn't particularly want that to happen again. He just wanted to get out of here and go back to Kinoko Kingdom.

He walked up stairs and down hallways and across courtyards until he came across a large willow tree outside of the palace. It was white, just like the rest of the palace. Just like everything here. Devoid of any color.

He was expecting a book. He was expecting a wither rose, maybe. He was expecting a book by a mysterious person that just said "Don't stray from the path" over and over again.

What he saw was definitely not a book or a rose.

Chapter End Notes

we r literally so close to the end i can taste it
anyways i am going to sleep gn ! if it is late for u then go to sleep !!!! stop reading
fanfiction at 3 am !!

i hold hands with cosmic entities!

Chapter Summary

we had quite the run, didn't we, though?

Chapter Notes

it's nice when things end with a bow on top :)

OKAY SO ive been writing this since i last updated either the ccbur sidefic or little blue sheep i forget which one but !! i have been looking forward to writing this for so long and oh my god its finally here. we're finally at the end and like. its not TECHNICALLY the end theres still more chapters and the sidefic but like. this is where they split up! this is it! this is the end of their journey! and like. ok so on the ACTUAL last chapter i'll get all sappy but i do wanna say that like tysm to all of yall whove read this far LMAO i know long fics and unfinished fics are hard to read and lotsa ppl dont like them and especially since this is focused on ONE character..... but like . ty it means a lot :D

ANYWAYS ONTO THE STORY !!! ALMOST 9K WORDS BITCHES YEAH THIS TOOK A WHILE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

L'manbur opened his eyes with a groan. The fuck just happened?

He couldn't see anything. Well, more accurately, he could, it's just that everything was white and shades of light gray. The first thing he noticed- well, no, the first thing that he noticed was that he had no clue where he was and that everything was very bright, so the second thing he noticed- was that he was on the floor. The ground? He didn't know if he was outside or not. But he was on his knees on the ground.

He stood up, and almost tripped. He was dizzy- why was he dizzy? Where was he? How did he get here?

He rubbed his eyes and stood up straight, dusting off his legs. He looked around and saw... white. Lots of white. He was in a long, white hallway, with windows with no glass in the walls. In a few of the windowsills, there were white flowers in pots.

L'manbur walked up to one of the windows and looked out of it. He looked to be in a big white castle. In the sky? Where the hell was he?

He didn't see any of the other Wilburs around him. He didn't see anyone. He frowned and started walking down the halls, looking out for any of the other Wilburs.

Were they also in this castle? How *big* was this place? *What* was this place? Who made it? How did he get here?

He went through a doorway and saw a courtyard. In the courtyard was a birch tree that had white leaves. Not... not normal. The leaves almost looked like crystals. There were two swings in front of the tree, with grass all around it. There was also an empty item frame on the tree trunk.

L'manbur frowned and didn't go towards the tree, instead continuing on down the hallway.

In the next room, there was a tall spiral staircase. He went up the staircase, climbing the steep stairs. At the top of the tower, there was a small room. There was a little table with two chairs, plenty of light coming in from the giant glassless windows in the room. There was another empty item frame under one of the windowsills.

He looked out one of the windows, and his breath was taken away. The castle he was in was fucking ginormous. Even more than it looked from the windows on the ground. There were four little waterfalls coming from the front. There were so many bridges and towers and courtyards and hallways. Who the *fuck* built this place?

He didn't see any of the Wilburs, though. The only open place seemed to be the courtyard, at least as far as he could see. And no one was in there.

He pursed his lips and turned around to go back down the stairs.

-~+~-

Alivebur blinked and opened his eyes. All he saw was white and gray and green. He squinted and rubbed his eyes. Where the hell was he...?

He looked around and didn't see any of the other Wilburs. And this certainly wasn't any of the others' times, unless Deadbur or Spirit's afterlife had somehow changed into *this*. Which was very unlikely.

Alivebur stood up- he wasn't standing before?- and stretched. He saw a white staircase in front of him, but he wasn't inside a building. He was standing on grass, with a few birch trees with white, crystal leaves around the place. He seemed to be right outside of some sort of giant castle. There were bridges and towers above him and in the distance.

He looked behind him. There was a single block with a flowerpot and flower on it, and an empty item frame. Behind that was a little hill with more flowers and grass. Behind that was an archway, framing yellow clouds in a purple-pink sky.

He turned back to the castle and walked over to and up the stairs. In the first room he walked into, he saw a little pool with flowers all around it in flowerpots. There were also a few lily pads in the pool. He walked through the next door to what looked to be a bridge, with more of those weird birch trees.

He had to admit that this place was kinda pretty, if not a bit unnerving.

He noticed a little hole in the wall, and stopped walking for a moment, frowning. He went over to look in the hole, but all that was there was an empty item frame and... a signed book, dropped on the ground.

Alivebur frowned and picked up the book. It was titled '???????'. There was only one page that had been written in, and it said only one thing.

‘LOOK UNDER THE TREE’

Alivebur furrowed his brows and put the book back in the item frame. Who had been here before to take the book- and probably something out of that other item frame from earlier- out of this frame and drop it?

...Maybe this place was more than a bit unnerving.

~+~

Blue squeezed his eyes tight, then opened them.

He looked around blearily and saw that he was in some big... room. It was bigger than any room Blue had ever been in. The other Wilburs were.. nowhere to be seen.

He was actually at the top of some stairs looking out to a big white room, more accurately. In the middle of the room was a single block with an empty item frame and a flowerpot on it. He walked down the stairs and up to the block. He noticed that the flowerpot had a black rose in it. A wither rose? Blue didn't think he had ever seen one of those, but he had heard about them.

He looked past the block and saw a giant doorway. Why did whoever made this place need such giant rooms and doorways? They must've been really, really tall! Blue giggled to himself at the thought of Foolish in his giant form walking through this place.

As Blue walked towards the door, he realized that he didn't really know where he was. He bit his lip nervously. He could find his way out of here and back to the others, right?

His thoughts were interrupted by walking out into bright light and a GIANT tree.

The tree looked like a birch tree, but if a birch tree was giant and had crystal-like leaves. Blue absentmindedly wondered if they felt like leaves or glass. On either side of the tree was a little patch of flowers, purple and white. This whole place was really pretty, Blue wondered how big it was.

Blue walked around the tree, marveling in its beauty. It *was* really pretty. The tree looked to be in a deep pool of water. He peeked into the water and looked at his reflection. He smiled, and his reflection smiled back.

He looked up and frowned as he saw a shining purple-pink coming from under the tree roots. He took a deep breath and jumped over the water. He almost fell backwards, but quickly straightened himself.

He looked around and saw a signed book dropped on the floor, open. He frowned and picked it up. It was titled 'STOP'.

'STRAY FROM THE PATH
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THE PATH DONT STRAY
FROM THE PATH DONT
STRAY FROM THE PATH
DONT STRAY FROM THE
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THE PATH DONT STRAY
FROM THE PATH DONT
STRAY FROM THE PATH
DONT STRAY FROM THE
PATH DONT STRAY FROM
THE PATH DONT STRAY'

Blue flipped through the pages of the book- all 87 of the written in ones- and every single one said the same thing. "DONT STRAY FROM THE PATH" over and over and over and over again. He felt like this was a warning not meant for him.

He carefully set the book back down with shaky hands, and jumped back over across the water.

...maybe he would stick to the path.

~+~

Deadbur opened his eyes and winced at the bright light that immediately hit his eyes.

He squinted. Fuck, first the transition from the Afterlife to the Overworld, now from the Overworld to... whatever this place was. Spending years in a dark train station makes everything else seem *so bright*.

He closed his eyes again, then opened them. After a few moments, he finally made out what was around him.

He was on what looked to be a big white bridge, with a single gray block a few feet in front of him. He stood up from where he realized he was laying face down and dusted his pants off even though he didn't really need to.

He walked up to the block, and saw that there was a wither rose in a flowerpot on top, and an empty item frame on the front of the block. He frowned. The fuck? His guard was immediately up. The fuck was this place?

He looked around, but didn't see any of the other Wilburs, or anything to signify where he was or how he got here. He pursed his lips. He didn't like this place, as beautiful as it looked even on just a big white bridge.

He looked up from the block and saw a wide doorway at the end of the bridge. He walked over to it and through it, and down the winding hallway he found himself in. It almost reminded him of the Afterlife, but not dark or damp. This place was creepy, compared to the Afterlife just being scary. He would say psychological shit compared to more tangible stuff,

but there were no jumpscare in the Afterlife. That was still shit in your head- isolation and your greatest fear- just more upfront about it than this place. This place seemed like the kind of place to pretend to be friendly, when really it was just trying to manipulate you.

Where the fuck did that analysis come from? Whatever. Deadbur continued through the hallways, and went up some stairs. The first thing up those stairs was what looked to be a bedroom. This was the most colorful thing Deadbur had seen here so far, if you didn't count the sky outside. There were some bookshelves, flowers, and a queen-sized red bed. There was another gray block with an empty item frame and wither rose on top.

Besides the books, flowers, and bed, everything was still white and light gray. Deadbur really didn't like this place. It was like the opposite to the Afterlife, but only in terms of color. The energy of the place was the same yet so different.

He looked around, and noticed some dirt on the floor near the entrance to the room. How had he not noticed that? There was also a shining, signed book on the floor, seemingly dropped. Deadbur walked over and picked up the book. Did whoever dropped the book knock over a plant? There was a tree in a cauldron on the shelf by *another* empty item frame on the wall. Deadbur assumed the book had been in that item frame.

Wait a minute. Who was here? Deadbur tensed up and tightened his grip on the book. He wasn't alone here, was he? He supposed that in such a large-looking palace, you could be not alone and never even know it. There were plenty of places to hide, to run, and to be out of sight from someone walking around not looking out.

Deadbur couldn't say he wasn't a paranoid man. Paranoia was what caused him to decide to make the button room in the first place. He had lots of complicated thoughts during that time that you might not've understood if you weren't in the same situation as him. However, he didn't think that he was paranoid just for thinking that he wasn't alone in this situation.

Trying to ignore that thought, he opened the book- which was titled '?????'. Only two pages out of ten- the first and the last- were written in.

'FIND A WAY TO THE PORTAL

IT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU KNOW'

Okay, Deadbur didn't like this. He had already established that, but he really didn't like this. Portal? Like a Nether Portal? Why would he need to find that? To get out of here?

He didn't even think this book was for him. It was honestly probably for whoever had been here before. It was a warning for them, directions for them.

He put the book on the shelf by the tree and frowned. He really didn't like this place.

~+~

Ghostbur looked up and opened his eyes, confused. What just happened?

All he saw was white. White... columns? White stairs. White doorways and white walls and white floors. Jeez, this place was like a white void. Except there were actually things in it. Were there things in white voids? That was a strange thought.

White voids and their interior design aside, Ghostbur scrunched his eyes close real tight a few times, and when he opened them again, everything was clearer.

He did see a white room. He was in that white room. He was in a fairly big white room with white columns and white stairs and white doorways and white walls and white floors. He was pretty accurate!

Ghostbur frowned. Where *was* he? This obviously wasn't any place on the SMP, and it definitely wasn't the Afterlife. They had just been there, and this wasn't scary, and he didn't die. This wasn't anywhere that he recognized at all.

He didn't like being somewhere that he didn't know where or what it was, but he supposed that he couldn't really control this. He couldn't control any of this.

So he walked up the stairs and through the door to the left.

He walked out into outside, and he gawked at the sky. It was so colorful, like an endless ever-changing sunrise! He ran up to the edge of the balcony-thing he was on and looked down. It was so pretty!!! The grass was green and the white-leaved trees were gorgeous! The clouds in the sky were like giant cotton balls floating around, and absently Ghostbur wondered if he could walk on the clouds, though he knew they were just water and air. He just thought it would be fun, and you could do anything you put your mind to! Even if that thing was to defy the laws of physics. Ghostbur had done it before, and he was ready to do it again!

After looking up at the sky in awe for a few more moments, he turned back away from the edge and walked up the stairs. He kept looking around, admiring the castle and the place the castle was in. It was really pretty, prettier than anywhere on the Dream SMP. Except maybe like... Foolish's place. That place was really cool.

He turned into a little room with some purple flowers in the corner. He smiled widely and went over to the flowers. They were so pretty! Man, this whole place was pretty.

Ghostbur noticed, out of the corner of his eye, a shiny book in an item frame, on a block in front of some iron bars. He frowned and walked over to it. There was a wither rose in a flowerpot on top of the block. On the other side of the iron bars was a Nether Portal. He tilted his head and took the book out of the item frame. It was titled 'STOP'.

'DONT STRAY FROM THE
PATH DONT STRAY FROM
THE PATH DONT STRAY
FROM THE PATH DONT

STRAY FROM THE PATH
DONT STRAY FROM THE
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THE PATH DONT STRAY
FROM THE PATH DONT'

He almost dropped the book from shock- he didn't expect that. What the heck did that mean?? What path? Why shouldn't he stray from it?

Ghostbur bit his lip. That... couldn't mean anything good.

~+~

spirit opened his eyes. the first thing he saw was a wither rose in a flowerpot, to which he quickly backed away from. he remembered being told by someone that wither roses weren't good for you, like withers themselves were. not good for you.

he looked around to see that he was on a balcony. a white and gray balcony, overlooking what looked to be a castle. on an island. in the sky. what the fuck. and hell, it was so bright. white everywhere and a bright, colorful sky that looked like the sun was rising even though it was high in the sky was just what he needed after spending time in the darkness of the afterlife after spending even more time in the afterlife. just great. maybe this was just another, shittier afterlife.

he sighed and stood up from where he was sitting on the floor, putting his hand in front of his face to shield his eyes from the sun, squinting. right in front of him was a gray block with an empty item frame on the front of it, and- of course- a wither rose in a flowerpot on top.

he turned away from it to walk into the castle behind him. geez, this place looked big. he walked down some stairs into a room.

“spirit?”

spirit jumped at the sudden noise, but when he turned to the noise, he realized it was just ghostbur, holding a book in front of him. he was standing in front of some iron bars, which were caging in a nether portal. weird.

“shit- sorry, sorry, hi,” spirit walked over to him. “this place is just so overwhelming after the afterlife.”

“really?” ghostbur frowned and tilted his head. “i don’t think it’s tha-” he cut himself off, then his eyes widened. “ohhhhh, it’s because you’re just more used to the dark, isn’t it??”

“yeah,” spirit nodded. he glanced at the book. “where’d you find that?”

“oh, i found it right here,” ghostbur nodded at the empty item frame on a block identical to the one spirit had just seen on the balcony, wither rose and all. “it’s... interesting.”

spirit frowned. “what do you mean?”

ghostbur didn’t say anything, just showed him the book.

spirit narrowed his eyes at the text in the book- it looked to be written in hasty scribbles, frantic and panicked.

“that... is interesting,” spirit finally said.

“yeah, it’s weird,” ghostbur shuddered. “where’d you just come from, anyways?”

“the balcony out there,” spirit threw his thumb over his shoulder to point at the doorway that led to the balcony. “do you know where we are?”

“nope,” ghostbur replied. “i’ve just been wandering around.”

“shall we continue wandering around?” spirit suggested.

“absolutely,” ghostbur nodded, and put the book back in the item frame.

“shouldn’t we take that with us?” spirit pointed out.

ghostbur frowned. “do you think we should?”

“maybe,” spirit shrugged. “so we can show the others when we find them? hell, maybe they’ve found weird books, too.”

“good point!!” ghostbur took the book back out of the frame, pulled up his inventory, and put it in.

they turned and started walking back to where ghostbur had been walking from. up stairs, around corners, down hallways, down stairs, through doorways, down more stairs, across rooms, down even *more* stairs, until they had to stop on a large staircase, almost literally bumping into a certain someone.

“ghostbur!” deadbur exclaimed. “spirit! thank fuck, i was wondering where you all were!”

“oh, it’s just us,” ghostbur shook his head. “we haven’t seen anyone else here.”

deadbur frowned. “what even is ‘here’?”

“who knows,” spirit shrugged. “maybe it’s like... heaven, but worse. this doesn’t seem like heaven to me.”

“yeah,” deadbur agreed. “this place is not any sort of heaven. hell, maybe. just not ours.”

“have you seen anything weird?” ghostbur tilted his head.

“i found this one really weird book,” deadbur said. “nothing else, though.”

“what did the book say?” spirit asked eagerly.

“uh... something about finding a portal, and it being more important than ‘you’ know,” deadbur frowned. “didn’t seem like i was supposed to find it, though. maybe I’m just being paranoid, but i think there’s definitely someone else besides the other wilburs here.”

“what do you mean?” ghostbur frowned as well.

“well, there are empty item frames everywhere,” deadbur listed. “and there was a knocked over plant by the book that i found. the book looked like it had just been dropped on the floor.”

“weird,” spirit furrowed his brows.

~+~

Resurrectedbur’s eyes snapped open, and he took a sharp breath in. The pain wasn’t gone, the pull was still there, although gentler, the whispering wasn’t gone, though it was quieter, the eyes were gone but he still saw spots, it still hurt, it hurt so bad, and it was too much, but it wasn’t as bad as before.

He took a deep, shaky breath and looked around to see where he was and where other other Wilburs were, trying his best to ignore the pain, the pull, and the whispering.

He saw that he was in front of what looked to be a giant, white castle. None of the other Wilburs were around him. He had no clue where he was. He felt like absolute dogshit.

He sighed and got ready to take a step, but before he could even set his foot down on the ground in front of him, things flashed around him. He immediately closed his eyes and put his hands over his eyes, but it didn't seem to help. So many colors, white, black, red, blue, yellow, green, orange, purple, pink, brown, in his face, even when he closed his eyes. This was doing the opposite of helping his headache.

The colors finally stopped, and he cautiously peeked an eye open.

In front of him now, was, instead of a white castle, a black castle. The whole world was hidden by a fog. There were orange lamps in lamp posts all along the path up to the front doors. It looked like there was some kind of... storm? Hurricane-looking thing? Above the castle. It looked like there were weird vine things around the place, too. Not like the bloodvines, but still black and red vines. *Everything* was black and red.

He hesitantly took a step forward, and let out a sigh of relief when he didn't teleport somewhere else when he tried to move. He kept walking down the path. It was raining hard, making the floor slippery and shiny, yet he somehow wasn't getting wet.

As he walked into the castle, the floor was lit up by glowstone blocks in the floor. His footsteps echoed as he walked into the room in front of him.

The room was giant. There were columns circling the edge of the room. There were lights in all of them, though he could still barely see what was in the room. In the back of the room was a staircase, with something at the top of the stairs.

He walked across the room, warily looking around the dark walls.

The stairs were lit up by a row of small fires on either railing, and Resurrectedbur felt the heat of them as he walked up the stairs. At the top of the stairs was a dark gray block with an empty item frame on the front and a white tulip in a flowerpot on the top.

He frowned. Had someone been here before him? One of the other Wilburs? What had been in that item frame. Who ha-

He winced as the pain of the headache that had been gradually going away suddenly doubled. The Pull yanked him- although this time it almost felt like a push on his back- and he almost fell. The whispering was as loud as it had been before, though it felt like there were even more voices whispering. The eyes were back, opening up all around him, staring, unblinking. The crackles of the fire were simultaneously drowned out by the whispering, and amplified so that it was louder than anything else. It was too much, everything was too much, it was too loud, it hurt too much, it was like he was underwater, but falling too, and h-

He blinked, and everything was white again.

~+~

Alivebur kept walking down the hallway after he put the book back. At any trees he saw, he made sure to check around the roots. Just in case.

Eventually, after a few minutes of walking, he walked into a large room with another gray block, wither rose, and empty item frame. He frowned and walked past it, going outside through a large doorway.

The first thing he noticed, was, of course, the giant fucking tree. How could you not? Anyone would, especially someone who was just told via random book that he should 'LOOK UNDER THE TREE'. The second thing that he noticed was that Blue was standing there, staring up at the tree.

"Blue!" Alivebur called, making Blue jump and turn to him. "You okay?"

“Oh! Hi!” Blue beamed. “How are you? Where have you been? Have you seen anyone else? Do you know where we are? Do you know what this place is-”

“One question at a time,” Alivebur stopped him. “I’m fine, I’ve been wandering around this place for a while, I haven’t seen anyone else, and I don’t know where we are or what this place is.”

“Right, right, okay...” Blue frowned. “How did we even *get* here?”

Alivebur shrugged. “I dunno, but I guess this explains why Resurrectedbur seemed to not take that time travel well.”

“Oh, I almost forgot about that!” Blue gasped. “I hope he’s okay...”

“I’m sure he’s fine,” Alivebur elbowed him lightly. “He’s probably wandering around this place, same as we are.”

Blue smiled. “Yeah, probably.”

“Oh, also,” Alivebur snapped his fingers. “Have you seen any books around here?”

“Um... I saw one....” Blue glanced at the tree. “It was really weird. Why?”

“I found a weird book, too,” Alivebur frowned. “It said ‘look under the tree’ in all caps.”

“Well, I found my book under those tree roots, so maybe your book was giving you a hint about my book?” Blue suggested.

“Maybe,” Alivebur mused. “What did your book say?”

“It just said ‘Don’t stray from the path’ over and over and over again in all caps,” Blue shifted on his feet. “I don’t know why, though. It just said that.”

“Hmm,” Alivebur hummed. “I guess there’s nothing we can do but keep on wandering around.”

Blue nodded, and opened his mouth to say something, but was cut off by a shout behind Alivebur.

“Alivebur? Blue?”

Alivebur looked behind him to see L’manbur, walking down the hallway to where they were, by the tree. “L’manbur!”

“Hi,” L’manbur walked up to them. “Where the *fuck* are we?”

“We have no clue!” Blue exclaimed. “But it’s good to see you! I haven’t seen anyone else besides you two here...”

“Me neither,” L’manbur frowned. “So we don’t know where any of the other Wilburs are?”

“Nope,” Alivebur confirmed. “We’re just wandering around, hoping to find them.”

“...Ooookay then,” L’manbur tilted his head. “How long have you two been walking around?”

“I have no clue,” Alivebur shrugged. “Not that long. I only just found Blue a few minutes ago, too.”

“Oh!” Blue spoke up. “L’mambur, have you found any books or anything?”

“No?” L’mambur said like it was a question. “Have you?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Blue nodded. “I found one saying ‘don’t stray from the path’ in all caps over and over again, and Alivebur found... ‘look under the tree’ was it?” Alivebur gave him a thumbs-up in response, and Blue smiled.

“Weird,” L’mambur glanced at the tree. “Was there anything under the tree?”

“The book that I found was in the tree roots,” Blue replied.

L’mambur walked over to the tree and looked down at the water. “Was there anything in the water?”

“We didn’t check,” Alivebur walked over to look, as did Blue.

They all leaned over to look in the water, and for a few seconds, Alivebur didn't see anything. After a moment, though, he noticed a little hole in the side of the platform in the water that the tree was on.

“I see something,” Alivebur spoke up. “Looks like a tiny little hole.”

“Should we go on down there?” L’mambur asked.

“I don’t think we should,” Blue sounded nervous. “The book said to not stray from the path, and that obviously isn’t the path. And I can’t go in water, anyways...”

“Well, I can go in water, and I’m not a coward,” Alivebur got up on the railing. “I’ll tell you what’s down there.”

“No!” Blue grabbed his arm. “Alivebur, don’t, please, I don’t want to know why the book told us that!”

“It’s just a book,” Alivebur pulled Blue’s arm off of his. “Who even wrote it? Who was here before? Why should I trust them? What if it’s a trick?”

Blue pursed his lips, but didn’t try to stop him again. “Fine, but if you get smited for this, I’m not going to try to help you. Suffer from your consequences.”

Alivebur smirked and gave a lazy salute before walked backwards into the water.

The water was cold. Well, it wasn’t ice cold, but it wasn’t warm. It was just cold enough to be a little unpleasant. Alivebur opened his eyes and swam into the little hole, realizing that it was an iron door with a stone pressure plate. He walked in.

“Eugh, my coat’s all wet,” He muttered to himself. His voice echoed a bit in the room he found himself in.

The room was very poorly lit, the only light coming from the hole he had just come in from, and a hole in the ceiling that was led up to by ladders. In the middle of the floor was an item frame with a signed book in it. It was strange, considering every other book and item frame had been on a gray block with a wither rose.

He frowned and walked up to it, picking the book up and opening it. It didn’t have a name.

‘Go up the ladder,
it has a surprise
waiting for you.

:.]’

Alivebur furrowed his brows, and closed the book. He put it back in the item frame and walked up the ladder, climbing up.

He got up to the top and stood up. He turned around.

There were four torches on the floor of the room, but the more important thing was that there was *blood* all over the floor. In little puddles all around the floor. Blood.

He looked up at the walls, and while there was no blood on any of the walls, there was a sign that sent chills down his spine on the farthest wall.

‘STICK TO THE PATH

:.]’

For a few terrifying seconds, he couldn’t move, frozen staring at the sign. After a few moments, however, he turned around and went down the ladder as quickly as possible and ran out of the room, swimming up to the surface.

He gasped for breath as he grabbed the tree roots and pulled himself up onto them.

“Fuck, you okay?” L’manbur winced.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I’m fine,” Alivebur said. Fuck, he didn’t even sound believable to himself.

“Really now?” L’manbur raised an eyebrow and held out his hand for Alivebur to take.

Alivebur grabbed his hand and jumped over to the railing. “Thanks.” He shook his head to get the water off.

“Heehee..” Blue giggled. “You look like a dog!”

“Fuck off,” Alivebur elbowed him. He took off his beanie and twisted it to get the water out.

“I think that’s the first time I’ve ever seen you without your beanie on,” Blue remarked. He glanced at Alivebur’s hair. “Your hair is messy.”

Alivebur glared at him. “Thanks.” He pulled the beanie back on.

“No problem,” Blue sounded annoyingly genuine.

“So what was down there?” L’manbur asked.

Alivebur pursed his lips. “Well.. there was a book. It said something like ‘there’s a surprise waiting for you up the ladder’. And up the ladder...was a room with lotsa blood on the floor and a sign that said ‘stick to the path’ in all caps.”

“I TOLD YOU!” Blue shouted, causing Alivebur and L’manbur to jump. “Sorry for shouting, but I told you!”

“Shut the fuck up,” Alivebur muttered. “I look like a soaked little cat and you’re just rubbing salt to the wound.”

“You look more like a dog,” Blue tilted his head. “Especially what with the fact that you shook your head to get the water off.”

“Are you dogboy truthing me?” Alivebur said flatly.

“Wh-” Blue spluttered. “What the heck??”

Alivebur laughed. “Nothing, nothing, let’s just go.”

“Go where?” L’manbur snickered.

“I dunno, down those stairs?” Alivebur nodded to a staircase to the right of the tree.

“Sounds good to me,” L’manbur shrugged. “Blue?”

“There’s nothing else we can really dooo,” Blue pointed out. “So sure! Lead the way!”

-~+~-

After Deadbur had run into Ghostbur and Spirit on the stairs, they had continued down the stairs, since the two ghosts had already been up these stairs.

“Wait, what’s that?” Ghostbur stopped walking when they got to the bottom of the stairs. He was pointing at something.

“Huh?” Deadbur looked to where he was pointing. There was a book there, in an item frame, on the floor. Weird, considering the other books had all been on that same gray block, with a

wither rose on top.

He walked over and picked it up. It was titled '?????'. Just like that other one. He grimaced and opened the book.

'GO UNDER THE TREE

YOU CANT AFFORD NOT TO'

"What does it say?" Spirit walked up and looked over Deadbur's shoulder. "Oh... weird."

Ghostbur looked over Deadbur's other shoulder. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know," Deadbur frowned. "Have either of you seen a tree of any significance?"

"I've seen a few trees," Ghostbur tilted his head. "But they were all just normal trees. With white crystal-like looking leaves."

"There was a tree in a flowerpot in the bedroom I found earlier," Deadbur mused. "But there was nothing significant about it."

"Yeah, no," Spirit shook his head. "I haven't seen any trees."

“Maybe this book wasn’t meant for us?” Deadbur suggested. “I assume someone else has been here, so maybe whoever put this book here meant for them to find it.”

“I guess they didn’t find it, then,” Spirit frowned. “Or any of the weird books.”

“Well, there have been multiple *empty* item frames, so someone found other stuff, presumably books.”

“Who even is that someone?” Ghostbur threw his hands up in the air. “This is so confusing! Where are the other Wilburs? Have they been wandering around here too? Are they still here? What the frick is going on!”

“You can swear, y’know,” Deadbur closed the book.

“I don’t want to,” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out at him.

Deadbur rolled his eyes lightheartedly. “So, should we keep the book with us?”

“Ghostbur put the book we found by the Portal in his inventor-” Spirit started.

“Wait, Portal?” Deadbur interrupted him. “The book I found said to find a Portal!”

“There was no way to get to the Portal,” Spirit shook his head. “It was behind some iron bars and a wall.”

“Weird,” Deadbur muttered. “Ghostbur, you wanna keep this book with you, too?” He offered the book to the ghost.

“Ooh, sure!” Ghostbur took the book and put it in his inventory.

“Let’s keep going, then,” Deadbur nodded and kept walking.

From there, they went down stairs, had to pull Ghostbur away from a library, went across a bridge, and down a ladder, before they came across something.

“Hold on, wait,” Spirit grabbed Deadbur’s hand. “There’s another book.”

Deadbur looked to where Spirit was pointing, and lo and behold, there was another shining book in an item frame in a little crevice. He went over and took it out, opening it up and reading it.

‘GO UNDER THE TREE

YOU CANT AFFORD NOT TO’

“It says the same thing,” Deadbur frowned. “About the tree.”

“I guess when we find a tree, we should go under it,” Spirit muttered.

Deadbur snorted and gave the book to Ghostbur, who put it in his inventory, and they continued.

They went down *more* stairs, walked across a bridge, and went through a doorway.

“Well, *there’s* a tree of significance!” Ghostbur exclaimed.

Deadbur looked up at the giant tree with birch wood and white crystal leaves, resting in a little pool of water.

“Ghostbur? Deadbur! Spirit!”

Deadbur looked down at where the voice came from, and saw L’manbur, Alivebur, and Blue looking up at the three of them.

“Oh! Hi!!” Ghostbur waved and ran down the stairs, Deadbur and Spirit following him.

“Hi, we’ve been looking for you all!” Deadbur tilted his head. “Where’s Resurrectedbur?”

“We haven’t seen him,” L’manbur shrugged.

“Why is Alivebur soaked?” Spirit snickered.

“Shut the fuck up,” Alivebur sighed. “It’s nothing.”

Blue giggled, and Alivebur glared at him. “What? I wasn’t saying anything!” Blue grinned.

Alivebur rolled his eyes, but was smiling.

“Well, I guess this is the tree we were looking for,” Deadbur glanced up at the tree.

“Why were you looking for this tree?” Blue frowned.

“We found two books that said to ‘go under a tree’,” Deadbur replied.

“Do not go under the tree,” Alivebur said quickly. “Do *not* .”

“Why?” Ghostbur frowned.

“First of all, you’ll get soaked,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “Second of all, it’s creepy as hell down there. Don’t.”

“Hell isn’t that creepy,” Spirit shrugged.

“You haven’t been to Hell, you’ve been to Limbo,” Deadbur corrected him.

“Close enough,” Spirit glared at him.

“Wait, you went down there?” Ghostbur asked Alivebur.

“Yeah,” Alivebur nodded. “That’s why I’m fucking covered in water.”

“What’s down there?” Ghostbur asked curiously.

“It’s...” Alivebur sighed. “Well, a little bit of context, first- Blue found a book that said ‘don’t stray from the path’ over and over aga-”

“I found one like that too!” Ghostbur interrupted him, and pulled up his inventory, taking out the book. “Here!”

Alivebur frowned and took it, then showed it to Blue.

“Yeah, yeah!” Blue nodded. “This is what I found!”

“Anyways,” Alivebur continued. “Blue found that, and told us, but I found a book that said to look under the tree. So when we got here, I went under the tree, ignoring Blue’s book. And what was under there was...” He bit his lip. “There was a book that said there was a surprise waiting up the ladder, then up the ladder was a room with blood all over the floor and a sign that said ‘stick to the path’ in all caps.”

“Eww...” Ghostbur scrunched up his nose.

“You say,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “Covered in blue.”

“No I’m not!” Ghostbur retorted. “Spirit is, though.”

“Blue isn’t blood,” Spirit rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, it is,” Blue elbowed him. “It’s literally blood. You’re covered in blood. You just don’t think about it like that.”

“*Anyways*,” L’manbur interrupted, changing the subject. “None of you have seen Resurrectedbur?”

“Nope,” Deadbur shook his head, and the rest of them all gave negative responses.

“Well, I guess we can’t do anything but keep on walking around,” L’manbur muttered. “We were just about to go down those stairs over there.” He nodded to a big staircase to the left of the tree.

“Well, then what are we waiting for!” Ghostbur started walking, and the rest of them followed, and what they saw when they got down there was certainly something.

First of all, Kristin was there, looking around the area. Second of all, Karl was there, standing on the other side of the white balcony thing, looking very confused.

And third of all, possibly the first thing anyone noticed, was the god floating in the air, green cape lightly flowing in the gentle breeze, eyes everywhere on the golf ball of a head, and ten hands all doing different things, two of them clasped tightly together in front(? You couldn't really tell which side was the front) of the god.

“What the FUCK is DreamXD doing here?” Spirit shouted.

“Remember when you said ‘maybe there’s some god that favors us’?” Alivebur elbowed Deadbur.

Deadbur snickered. “Why the fuck would DreamXD favor us?”

I don't.

The voice came from everywhere and nowhere, from above and below, from behind and in front, from far away and right next to your ear, from some other dimension and in the back of your head. It was as loud as a bomb, but as quiet as a sigh. It was everything and nothing, and it sent a chill through everyone that heard it.

I don't favor you. I did not do this. I do not know who did, I just know that you are not supposed to be doing this at all. You are only here because I brought you here.

“Where *is* here?” Spirit frowned.

This is the Inbetween. I don't have the time to explain.

“You’re literally an immortal god, but okay,” Kristin raised an eyebrow with a smile.

*I don't have time to explain. My job here is to send you all back to your own time, and-
...where's the one from November 2021?*

“Could you just refer to them with their *names* ?” Kristin groaned. “You can see where they all are anyways, just check.”

Why can't you?

“Because I don’t have access to the Inbetween or the Other Side,” Kristin replied. “You do. You also said this was your job.”

Ugh. Whatever. Lots of the eyes closed, only a few visible ones remaining open. *He's in the Other Side.*

“Resurrectedbur?” Ghostbur spoke up. “Is that who you’re talking about?”

“Wait, since when was he from November??” Deadbur frowned in confusion. “Wasn’t he from like... August?”

Time is very complicated, especially with this...situation.

“No shit,” Alivebur muttered, and Blue elbowed him.

“So are you going to bring him here, or what?” L’manbur frowned.

Patience, it takes time and concentration.

“So, do you have legs?” Spirit asked. “Or a body at all?”

Those are rather personal questions.

“Really?” Spirit raised an eyebrow with a shit-eating smirk on his face. “If I asked anyone else if they had legs and a body, I think they could give me a pretty confident answer.”

One of DreamXD’s eyes opened and stared straight at Spirit.

“I mean, I have legs,” Spirit continued. “And I have a body. That’s not very persona-”

One of DreamXD’s hands shot over to Spirit and covered his mouth.

...did you just bite me?

Alivebur burst out laughing. “You’re fucking joking! Spirit just bit a fucking god!”

Spirit tried to pull the hand away, but it wouldn’t budge.

Deadbur snickered. “That was a mistake on your part!”

Spirit glared at him.

You should be lucky I can't kill you, or else you would be worse off than this.

“You wouldn’t kill any of them, and if you did, I would revive them,” Kristin smiled.

“Wait, you can revive people?” Deadbur’s eyes widened.

“Technically I’m not allowed to,” Kristin replied. “But if it was for something unfair like this, then I could get away with it.”

“Hm,” Deadbur hummed and looked back to Spirit.

Alivebur looked at DreamXD. “So are you almost do-”

Deadbur suddenly felt something fall onto him, causing him to fall onto the floor face first. Ow.

He groaned and pushed himself off of the floor, standing up. “What the fuck?”

“Oh fuck, sorry,” Resurrectedbur swayed on his feet. “I don’t know why I’m apologizing, I didn’t do th- ow. ”

“Are you okay??” Deadbur grabbed his arm.

Resurrectedbur flinched. “Ow, don’t touch, fuck that hurts-”

“Did you do this?” Deadbur turned to DreamXD.

More of DreamXD's eyes opened. *Not intentionally.*

"Everything hurts," Resurrectedbur complained. He didn't sound like he was about to die, so Deadbur backed off and let go of his arm. "It's like when your leg falls asleep, a-and the pins and needles, and yeah. And a headache and the ringing is still there." He glared at DreamXD. "And could you shut the fuck up?"

Oh. Woops.

Resurrectedbur sighed in what Deadbur assumed was relief. "Thank you." He shook his head, rubbed his eyes, and looked around. "So... what's going on? Where are we?"

"This is the Inbetween," Karl spoke up, finally saying something. Everyone turned to look at him. "I don't know why we're here, though..."

"Have you been here before?" Ghostbur tilted his head. "Uh.... Karl! Karl, right? I haven't really talked to you before, I don't think..."

Karl nodded. "Yeah, I've been here before." He frowned. "But last time I was here wasn't exactly pleasant." He glanced at DreamXD, then Resurrectedbur. "Didn't you say... uh... Wilbur- wait, can someone explain to me what's going on here?"

"I can!" Ghostbur walked up to Karl. "So, we're all Wilbur Soot, of course, but from different times of the SMP! L'manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Blue, yours truly, Spirit, and Resurrectedbur!"

"I... cool, okay," Karl shrugged. "So... Resurrectedbur was in the Other Side?"

"That's what that place was?" Resurrectedbur frowned. "It's rather dreary."

"Yeah, well at least it's not this place," Karl muttered.

I do not know what the Other Side is like, I have not explored it, and this was the only other place to send them to.

“Why am I here?” Karl tilted his head. “I don’t exactly time travel on purpose all the time, y’know.”

“You time travel?” Blue asked. “How? Have you met other versions of yourself?”

“Yes, I don’t know, and no,” Karl replied. “But I’ve met like... almost past incarnations of multiple people on the SMP.”

“Cool,” Blue gasped.

“Not really,” Karl pursed his lips.

Anyways. I have things to do, let’s hurry this up.

“Why don’t you tell us what we’re supposed to be doing, then?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

Say goodbye.

Everyone fell silent.

Do you not want to? I assumed you did. If not, I can easily send you all ba-

“NO, no, we’re fine,” L’manbur interrupted him.

“Uh... can you stop covering Spirit’s mouth, please?” Deadbur nodded to Spirit, who was trying to pull the hand away as hard as he could, but it just wouldn’t budge.

Oh, right. Sorry.

“Bleugh,” Spirit wiped his mouth after the hand went back to DreamXD. “Your hand is weird. Your... fingers are sharp.”

Thank you?

“It wasn’t a compliment,” Spirit stuck his tongue out at DreamXD.

“Well, I never really thought about the end of this,” Resurrectedbur laughed, but there was no humor in the situation or in his laugh. “Um... bye? I guess? I never really thought I’d time travel with six other versions of myself, but I guess I can cross that off the bucket list!”

“I would ask why that’s on your bucket list, but I don’t think this is the time,” Blue snickered, and Resurrectedbur elbowed him.

“How long have you been time travelling?” Karl asked.

“Uh....” Resurrectedbur frowned. “We really have no clue.”

Since April 2021. And now it’s November 2021. Time was cut in between certain parts, but you’ve been doing this for a while.

“WHAT??” Alivebur shouted. “Have we been gone for... seven months in our own times??”

No, you've been gone for just a few days or weeks in your own times. Nothing big has happened in any of your times that you missed.

Alivebur sighed in relief. "That's good..."

"I doubt there'd be anything in my time to miss," Spirit rolled his eyes. He sounded like he was dreading going back to the Afterlife, and Deadbur couldn't help but feel the same.

"Not even me?" Kristin sounded jokingly offended. "Why, I'm distraught and betrayed!"

"Okay, besides you," Spirit snickered. "And chat and Phantommy."

Please hurry up, I don't have forever.

"You literally do," Kristin muttered lightheartedly.

"Well, I'm gonna miss all of you!" Ghostbur exclaimed. "This was really fun and I doubt I'm ever gonna experience anything like this again and you're all really cool and Alivebur you're not as scary as I thought you would be!"

"Wh-" Alivebur started.

"Yeah, what Ghostbur said," Deadbur interrupted Alivebur. "This was an experience like nothing else I could ever do, and you're all amazing."

"Yeah!" Blue nodded. "I've had lots of fun with this whole thing, even if I joined a little later than all of you!!"

“Okay, I’m really bad at words,” Spirit started. “But I just wanna say that this whole thing has been really fun and while there were some low points, it’s just been a great time.”

“Oh, yeah,” Resurrectedbur perked up. “Spirit, sorry for shouting at you in L’manbur’s time with Dream.”

Spirit narrowed his eyes and frowned. “L’manbur’s time... like with the courthouse? You didn’t shout at me...?”

Resurrectedbur frowned. “No, the second time we were in L’manbur’s time, when Dream was there?”

“I... don’t know what you’re talking about?” Spirit tilted his head.

Resurrectedbur squinted, then his eyes widened. “Oh! Did you forget it? Because it was a bad memory?”

“Ohhh,” Spirit nodded slowly. “Yeah, that makes sense.”

“Wait, didn’t you tell me back in *my* time the first time that you didn’t have the memory issues anymore?” Resurrectedbur tilted his head.

“Well, maybe I lied,” Spirit shrugged.

“Why would you do that??” Blue pouted. “Lying isn’t a good way to solve anything!”

“I dunno, it was just a spur-of-the-moment thing!” Spirit defended himself. “It doesn’t matter anyways, that was a while ago and now it’s now.”

“We’re supposed to be having an emotional goodbye, this is how we’re doing it,” Deadbur smirked. “Everyone confess your secrets and lies right now. Give advice for fuckin’ L’manbur and Alivebur, god knows they need it.”

“The fuck is that supposed to mean?” Alivebur demanded.

“Good luck, don’t die,” Deadbur pat him on the back. “Even if the opportunity is right there.”

“Deadbur.” Resurrectedbur did not look amused. Deadbur grinned.

“Thanks for the advice,” Alivebur said sarcastically.

“Hmm, I guess I should give you advice, Ghostbur,” Spirit hummed. “Don’t go in the prison, I guess.”

“I wasn’t planning on doing that,” Ghostbur shuddered. “Sorry, Deadbur.”

Deadbur shrugged. Honestly, Ghostbur was probably from another timeline now, so a Ghostbur would probably still end up going into the prison. If that was how it really worked. He didn’t want to figure out timeline and dimension shit right now, though, so he didn’t say anything.

“Hmm, advice for you,” Alivebur turned to L’manbur. “Uh, don’t invite Schlatt. Don’t let him join the Server. If he does, fucking cancel the elections.”

“Fun,” L’manbur muttered.

“Oh, I guess that means I give you advice,” Resurrectedbur looked at Deadbur. “Uh... Nothing really *big* has happened since I was revived... I dunno. Don’t be a dick, I guess.”

“Gotcha,” Deadbur snorted.

“Any advice for me?” Blue nudged Ghostbur.

“Hmm,” Ghostbur hummed. “Don’t let Friend get hurt! And uh... you’re from December 16th... I dunno!”

“Thank you, o wise one,” Blue grinned.

“Oh, shush,” Ghostbur elbowed him. “I just don’t have any advice for you!”

Please hur-

“Shut up,” Resurrectedbur shushed DreamXD. “Stop being rude.”

I mean, I’d say that telling someone- especially ME of all people- to shut up isn’t exactly great manners.

“It’s not good manners when it’s not called for,” Resurrectedbur said. “That was called for. Shut up.”

“I would suggest some kind of group hug, but I doubt we could do that with seven people,” Ghostbur snickered.

“Fuck no, I’m not doing a group hug,” Alivebur scrunched up his nose. “You’re great, don’t get me wrong, but no.”

“Fair enough,” Ghostbur shrugged.

Sorry to interrupt the moment- and this isn't just because I want you to hurry up this time- but you do need to hurry. I can only keep everyone here at a time for so long. I've already sent Karl and Kristin back, and soon all of you are either automatically going to be sent back to your normal times, or I will send you back.

“Oh! Okay! Okay, bye-bye!” Ghostbur said quickly. “Uh, yeah!”

“Bye, I'll miss you all!”

“Bye!”

“Oh, goodbye!”

“Goodbye!”

“Seeya lat- well no, I won't, but you get what I'm saying!”

“Bye-bye!!”

The Universe stretched, broke, crashed, expanded, compressed, exploded, disappeared, reappeared, and in the literal blink of an eye, all of the Wilburs disappeared, and DreamXD was left in the Inbetween alone.

FUCK i didnt get to use a my little pony line like a girlboss..... oh well

there they go! theyre gone! no more burs together! back to their own time! back to their afterlives if theyre in there! back to normal!

thank you for putting up with my bullshit and my sudden 9k chapter (which will soon be followed by like a buncha SHORT short chapters like less than 1k words short)..... rlly means a lot :]

a few notes abt the chapter:

when resurrectedbur told dxd to shut up and dxd was like woops !! its bc resurrectedbur figured out that dxd was what was causing the whispering and it was so ! yea sry if karl or dxd are characterized wrong..... idrk how karl would react to this sooo and for dxd if hes usually more like ccdream or smthn instead of ominous..... just pretend hes playing it up for the finale

see yall soon! im going to go to sleep or watch a yt video..... i feel drained but somehow in a /pos kinda way yk khdjfdj

HYDRATE! EAT FOOD! GO TO SLEEP! STOP READING FANFICTION IF U HAVE SMTHN ELSE TO DO! TAKE CARE OF URSELF ILY ALL /p <3

Eurydice I

Chapter Summary

my love, my life, my eurydice
does she even know i'm there?
oh, my whole world revolves around her,
her laugh and her golden hair

-eurydice I by megan shumway

Chapter Notes

IM SO SORRY FOR NOT UPDATING FOR ALMOST A MONTH I GOT HIT WITH MAJOR FUCKING WRITERS BLOCK AND THIS CHAPTER ISNT EVEN THAT LONG BUT ITS SUPPOSED TO BE SHORT I PROMISE LMAOOO ANYWAYS YEAH !!!!! IM SO EXCITED FOR THESE NEXT CHAPTERS SKDFHDJ NOW THAT IVE GOT IT MORE FIGURED OUT I THINK THE CHAPTERS MAY COME OUT QUICKER THAN THIS ONE DID BUT DONT HOLD ME TO THAT

ENJOY !!! <333

btw this chapter is exactly 800 words lmaooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“...rthouse, Wilbur was there w-”

L'manbur's eyes snapped open to see Tommy and Tubbo standing in front of him, in their L'manburg uniforms like usual.

“Wilbur!” Tommy exclaimed. “There you are!”

“Oh shit, uh, hi,” L’manbur blinked. “Uh, wow, that was. Interesting.”

“What happened?” Tubbo frowned. “Care to explain what the fuck was up with that better than the other... ‘you’s did earlier?”

“Uh, well, long story short, we don’t really... know?” L’manbur laughed nervously. “Well, I guess we do more now, because of DreamXD and the Inbetween...”

“The fucking what?” Tommy narrowed his eyes.

“It’s complicated,” L’manbur waved the question away. “I don’t really understand myself, but basically, accidental time travel that no one meant for it to happen. Not quite sure.”

“I...” Tommy blinked. “Okay.”

L’manbur shrugged and smiled. What else was he supposed to say?

“So, what have I missed?”

L’manbur pulled out his communicator as Quackity joined the call he and Tommy were in, he and Tommy standing in the underground tunnel bunker beneath L’manburg.

“Oh my god, what the *fuck* is going on,” Quackity said in a slightly panicked voice.

“Big Q,” Wilbur interrupted him. “I’ve got a proposition for you.”

“Okay?” Quackity prompted him.

“Okay, this is gonna be unorthodox,” Wilbur continued. “but Quackity, in the event that either one of us doesn’t win this election- either Quackity or Wilbur Soot doesn’t win this election- Big Q, should we pool the POG and SWAG votes and run as our own party? President Quackity, President Wilbur, and Vice President Tommy?”

“SWOG!” Quackity said excitedly.

“SWOG!” Wilbur grinned. “But that’s only if Coconut and whoever-”

“Wait, wait,” Quackity stopped him, realization bleeding into his voice with every word he spoke. “Wait a fucking minute, so this is- this is conditional?”

“Well ye-” Wilbur tried to continue again.

“So you’re telling me, that if you get all the votes,” Quackity sounded annoyed now. “I’m just gonna be left out of the party?”

“Yes,” Wilbur nodded, following Tommy down the tunnels, speaking into his communicator. “And if you get all the votes, we’ll be left out of the party.”

“No, I’m not-” Quackity started.

“Quackity,” Wilbur interrupted him, trying sounding as serious as he could, and from the way Q went silent, it seemed to work. “This is a situation that we have control over, and I know what could happen in the future if we don’t go on with this. If fucking *Schlatt* wins this election, we’re done for. We’re doomed. Shit is gonna go wrong, and it’s gonna go wrong fast.”

“Wh-” Quackity sounded confused. “What do you mean?? How would you know what could happen in the future?”

“I just got done with time travelling, for fuck’s sake!” Wilbur shouted. “You saw all the other Wilburs in the courthouse!”

“What would happen if Schlatt won?” Quackity demanded.

“Well, I don’t really know,” Wilbur admitted. “But for one, Tommy and I were fucking exiled from the country *we made* . By Schlatt.” Tommy glanced back at him.

“Wh- huh??” Quackity said.

“And even farther in the future was even worse!” Wilbur continued. “I was *dead* ! As far as I could tell, you weren’t doing so well, either!”

“And why should that change my mind?” Quackity asked.

“If we don’t win this fucking election, then we’re as good as dead in the next month or so,” Wilbur snapped. “We cannot let Schlatt win this election. I don’t care if you win, I don’t care, but we *cannot* let Schlatt win. You heard what he said out there, ‘democracy is overrated’. He’s a dictator.”

Quackity didn’t say anything for a few moments. Wilbur and Tommy shared an anxious glance.

“Okay, what if I did decide to take you up on your offer?” Quackity continued.

Wilbur and Tommy grinned.

“And in second place,” Wilbur said into the microphone, holding the book containing the election results in his hands. “With thirty percent of the popular vote, led by party leader Quackity, SWAG 2020.”

He heard shouts all around him, from the crowd, from the other presidential candidates, from Tommy, shouts of anger, disappointment, but mostly, happiness and excitement. He held back his smile and shouts of glee for later, for after the inauguration.

“Meaning that the winner of the popular vote,” Wilbur said louder over the shouting. “By 45%, is POG 2020.”

The cheering continued, and even got louder as POG 2020 supporters started shouting more. Wilbur grinned, not able to contain it anymore.

He was *very* glad that he had convinced Quackity to take him up on his proposition, because it really would be cruel of the universe for SWAG and Schlatt 2020 to get 1% more votes than him. He just hoped that this alternate election result wouldn’t cause a future as bad as the one he had seen.

Chapter End Notes

wooooo okay so yeah !! maybe this'll be a better future for him! maybe not! use your imagination :)

OK QUICK EDIT SRY

I NEED YOUR OPINION !!!!! SHOULD ALIVEBUR'S CHAPTER OF THIS BE THE FESTIVAL OR NOVEMBER 16th? which would be more interesting? which would be easier for him to change the future of? which one would he be more likely to change? idk which one to do so please tell me what YOU think !!!!

World's Smallest Violin

Chapter Summary

so if i do not find somebody soon

i'll blow up into smithereens
and spew my tiny symphony
all up and down the city streets
while tryna put my mind at ease
like finishing this melody
this feels like a necessity
so this could be the death of me
or maybe just a better me
now come in with the timpanis
and take a shot of hennessy
i know i'm not there mentally
but you could be the remedy
so let me play my violin for you

-world's smallest violin by ajr

Chapter Notes

haha hey besties
it was so hard choosing one of my MANY alivebur songs for this chapter title +
summary.....but i ended up choosing worlds smallest violin just bc it fits him Very
Well imo

anyways....this is 2.1k words . enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur opened his eyes sharply to see Tommy holding his communicator and typing into it.

“Wh- Wilbur!!” Tommy exclaimed, looking up from the communicator.

“Hi, hi, hello,” Alivebur blinked. “Fucking hell, *that* was weird...”

“What was weird?” Tommy tilted his head.

Alivebur looked down. “...nothing.”

Tommy frowned. “..are you crying?”

“No, fuck off!” Alivebur snapped. “I- no. I’m not.”

Tommy raised an eyebrow. “Alright, sure. You okay?” He obviously didn’t believe him.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Alivebur pursed his lips. “Just- I’m fine.”

Tommy stared at him for a few more seconds, before shrugging. Alivebur turned and quickly walked away where he could be *emotional* without being *called out for it* .

“Let the festival begin!”

At the sound of Tubbo’s voice saying those four words, echoing around the area through the microphone, Wilbur pursed his lips and remained crouching on the roof. Since the whole time travelling thing, he had ultimately decided *against* blowing up L’manburg right now. He had still made the button room, y’know, as a last resort. But for now, he wasn’t going to do it. He still had plenty of chances to stop Schlatt.

“You’re done with your speech?” Schlatt looked at Tubbo.

“Yeah, I’m done,” Tubbo confirmed.

“Alright, alright...” Schlatt muttered, opening his inventory and pulling out... yellow concrete powder? He walked over in front of the microphone and threw some to Quackity. “Here, yeah, take some of this...”

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. What the fuck was he doing?

“Schlatt, what are you- what are you-” Tubbo started to sound slightly panicked as Schlatt and Quackity started placing the concrete powder around him and putting water on it to turn it to normal concrete.

“Wait, what the fuck, what the fuck-” Wilbur glanced at Tommy, who seemed equally confused. Everyone in the crowd seemed confused, as well.

“Schlatt, what are you doing??” Tubbo started trying to get out, but he couldn’t- the concrete was all around him.

“This is why I asked for a bucket, fellas,” Schlatt laughed. “I mean, we like our fun around here, don’t we!”

Wilbur looked down to the crowd, where many people were shouting out things like ‘what are you doing’ and ‘what’s going on’.

“Tubbo, I’ll cut to the fucking chase,” Schlatt snapped.

“Tell ‘em, tell ‘em, Pres’!” Quackity cheered.

“Tubbo, I- and I mean, it really sucks for me to say this right here in front of everybody,” Schlatt said, not sounding like he thought it sucked at all. “I mean, it’s kind of awkward.”

“Schlatt, I can’t get out,” Tubbo frantically pointed out the obvious, although it wasn’t like there was anything else he could do.

“Tubbo, I know what you’ve been up to.”

Wilbur’s heart dropped.

“What have I been up t-” Tubbo tried, but Schlatt interrupted him.

“What have I been up to, he says!” Schlatt cackled as he turned to the horrified crowd. “What have I been up to??” He turned to Tubbo. “You CONSPIRED! With the IDIOTS- with the- with the TYRANTS! That we kicked out of this server! That we kicked out of this great country! Months ago!” He turned to Quackity. “Months- was it weeks ago? Whatever, time flies when you’re having fun!”

Wilbur felt a chill go down his spine at the phrase.

Schlatt turned to Tubbo again. “Tubbo, I don’t know if you know this, but treason isn’t exactly a respectable thing around here, y’know? I *know* you’ve been doing it- it ALL ADDS UP, buddy! The fucking *tunnels* , your *absence* from great events,”

Tommy pulled out a crossbow and turned to Wilbur. Wilbur frantically shook his head.

You whisper to TommyInnit: hold your fire

You whisper to TommyInnit: be ready

You whisper to TommyInnit: but dont fire yet

Schlatt continued shouting at Tubbo about his treason and betrayal, but Wilbur blocked most of it out.

“Do you know what happens to traitors, Tubbo?” Schlatt’s words finally caught Wilbur’s attention again.

“...no?” Tubbo sounded hesitant.

Schlatt turned to the audience. “Nothing good.” He smirked. “Hey uh, hey Technoblade, you wanna come up here for a second? Let’s just send a message real quick!”

Wilbur looked at Technoblade, who placed down water and tridented up to the stage.

“We like to send messages around here,” Schlatt laughed. “Now that we’ve got Tubbo in that *Tubbox* -!”

The words made Wilbur clench his fists.

You whisper to TommyInnit: he doesnt know techno is on our side

You whisper to TommyInnit: techno will exact our revenge

“What’s going on here?” Techno nervously laughed.

“Tubbo, as enemy of the state,” Schlatt announced. “And as perpetrator to these awful, awful people, Technoblade please- please, if you would be so kind?”

“What are you asking me to do here, Schlatt?” Techno looked between Tubbo and Schlatt.

“I’m asking you to take care of him.”

As Wilbur listened to the slight arguing on the stage, the way Techno stalled for time, he realized that he *had* to do something. If he didn’t, shit could go wrong. Very wrong.

He stood up and ran to the other side of the roof, ignoring Tommy’s quiet questioning and protests.

“Wilbur- Wilbur, what are you doing??”

Wilbur jumped off of the roof and landed on the nearby hill, narrowing his eyes at the scene in front of him. What could he do? He could straight up go in and get Tubbo and Techno out of there, or he could stop Schlatt and Quackity, or he could go in front of T- no, he couldn’t do that, then he’d be the one to die. He only had one life. Tubbo had two. It almost felt selfish of him, but it just made sense.

He hesitated. Then again, if he didn’t die, would that mean... Ghostbur wouldn’t exist? Deadbur and Resurrectedbur? Besides L’manbur, he was the bur the farthest in the past. If he messed this shit up... would he kill *them* ?

He shook the thought out of his head. From what Deadbur had explained to him, they were all in separate timelines at this point, him changing history wouldn’t change the future Wilburs’ present times. ...and they wouldn’t be killed, they would just... stop existing.

...

He pursed his lips and made up his mind. He would go and try to get at least Tubbo out of there, going through the back of the stage and getting Tubbo and Tommy and himself the *fuck* out of there.

Wilbur quickly and quietly ran down to the side of the stage, so that he wasn’t seen by the crowd or the people on the stage.

You whisper to Technoblade: stall for time

You whisper to Tubbo_: stay strong

He saw Tommy crouching on the roof, and flashed him a thumbs up, who returned it immediately. He turned his attention back to the scene. He pulled out his pickaxe from his inventory and quickly got behind the stage, hoping to whoever or whatever had cursed him to be on this shithole of a world that no one saw him. He mined through a few blocks, sweat dripping down his forehead, trying to ignore the shouting and arguing from the other side of the stage.

Quackity went off with a bang due to a firework fired from [Subscribe to Technoblade] by Technoblade

jschlatt went off with a bang due to a firework fired from [Subscribe to Technoblade] by Technoblade

Tubbo_ went off with a bang due to a firework fired from [Subscribe to Technoblade] by Technoblade

Wilbur almost didn't notice the message pop up in chat, continuing to mine away at the back of the stage, before he realized and froze. He stopped, his pickaxe still stuck in the brick he was mining. His breathing was rapid and panicked, and *he* was panicked, and he didn't know what to do, and his first instinct was to go to the button, but he knew he shouldn't, he knew he couldn't bear to do that, he knew from all the times he had been in that DAMNED room before that he couldn't do it, this hadn't driven him over the edge just yet, Ghostbur's warning about the explosives rang in his head as he convinced himself to stay where he was, he couldn't move in fear that he would go to the button room without wanting to, he didn't want to m-

He felt a hand touch his arm, and he flinched.

"Wilbur," Tommy's voice whispered urgently. "We need to go! Tu-Tubbo's *dead*, Techno betrayed us, he's not on his side, we need to leave, we're going to get killed-"

"I know, I know," Wilbur put away his pickaxe and grabbed Tommy's hand. "Let's get the hell out of here."

Wilbur brushed his hand over the small piece of wood that had taunted him forever. He had been in here so many times before, he didn't even know how many times. The words on the signs on all the walls around him teased him, the thoughts in his head telling him to end it all urged him, the *button* was right in front of him, begging him to just press it and get it over with.

He almost wanted to.

Schlatt was dead. L'manburg was back. They had gotten it back. But he was one of the traitors, wasn't he? He was the one who was supposed to just... get rid of it. And he wanted to. (Did he?) He thought he did. But he had been warned *so many times* that he shouldn't. He wanted to end it all. But he didn't want the consequences that came from it. (Was that selfish?)

He felt like he should be doing some dramatic *villain* speech right now, and he had plenty of thoughts to come up with one, but he.. he couldn't get any words out right now. He just wanted this to stop. (What was 'this'?) He wanted this torment, this button, this country, he wanted it gone. (But did he *really*? Or was he just telling himself that?)

He moved his hand back away from the button. Could he get rid of it? Maybe he could. That would require getting rid of all the TNT, though, and that would be a lot. He would have to get rid of this room, too, and make sure not a single piece of TNT or redstone was left. He didn't want someone to happen to come across it.

But that wasn't the real reason he didn't want to get rid of it. Sure, there's the physical hardships of it, but what was really hard was the *mental* decision he would have to make to get rid of it. How could he get rid of it? He couldn't! ...(Right?)

"What are you doing?"

Four more words that sent chills down Wilbur's spine. He suddenly understood why Deadbur had jumped when Aliv- Wilbur had asked Ghostbur what he had been doing. Back in Phil's house. Back in Resurrectedbur's time.

Wilbur sighed. "I don't know, Phil."

Phil didn't say anything, obviously that wasn't the response he was expecting.

"I don't know what I'm doing," Wilbur continued at Phil's silence. "I don't know why I made this. I don't know why I'm here. We got L'manburg back. Why do I still want to get rid of it?"

"...do you really want to get rid of it?" Phil asked slowly, as if choosing his words carefully.

"..." Wilbur pursed his lips. "...I really don't know, Phil." He turned to face Phil. "I don't know." His voice cracked in the middle of 'know'.

Phil walked up to him. "Well, what if we thought it out more? We get out of here, we get rid of this, we talk to the others, we figure this out? We catch up?"

Wilbur glanced at the button, avoiding Phil's gaze. He felt horrible. All the letters he had sent Phil, claiming that everything was amazing and lovely and going perfectly fine, and now... and now here he was, about to destroy the very thing he had told Phil was his pride, his joy, his unfinished symphony.

"I keep coming back to this room," Wilbur whispered. "And I- every time I come back... I ask myself the same question. How did we get here?"

Phil didn't say anything, so he continued. "How did I get to this point? From a drug van? From an invitation to the SMP? How did I get here, about to *blow up* what I worked so hard to create?"

He looked to Phil, tears starting to well up in his eyes. "...Phil, I'm fucking tired."

Phil gave him a sad smile and hugged him. Wilbur wasn't expecting the hug, and froze.

"Wil, let's stop all of this," Phil said, still hugging him. "Let's stop this button shit, let's talk it out and come to a reasonable conclusion. I love you, and I don't want you to do this to yourself."

Wilbur felt tears roll down his face, and he hugged Phil back.

"...I think I'd like that."

Chapter End Notes

dont look at me this writing is so bad KAJHFUSJ

ALSO SELF PROMO TIME HAHA GO CHECK OUT MY GHOSTBUR DAILY BLOG ON TUMBLR AND SEND IN REQUESTS FOR THIS COLOR PALATTE THING <33333333 IT GETS RID OF ART BLOCK LMAO ---> <https://ghostbur-daily.tumblr.com/post/671128126418518016>

Why?

Chapter Summary

oh, it hurts, and it hurts, and it's getting worse
you act like a judge, enforcing your personal grudge
am i to pay for this war you've raised?
yes, it breaks my heart when you tear it apart!

-why by derivakat

Chapter Notes

throwback to the time i was reading out dsmp quotes and i said the seeds of peace
ghostbur quote and my grandma heard and was like ooooh thats a nice quote and she
had No Clue What It Was From lmaoooo

^_^ hey besties ^_^ 1.9k words !! enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue blinked and opened his eyes to see Technoblade and Tommy.

“Oh- hi!” He exclaimed, surprising Techno and Tommy. “Uh, sorry for the scare!”

“What the- Ghostbur!” Tommy’s eyes widened and his eyebrows shot up. “Where the fuck have you been?”

Blue tilted his head. “Um. Time travelling?”

“Right, right,” Tommy snapped his fingers. “You were doing that, weren’t you?” He frowned. “And now you’re back?”

“Yep!” Blue nodded. “That whole thing is over now, and I’m back!” He beamed.

“How was that whole thing even happenin’?” Techno raised an eyebrow.

“I dunno,” Blue shrugged. “Something with like... DreamXD?”

“Who?” Tommy and Techno asked in unison.

“I thiiiiink he’s the god of the SMP,” Blue squinted. “But I’m not entirely sure what’s up with him.”

“Is he like... the god of Prime?” Tommy leaned towards Blue, seeming interested.

“I don’t think so,” Blue frowned. “But I’m not really sure! We didn’t talk to him much, he kinda just... brought us to this weird floating island place and then sent us back to our own times.”

“Floating island?” Tommy tilted his head. “The fuck? There’s no floating island on this Server.”

Blue shrugged. “I don’t know! Maybe it wasn’t on this Server at all?”

“I thought no one could leave this Server,” Techno pointed out.

“DreamXD is a *god*, I doubt Server rules stop him,” Blue raised an eyebrow.

“Fair enough,” Techno shrugged.

Ghostbur ran down the Prime Path. He had heard what was going on today. He needed to get to L'manburg quickly, to just try to change something the best he could. Even if he didn't succeed, at least he *tried* . Today wasn't going to be pleasant.

Today was Doomsday.

He raced towards L'manburg, hoping that he wasn't too late. If he got there in time, then he *should* be able to stop them. There had to be something he could do to stop them. To stop Dream, to stop Technoblade and Phil. He barely knew what was even going on, he just knew that he couldn't let it happen. He didn't want a giant crater where a home used to be. Where *his* home used to be.

“Take your time, take your time!”

“What the fuck is this obsidian grid??”

Ghostbur heard Technoblade and Tommy, and started to run towards the voices. He stopped on the Prime Path to see Techno, invisible (but wearing full enchanted netherite), standing on a tree, and Tommy, looking up at him.

“Tommy!” Ghostbur shouted, and Tommy immediately looked at him.

“Ghostbur!” Tommy exclaimed. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

Blu- Ghostbur looked up at the obsidian grid in the sky, and remembered what Resurrectedbur's and Ghostbur's time looked like. “Fffffuck, I'm too late,” He muttered.

“What are you talking about?” Tommy demanded.

“Okay, this is gonna make me sound crazy, but you know the context!” Ghostbur looked back at Tommy. “In the future, I saw what used to be L’manburg right here, with that obsidian grid in the sky, and it’s just a giant *crater* !”

“Well duh, what do you think we’re doing here?” Phil called.

“Phil, you are the least stealthy person on this planet!” Techno hissed.

“What the fuck- no no nonono! We have thirty more minutes!” Tommy protested.

“Tommy, they’re not gonna listen to you!” Ghostbur grabbed his arm. “W-we can’t... we can’t do anything to stop them right now.”

Tommy looked back at him, and no one moved or said anything for a few moments. Tommy finally sighed and pushed Ghostbur’s hand off of his arm. “...let’s go, Ghostbur. We need to go get Tubbo.”

Ghostbur followed Tommy to the Prime Path again, where they found Tubbo.

“Tubbo!” Tommy exclaimed. “Tubbo, you have to come with us to L’manburg!”

“Wh-” Tubbo started to say.

“Techno and Phil and Dream are gonna blow up L’manburg!” Ghostbur cut him off. “I know you probably already know that and I realized it a bit too late, but we *have* to stop them!! I’ve seen what happens, and this isn’t helping anyone, no matter how right they think they are!!!”

“What the hell?!” Tubbo shouted. “What are we waiting for?”

“You!” Tommy and Ghostbur retorted in unison.

Tubbo rolled his eyes with a smile. “Then let’s fucking go already!”

They ran back to L’manburg, where they looked up to see Technoblade, Phil, and *Dream* on the obsidian grid.

Ghostbur pursed his lips. “TECHNO!”

Techno’s face popped into view, looking unamused. “If you’re about to tell me to stop, that’s not gonna do anything!”

“Well, I can try!” Ghostbur shouted up at him. “And I feel like I have a bit more knowledge on the subject, Mister Blade!”

“Mister Blade?” Tubbo snorted behind Ghostbur.

“And what knowledge would that be?” Techno raised an eyebrow.

“Did you forget I literally time travelled half a month ago?” Ghostbur smirked, ignoring Tubbo, Phil, and Dream’s confusion.

Techno narrowed his eyes.

“I saw what *you* did,” Ghostbur frowned. “I saw the aftermath of today, of Doomsday, and I know that no one was able to stop you. Hell, I didn’t even know that this was happening until after the fact, or at least that’s how this *should* have played out. I was supposed to show up

right after you finished, but here I am. Right before you're about to *start* . And I'm here because I don't want you to do this!"

"You think what *you* want is going to get me to stop?" Techno raised an eyebrow. "I've made up my mind. I know what I'm doing."

"No, you don't!" Ghostbur straightened up. "You think you do! You think this is gonna get rid of some 'government' that's oh-so threatening to you! Technoblade! How is *L'manburg* gonna do anything to you?"

"They literally tried to execute me!!" Techno shouted.

"Technically, they were right there," Ghostbur narrowed his eyes. "You committed a crime, and they tried to make you pay for it. Key word *tried*. They couldn't even kill you. Now here you are, with Withers and TNT and your dogs and three of the most powerful people on the Server, exploding a country that isn't a threat to you *to bedrock* ."

"My actions are justified as well!" Techno argued. "They wronged me, I can get my revenge!"

"It really doesn't matter what's justified in this context," Ghostbur retorted. "And it's just not fair!"

"Life isn't fair," Techno snapped.

"It could be!" Ghostbur shouted. "Who's the one making it unfair here? The Butcher Army had some axes and armor and failed to kill you, and you had a TOTEM OF UNDYING. And now you have even more stuff and you're even more powerful and with all this combined it's stupid how overpowered you are and how unnecessary all this is! If all of you would stop defaulting to war, then maybe this Server wouldn't be as much of a shithole as it is!"

“And don’t even get me started on all the stuff this one event causes in the future! You’re destroying so many people’s homes, and for what? To be an anarchist? To get rid of a government? This isn’t getting you anywhere! You’re just making everything worse!”

Ghostbur took a deep breath.He didn’t mean to say all of that. Well, he did, but maybe not so harshly. If it got them to stop, though, then he supposed it was worth it.

“Wilbur,” Techno didn’t sound like his opinion had been changed at all. “That’s the whole argument we’ve been havin’. That’s what we’ve been shoutin’ about and fightin’ about this whole time. You’re just repeatin’ what everyone else has been tellin’ me!”

“Yeah, mate,” Phil spoke up. “We’re not gonna stop just because you’re saying the same shit everyone else has said.”

“Okay, don’t even get me started on you, Philza Minecraft!” Ghostbur turned to Phil, his voice getting louder, and deeper, and he recognized the voice coming from his mouth as Alivebur’s voice. “You don’t even know what’s going on! You think all of this was because Tubbo was a tyrant! Well guess what, he wasn’t and he’s not and he never has been! That was all Schlatt! You don’t even know who Schlatt was because *Alivebur* lied to you for months! All those letters he sent you? Lies! He just wanted you to be proud of him so he lied so you didn’t think anything was wrong and you wouldn’t be disappointed!”

“Wh-” Phil started, but Ghostbur didn’t let him say anything.

“All of the shit you’re saying justifies your actions is stuff you’re not even educated on!” Ghostbur shouted. “You don’t know what you’re talking about or what’s been going on because you’re jumping to conclusions and you don’t care enough to fact check yourself once in a while! I could tell you that Tommy convinced Alivebur to blow up L’manburg and you might believe me, no matter how *wrong* that is!”

“I’m just doing what I think is best,” Phil defended himself.

“No! You’re not!” Ghostbur narrowed his eyes. “You’re trying to defend yourself based on lies and shit you want to be correct so you’re in the right! Well, news flash, Philza Minecraft

and Techno Blade, you're not! You're ruining everything and siding with the villain because you want to get rid of something you think is harmful when it's not."

"Wilb-" Techno started.

"I'm not done," Ghostbur interrupted him. "Look around you. You think that this is going to do anything? This isn't just a country. This isn't just a government for you to destroy then walk away from ultimately unharmed. This is a *home*. This is so many people's homes that you're destroying in the blink of an eye, with justification based on lies. You're doing the opposite of helping. You think this is for the 'greater good' or for the 'better' or whatever, but it's not.

"People just want to live here. People just want to live in a place that doesn't risk being blown up every other week. If you actually think that you're the good guys here when you're destroying someone's home time after time after time because of some 'tyrant' that you're mistaking for a separate dictator, then I don't want to know what you think a bad guy is like."

Technoblade and Phil actually fell silent at that, and no one spoke for a few moments.

"Y'know, we really have gotta be goin' now," Techno grabbed Phil's arm and pulled him to the ground. "I'm sure Steve misses me, Dream you- you understand, sorry, Phil and I have some other important business to attend to!"

"Wh- Techno!" Dream exclaimed. "Where are you going?"

"Back to my house," Techno called, Phil following him. Ghostbur noticed that Phil was staring at him with an expression Ghostbur didn't quite understand.

As Technoblade and Phil walked away, Ghostbur beamed.

"Woo!" Ghostbur cheered, his voice back to his normal ghostly, high-pitched voice. "That's one traumatic event avoided, and one country saved for the time being!"

“I still have the TNT,” Dream spoke up, still up on the obsidian grid. “I could explode this place just as well without Techno and Phil. Techno already gave me plenty of supplies.”

Ghostbur narrowed his eyes at Dream. “Spirit, grant me strength,” he muttered, walked up the tiny little makeshift staircase, jumped across to the obsidian grid, and punched Dream in the face.

“WOOOO!” Tubbo shouted. “GET HIS ASS!”

“GHOSTBUR!” Tommy cheered.

“SUCK IT, GREEN BOYYYYY!” Ghostbur heard someone shout from in New L’manburg-Jack Manifold? Maybe?

Ghostbur grinned as he ignored Dream’s attempts at being menacing after being embarrassingly punched in the face by a 3 foot 9 ghost.

Chapter End Notes

yk smthn i find interesting is how that even though this chapter has a much more light-hearted ending than last chapter, the future for those in this chapter is probably going to end up worse than last chapter's future. last chapter, alivebur obviously didnt blow up lmanburg and is going to talk to the others and PHIL and ppl will understand more things. however, with this one, yes, techno and phil aren't gonna destroy lmanburg, but you think dream is gonna give this up?

anyways . hope u enjoyed !!

ALSO ALSO ALSO !!!!! HAPPY 10K HITS ON THIS FIC LETS GOOOOOO KINGS AND QUEENS AND GENDER-NEUTRAL TERMS OF ROYALTY !!!!!!! fr fr im so glad this many ppl like my silly little story !! i've come so far from the first chapter :) i'll b more sappy in the last chapter's end notes but..... yeah <3 just know ilya !! /p

Ghost Song

Chapter Summary

watch my limbs go clear
i'm becoming what i feared

in a year or two, they'll tell tales of my presence
a pair of red eyes, a chill so unpleasant
these days i feel like a face in the mist
trying to show myself i still exist

-ghost song by ratwyfe

Chapter Notes

i wrote this last night and i was going to post it last night but i ended up finishing it at like 1 am and i was too tired to reread it so i just didnt and went to sleep lmaooo

anyways here it is !! enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur opened his eyes to the dark, lonely train station he was used to.

He stood still for a few moments, not doing anything. After a minute or so, he sighed and started walking, looking for Schlatt and Mexican Dream.

He didn't really have anything to do. Like usual. There was nothing to do in here, that was just a simple fact. What could you do? Anything you could think of was something he had already done in the first while he had been here. He had stared at the trains, he had talked to Schlatt and Mexican Dream, he had played solitaire, he had done everything he could. He knew there was no use in trying to find some exit. This was Limbo. The place where you were stuck forever. All he could do was sit and wait.

Although, now he knew that eventually, he would get resurrected. And in the grand scheme of things, that wasn't that far away! It was what, only a few years? Well, no, seven isn't a few, but... close enough.

But he also knew *how* he got resurrected, and that was where his issue with this was. He had now met both Ghostbur and Spirit. The difference between them- between Ghostbur before and after *Wilbur's* resurrection- was honestly horrifying. He went from a bubbly little kid to a snarky edgy teenager type person. Except the reason wasn't puberty, the reason was being fucking killed and having to deal with the afterlife that came with being dead.

...weird comparison. Whatever.

If one day, a train did finally stop for him, and on that train was Dream and Ghostbur, what was Deadbur supposed to do? Shrug, say oh well, push Ghostbur off, and have fun living? (Living with that guilt?) Or was he supposed to refuse, not get on, and let Ghostbur live? (While letting himself stay dead?)

Or was there a way he could do neither? Let them both live? He didn't know how that would work, but he felt like when Resurrectedbur had to make that choice, he was just so relieved and surprised and didn't care about Ghostbur so the choice for him was easy. But Deadbur... he was expecting it. He had now met Ghostbur and Spirit and talked with him and heard their stories, and he wasn't so sure that choice would be easy at all.

As he looked around the train station, the same old shit everywhere, his thoughts strayed from Ghostbur and resurrection. He noticed that everything felt so... quiet. And dark. Darker than normal. But nothing actually felt different from the Limbo he was used to. Maybe he had gotten used to Overworld loudness and colorfulness again. Now he had to get used to Limbo again. only to have to get used to the Overworld again. Goddammit, this was annoying.

Annoying? That was the best word he could use to describe being *dead* ?? He had some pretty low standards, huh. What would he consider to be truly fucked up? Death itself? No, death wasn't that bad. and Death *her* self was pleasant.

Finally, into Deadbur's view came Schlatt and the table where they played cards. ..No Mexican Dream, though.

“Where the fuck’ve you been, Wilbur?” Schlatt called.

“Time travelling,” Deadbur replied, sitting down in his designated seat. “What else?”

“Having too much fun to invite the rest of us?” Schlatt raised an eyebrow sarcastically.

Deadbur rolled his eyes and took out his deck of cards, shuffling it and setting up his pounce pile and everything. “That’s not how it works.”

“Really now?” Schlatt had already finished setting up his piles.

“Just play the fucking game,” Deadbur put out an ace of clubs. “Where’s Mexican Dream?”

“I don’t know,” Schlatt placed down an ace of diamonds and a two of clubs on Wilbur’s ace. “He went on a walk the other day after a particularly boring game.”

“All of these games are boring,” Wilbur looked through his cards. “It’s only fun with at least four people.”

“Well, then, let’s play rummy, asshole,” Schlatt started doing actual solitaire in his own piles.

“That’s even more boring,” Wilbur did the same, finally getting another ace out.

“More fun than two player pounce,” Schlatt shrugged.

“Agree to disagree,” Wilbur put down a four from his pounce pile, smirking. “Got any cards off your pounce pile, yet?”

“Fuck off,” Schlatt muttered, continuing to look through his cards. “You only got one off.”

“More than you,” Wilbur looked through his cards. “I’m 8 percent closer to winning than you.”

“Shut the hell up,” Schlatt slapped down a seven. “I have a King on my pounce pile, you have an eight. Objectively the worst card to have to pay attention to putting down.”

“And why is that?” Wilbur asked.

“It’s like a three, but worse. Who’s paying attention to a pile when it’s at fucking seven?” Schlatt snorted.

“Wouldn’t that mean I don’t have as much competition?” Wilbur smirked.

“That’s irrelevant when there are only two players,” Schlatt raised an eyebrow.

“Well, you know what I can do?” Wilbur grinned, putting out the six that was right next to his pounce pile, causing that place to be open for him to move cards. He moved the eight from his pounce pile to that place.

“You fucker!” Schlatt exclaimed. “You little- ugh. I hate you.”

“The feeling is mutual,” Wilbur rolled his eyes. “This is literally just how you play the game.”

They played in silence for a while after that. Funny thing about pounce is that it gets *so* slow when you’re only playing with one other person. Like Wilbur had said earlier, you need at *least* four people for a game to be fast-paced and fun. Any less than that and it’s really just

looking through your cards forever. The fun of pounce comes from the part where everyone is playing at the same time, and you're dependent on other people having the cards that are before the card *you* want to play. And when you only have two people, chances are that the two of you are going to be stuck on the same cards for a long time.

And so, they played in silence. For a long time. They played lots of games, not keeping track of score or anything. If they played to a certain number of points, like 100, they would be over before they knew it. So they just played. Mexican Dream joined them after a bit, and they kept playing. Until Wilbur grew tired of it, and he stood up to go on a walk, expecting to go back after a while, when he was ready to keep playing.

He stretched as he walked, sitting for that long doing nothing but playing cards was probably not good for him. Or his back. Fuckin' hell.

He heard a train screech by, and he didn't look. He was used to it, he almost blocked it out at this point. He frowned when he didn't hear it fade away to the distance, and turned to the train.

The train was stopped, its doors slowly opening, and Wilbur's heart dropped.

He didn't go up to the train, instead he just watched as a sobbing *Ghostbur* peeked out of the train, tears melting his face.

Wilbur slowly approached the train, and when he reached it, he didn't go in. He just looked at Ghostbur.

"Tommy said it would be okay, he said I wou-" Ghostbur looked up to Wilbur. "I-"

Wilbur grabbed Ghostbur's hand, and Ghostbur flinched, but didn't do anything. Wilbur walked into the train, and made sure Ghostbur stayed right next to him as he sat down. They were getting the fuck out of here, and Wilbur wouldn't accept anything else.

“A- are you Alivebur?” Ghostbur said quietly after a bit, soon after the train started moving.

“Technically, I’m Deadbur,” Wilbur smirked. “But you know me as Alivebur, yes.”

“...” Ghostbur pursed his lips and looked away.

“I think normally I wouldn’t be doing this,” Wilbur continued. “But considering I time travelled a while ago and met a few different versions of you and I, I think this is just the morally correct decision. Sorry for the abruptness and little to no explanation.”

“Y-” Ghostbur looked up at him. “Huh?”

“It’s a long story,” Wilbur shrugged. “But basically, I met a... sort of future you? Where he got killed by Dream, same situation as you. But the Alivebur in that time didn’t exactly care about him, and just wanted *out* of there.” He looked down at Ghostbur. “I have more prior knowledge in this situation than he did, however, so I was able to make a more educated decision.”

Ghostbur giggled. “You talk very dramatically.”

“I’m a theater kid at heart,” Wilbur grinned.

Ghostbur didn’t say anything else, instead squeezing Wilbur’s hand tighter. Wilbur didn’t say anything about it.

Wilbur looked around the train, and saw that Ghostbur had left blue all over the place. When he looked down at Ghostbur, who was still quietly crying, he saw that there was blue coming from his nose, eyes, and mouth. He might think it was gross if he hadn’t already seen... other... Ghostbur. With his blue.

He looked out the window to see... less than interesting sights. Just dark tunnels. Boring.

He felt a sudden light weight against his shoulder and looked to his left to see that Ghostbur was laying his head against Wilbur's arm. He wasn't asleep, but he kind of looked like he was this close to falling asleep.

Suddenly, there was a bright light from the window, and Wilbur jumped.

"Wh- huh?" Ghostbur jumped, accidentally shoved by Wilbur. "Oh! We're back?"

Wilbur looked out the window, and indeed, they were back in the Overworld. "Already?" He muttered. The door opened, and Wilbur and Ghostbur got out immediately.

They were on some sort of.. wait- this was the resurrection shrine!

"Oh my god, I've never been so glad to see the sky!" Ghostbur cheered, and while Wilbur shared the sentiment, he didn't say anything.

"Wh- Ghostbur??"

Wilbur looked to where the familiar voice came from, and saw Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo running up to the shrine.

"Tommy!" Ghostbur shouted and ran up to him, hugging him in what looked to be a rib-crushing hug.

"Oh, fuck- hi-" Tommy hugged him back. "I thought you died??"

"I did!" Ghostbur nodded. "But then I didn't!"

“I can explain,” Wilbur spoke up.

“Wh-” Tommy looked up at him. “...Wilbur?”

Wilbur smiled. “That’s me.”

Chapter End Notes

i was goingggg to write more for the end a little bit but i didnt want to drag it on longer than it needed to be.....but know that the now revived deadbur + deadburs timeline ghostbur r bonding <3 hurt/comfort <3

i dont rlly like how i wrote the end of the chapter i feel like it was a bit fast-paced buuuuuut i think its fine !! hope u enjoyed :]

Friendly Neighborhood Poltergeist

Chapter Summary

i don't know why i try
when it's just gonna end in my demise
i don't wanna die twice
it wasn't very fun the first time

-friendly neighborhood poltergeist by rory webley

Chapter Notes

oh boy its time to watch That Stream again.....kill me now /dramatic /nsrs
i just hate watching that stream theyre so LOUD and theyre YELLING and ugh . this is
the shit i go through for yall /silly

enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur snapped open his eyes to see the resurrection shrine.

He looked around, but no one was there. Which made sense, no one wanted to go to L'manhole. It was kind of depressing, especially if you had been a L'manbergian before it was blown up. Three times.

No one, that was, until Ghostbur noticed a blob of blue from around the corner. He grinned and ran up to Friend.

“Hi Friend!!” Ghostbur squatted down to his knees and hugged the blue sheep. “I missed you sooo much, how have you been??”

Friend stared at him. Sheep can't talk.

Ghostbur smiled and stood up, patting Friend on the head and opening his inventory.

"I could've sworn I had a leash..." He muttered. "Oh, here it is!" He took it out of his inventory and tied it to Friend's collar. "Let's go!"

Friend bent down and ate some grass.

"Frieeend!" Ghostbur groaned. "I've got places to be! Stop wasting time!"

That was a lie, Ghostbur didn't have anything to do.

Friend stared at him. Like I already observed, sheep can't talk.

Ghostbur lightly tugged at the leash. "Let's go, Friend!"

Friend finally started moving, walking slowly along with Ghostbur. He went over to the Prime Path and started walking along it, having to pull Friend away from some particularly enticing patches of grass. Eventually he made it to the place he had decided to rebuild his sewer house, and tied Friend to the fence outside to let him graze.

"You behave!" Ghostbur said to Friend as he opened the door and went inside.

He breathed in the scent of glowstone, blaze rods, spider eyes, and various potions. He smiled.

Ghostbur shifted on his feet, standing in the tower with Tubbo and Ranboo, waiting for Tommy to explain his 'plan' to them.

Tommy walked up to them. "So you all know the deal then, yeah?" He paused. "I haven't actually really explained what's going on- okay, Tubbo, you have the pots?"

"No, I have the Wither skulls," Tubbo opened his inventory and held up the skulls.

"I have the pots," Ranboo spoke up, also opening up his inventory and giving Tommy the potions.

"Okay, perfect," Tommy grinned, taking the potions. "So. No one on this Server expects Wilb- sorry, Ghostbur-"

Ghostbur smiled at Tommy's effort to get his name right.

"He's like the most innocent man," Tommy continued. "Very pushed around. So what I did was I organized with Sam that *Ghostbur* is gonna go in. Now, the reason I needed all these pots is because I'm gonna fuckin' sneak in, alright? I'll be behind him the entire time. If I remember the prison correctly, we should be fine? And then Ghostbur goes into the room with Dream, I stay with him, invisible, and I'll use the Axe of Peace to finally fucking bring justice to this Server! I chop Dream's head clean off." He looked around the small room at the rest of them and smiled. "Alright?"

Ghostbur wanted to say that no, it wasn't alright, because if he went in there, then he would die, Wilbur would get resurrected, everything would go wrong, Dream would still be alive, but he didn't. He was this close to objecting, to saying that he didn't want to go in that prison, and that no one else should either, but he didn't.

Tommy seemed determined to do this. Ghostbur didn't want to rain on his parade and stop him, but there was no way he would let him do this alone. And besides, Ghostbur seemed integral to this plan. If he disagreed and didn't go in the prison with Tommy, there was no

way it would work, and there was no way that Ghostbur would be able to live with the guilt if Tommy got hurt in there. If Tommy went in there alone, Ghostbur knew that he would be worrying the entire time anyways until he was out.

But also, if he *did* agree, he would still be worried the entire time. He didn't want to die. He was dead enough! And while he did feel horrible that Wilbur would still be stuck in Limbo, he... really didn't want to be stuck in there either.

"Sounds great!" Ghostbur beamed and nodded along with Tubbo and Ranboo.

Tommy smiled. "We can do this! So I follow y- Ghostbur. I know you're fuckin' really good at being honest, do not, under any circumstances, say I'm with you. And if you can, lie that I'm not there."

"Uh.. can we do a practice first?" Ghostbur looked at Ranboo.

"Yeah, yeah," Tommy nodded.

"Okay, okay," Ghostbur walked to the other side of the small tower room, and Ranboo and Tubbo stood next to each other. "Hello Ranboo and Tubbo!"

"We have to be in the prison in the next five minutes, by the way, so," Tommy muttered to the three of them.

"I am here at the prison in the next five minutes!" Ghostbur declared. "And I want to visit Dream! Can I come in?"

"Uh, sure, do you have anything on you?" Ranboo questioned.

"Yes!" Ghostbur opened his inventory. "I have this, and I have this, and I have th-"

“No, no, Ghostbur,” Tommy interrupted him. “You go, ‘I have no things on me’ and then... you talk about girls!”

“Oh, ohhh, okay,” Ghostbur nodded and turned back to Ranboo. “I do have things on me, *but* ,” He looked at Tommy, then at Ranboo. Then at Tommy, then at Ranboo. “ *I like women* .”

Tubbo, Ranboo, and Tommy all burst out laughing, and Ghostbur giggled as well.

“Okay, this is gonna work!” Tommy grinned. “Literally, all you have to do is just- you don’t have to lie, talk about other things. That’s technically not lying, it’s just avoiding the question!”

“Okay, I want to visit Dream in the next five minutes, can I come in?” Ghostbur turned to Ranboo again.

“Do you have anything on you?”

“I’ve been thinking a lot about girls recently!”

“Me too! Let’s go down here!”

Ghostbur followed Ranboo down the ladder, then back up as Tommy cheered.

“This will work! This will work!” Tommy said excitedly.

Ghostbur got out from the hole after Ranboo, and looked out the window at the prison. He bit his lip and turned to Tommy. “Um.. Tommy?”

“Yeah?” Tommy tilted his head.

“Promise they’re not gonna try to revive me, right?” Ghostbur asked quietly. “They’re not gonna try to revive Wilbur?”

“Yeah, of course, let’s not use the r word,” Tommy assured. “We’re fuckin’ fine!”

Ghostbur smiled. He just had to be careful.

Ghostbur took a deep breath as the lava dropped. He was nervous, but he didn’t want to let it show. He didn’t want Tommy to see he was nervous. And maybe Sam would start suspecting him if he was nervous, what other reason would he have for being nervous?

“Ghostbur, the platform below you is gonna start to move, make sure that you walk with the platform, otherwise you’ll get dropped in the lava,” Sam instructed.

“Got it!” Ghostbur nodded.

“Alright,” Sam flicked a lever. “Go.”

Ghostbur started moving as the platform started moving, making sure to move at relatively the same speed. He felt Tommy bump into him a little to show that he was still there and okay.

He got off of the bridge and jumped over to the other side, right in front of the small wall blocking Dream from Ghostbur and Tommy.

“STOP!”

Ghostbur froze and turned to see what Sam had shouted about. His blood ran cold as he saw a floating netherite axe- Tommy. He had pulled out the axe too soon.

“STOP MOVING RIGHT NOW!” Sam shouted.

“I- I am, I am,” Ghostbur frantically glanced between the axe, Dream, and Sam.

“Walk to the left, Ghostbur,” Sam ordered.

Ghostbur obliged, and he noticed that Tommy was still trying to kill Dream with the axe, although Dream was very out of reach of Tommy.

Sam ordered Tommy to get on the bridge and come back, and Tommy couldn't do anything but do as he said. Tommy drank a milk bucket, and there he was, invisible, holding the Axe of Peace.

Sam and Tommy started arguing, and *fuck* they were loud, they were loud and angry, and Ghostbur hated it, and he didn't want to listen to it, and he just wanted them to stop arguing and he wanted to leave and he wanted to get far far away from Dream and the prison and Sam and he wanted to go back to Friend, who was so soft and quiet and nice, and never shouted or argued, because he couldn't, and he didn't care, there was nothing for him to argue about, and Ghostbur could talk to him all he wanted whenever he wanted about anything he wanted, and he didn't want to be here.

“-Ghostbur's stuck over there!”

“And I- And I'll revive him if you don't let me free!”

Ghostbur heard that phrase, and something in his mind clicked. Normally, he thought he would start panicking or crying, but he knew that would get him nothing but a ticket to hell here, so instead of panicking and crying, he took action.

“Ohhh, no you don’t,” Ghostbur narrowed his eyes. “I’m not going to be *fucking* killed by you!”

That certainly surprised all three of them. Ghostbur understood why, he barely ever cursed, even in a situation like this.

“Sam Awesamdude,” Ghostbur shouted. “You *will* send that bridge over here right this fucking instant! And that’s not a request!”

“Wh- but you’ll let Dream out!” Sam argued.

“You think I’m gonna let Dream out??” Ghostbur retorted. “He just threatened to kill me! We were here to kill him, not let him out! However, I’d be perfectly content leaving here with no one dying rather than me being the person who died!”

“You’re a ghost!” Sam glared. “You’d be fine!”

“Not with the revive book, you dumb fuck!” Ghostbur glanced at Dream. “That’s different! If someone tried to kill me normally, then it wouldn’t work, but if someone had the knowledge to revive someone, then they could kill me and bring back Wilbur! And guess who has the revive book? And a motive to revive Wilbur?”

Sam fell silent at that. Ghostbur narrowed his eyes.

“Send over the bridge,” Ghostbur said calmly. “And I won’t try to hurt Dream. Tommy and I will never come into this prison again. We’ll stay far away from it. Let us both out, stop making up excuses, and we’ll be out of your hair.”

Sam sighed, seemed to think over the decision for a few moments as Ghostbur kept glancing at Dream and Tommy, then walked over to a wall and flicked a lever. The bridge started moving back over to the other side, and Ghostbur beamed.

Ghostbur walked onto the bridge and walked with it as it moved back. When he got off, he hugged Tommy as tight as he could, and Tommy hugged him back.

“Do you wanna talk about what happened?”

“Not particularly.”

“Fair enough.”

Chapter End Notes

wooo howdy boy boo yah yippy ki-yay jee whiz <--- @ me shut the fuck up
bro tmrw im gonna have to write like three chapters bc i dont wanna stay up late on
christmas eve :sob:

btw . now its only a couple days away so <3 merry christmas to those who celebrate it
and to those who dont have a nice end of december ig <3 or not . not my place to judge

also for that last end bit its up to interpretation who was saying what line but i wrote it
as ghostbur tommy ghostbur in mind

Raining in June

Chapter Summary

every noon and every june, i used to sit beside my windowsill and stare up at the gray skies, she didn't even care

Chapter Notes

DUDUDUDU IM SPEEDRUNNING THIS BITCH ISTG IM GONNA POST THE LAST CHAPTER ON CHRISTMAS IF IT KILLS ME !!! (/dramatic im not that committed to posting it on christmas . dont hold me to this promise <3)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

spirit opened his eyes to the dark, damp, miserable train station he was used to. he had half a mind to just sit down where he was and fuckin' go to sleep or something, but he didn't.

he started walking. not to anyplace in particular. not to kristin. not to phantommy. although, he would visit them soon and tell them aaaaaaall about what *he* just got to do. he snickered at the thought. phantommy would be so jealous!

he walked along the edge of the platform, thinking about that entire thing he had just done. had that even happened? or had he just imagined it? it had seemed too good to be true at first- he was out of limbo! and maybe it was. he was back here again, after what simultaneously felt like 20 years and the blink of an eye.

funny, that whenever they time travelled it really *was* just in the blink of an eye, no weird things in between or anything. just- *snap*- and they were there. there, in another time. it seemed so easy, like someone messed one little thing up and all of their lives changed drastically.

spirit didn't know anything about how time travelling itself worked- well, no. he knew a little bit, obviously. he knew what it felt like. he knew how weird and disorientating it could be, especially when you're hopping between the overworld and limbo. it was also kind of weird to see himself but from earlier in his life.

but he really didn't know how it worked. he didn't know how it happened, why it happened, who or what made it happen. he knew that kristin and dreamxd were involved, since dreamxd was able to send them all home.

...well, not home. just to the time they came from. spirit wasn't at home. deadbur wasn't at home. honestly, none of them were at home. the dream smp wasn't their home, wilbur soot's home wasn't on this server. the closest thing to a home on this server was l'manburg, and only two of them truly had l'manburg, and both of them were this close to losing it.

spirit hoped that the other wilburs had changed history a bit. that l'manbur had stopped the election, alivebur hadn't blown up l'manburg, ghostbur hadn't gone into the prison, or something to that degree. (he felt sure that at least blue had made him proud. he didn't know how he knew, but he felt some amazing sense of pride. maybe that was how deadbur had felt when tommy and tubbo had said "YOOOO, SUCK IT GREEN BOYYYY" in dream's vault.)

"ghostbur!"

spirit looked up from where he was looking at the train tracks. phantommy was standing there, looking up at him.

"hi, phantommy!" spirit grinned. "haven't seen you in a while, how've you been?"

"how have i been? what do you think?" phantommy teased. "what about you? where and how have you been?"

"time travelling," spirit shrugged. "it's complicated, but we have an eternity to talk about it!"

“then tell me about it,” phantommy started walking, probably towards their paint wall.

“alright,” spirit followed him. “so, you already met all of them when we were in here for a bit before leaving, but i can clarify a few things.”

“i think i’d prefer if you clarified everything,” phantommy snickered.

“pfft, alright,” spirit snorted. “so, basically, seven wilburs from various time periods from the smp all met, and one of them happened to be me! four aliveburs- well, no, but i’ll get to that later- and three ghostburs. l’manbur, alivebur, deadbur, blue, ghostbur, resurrectedbur, and yours truly!”

“sounds like ‘deadbur’ isn’t so alive,” phantommy raised an eyebrow.

“oh, he’s definitely not,” spirit smirked. “but he’s more alive than us! we’re double dead, he’s just normal dead. and whenever we were in the overworld, he had to do normal alive people things like breathing and eating.”

“what a fucking loser,” phantommy said casually.

spirit burst out laughing. “yeah, pretty much!”

phantommy giggled.

“so, at first it was just ghostbur and deadbur,” spirit continued. “then resurrectedbur, then alivebur, and then me! and then we did some shit, walked around, had our moments, then blue and l’manbur joined, we did some shit, walked around, had our moments, got existential, then went to this really weird place called the ‘inbetween’ where dreamxd and kristin and for some reason karl were there, and we were all sent back to our own times.”

“..sounds fun,” phantommy blinked. “any specific moments you feel like sharing?”

“yes,” spirit said immediately. “one time alivebur was making fun of ghostbur, blue, and i’s height, and so ghostbur punched him in the face and stuck his middle finger up at him.”

phantommy burst out laughing at that. “oh my god, really?”

“yeah, yeah!” spirit continued excitedly. “and this one other time in pogtopia, we had this long confusing conversation about time travel and immorality n’ shit and alivebur hated it because he didn’t understand any of it!”

“sounds like he needs to get smarter,” phantommy smirked.

“exactly!” spirit snickered. “it was honestly really easy to understand, i don’t know why he didn’t get it.”

“what, was it shit about alternate timelines?” phantommy asked.

“yeah, and only deadbur, resurrectedbur and i seemed to get it!” spirit rolled his eyes lightheartedly. “like, it’s not that hard to unde-” he cut himself off. “wait.”

phantommy frowned. “what? what’s wrong?”

“i just had an idea,” spirit quickly took out his communicator.

You whisper to WilburSoot: is this gonna work

spirit frowned. “well, it didn’t even send it back to me, which is weird.”

“maybe comms don’t work in the afterlife?” phantommy suggested.

WilburSoot whispers to you: WHT THE FUCK

Chapter End Notes

:) expect another chapter later today :)

also girl why r spirit n phantommy gossiping abt the other burs :sob:

Eurydice II

Chapter Summary

so won't you please, return her to me?
my love, my life, my eurydice?
my love, my life, my queen, oh
my love, my life, my eurydice

my love, my life my queen~

-eurydice II by megan shumway

Chapter Notes

eurydice I is a lmanbur abt lmanburg song and eurydice II is a resurrectedbur/revivedbur abt lmanburg song <3

ALSOOOO LOOK IN THE END NOTES FOR A *VERY* IMPORTANT QUESTION
I NEED ANSWERS FOR VERY VERY QUICKLY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur's eyes snapped open, and the first thing he saw was Ranboo's face.

"HOLY fuck," Resurrectedbur jumped back. "What the fu- Ranboo?"

Ranboo smiled. "Hi!"

Resurrectedbur frowned. "Um. Hi?" The two of them were in the burger van, and it was midday.

“I was just stopping by,” Ranboo grinned. His voice was echoey, and he was wearing a small black-and-white cloak with a green-and-red... stab wound??

“Hold the fucking phone,” Resurrectedbur held up his hands. “Are you dead??”

Ranboo- Ghostboo? Boo? raised an eyebrow. “What, you didn’t know? Where have you been?”

“Time travelling!” Resurrectedbur exclaimed. “Since when have you been dead?? How did you die??”

“Sam killed me,” Ghostboo shrugged. “Honestly, I’m glad! Worries? Gone!”

“I wish,” Resurrectedbur muttered.

“Well, what are you worried about?” Ghostboo tilted his head.

Resurrectedbur shrugged. “I dunno. Just stuff in general.” He narrowed his eyes at Ghostboo. “So you’re Ghostboo?”

“Yep!” Ghostboo nodded. “Some people call me just ‘Boo’, though. The pun, y’know.”

Resurrectedbur snorted. “I think that’d get confusing for people who called alive Ranboo ‘Boo’ as a nickname.”

“Eh, it’s fine,” Ghostboo shrugged. “So what’re you up to?”

Resurrectedbur frowned. “I don’t know, I just got done fucking time travelling!”

“Wait, what?” Ghostbur blinked.

“It’s complicated,” Resurrectedbur muttered. “Long story short, buncha different Wilburs from different time periods somehow time travelled together. I have no cl-” He felt his communicator buzz, indicating that someone had whispered something to him. He pulled it out.

WilburSoot whispered to you: is this gonna work

WilburSoot whispered to you: WHT THE FUCK

Resurrectedbur’s eyes widened, and Ghostboo looked over his shoulder.

“I don’t think that’s how communicators are supposed to work!” Ghostboo declared.

“No, it’s not,” Resurrectedbur narrowed his eyes.

You whisper to WilburSoot: ????

WilburSoot whispered to you: NO WAY

WilburSoot whispered to you: what

WilburSoot whispered to you: wh

WilburSoot whispered to you: OK THIS IS SPIRIT I WHISPErED TO MYSELF AND THIS WORKED SOMEHOW???

WilburSoot whispered to you: WAIT REALLY

WillburSoot whispered to you: YOUR KIDDING

*WilburSoot whispered to you: you're**

WilburSoot whispered to you: shut rhe fuck up

*WilburSoot whispered to you: the**

WilburSoot whispered to you: im actually going to kill you

WilburSoot whispered to you: not without a revive book you can't

WilburSoot whispered to you: ?? ghostbur??

WilburSoot whispered to you: yeah

You whisper to WilburSoot: EVERYONE SHUT UP lets figure out a way to make this less confusing -ressurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: there's only one 's' in resurrected

WilburSoot whispered to you: oh my god ghostbur shut up -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: :(-ghostbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: so is that how we're doing this? -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: i guess so -lmanbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: l'manbur are you not going to put the apostrophe in your name -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: no <3 -lmanbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: i hate you. -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: the feeling is mutual -lmanbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: homophobia at its finest -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: ??? youre not gay -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: what do you think friend is to me -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: ignoring that. where's alivebur -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: oh my god do you think he got stabbed -deadbur

You whisper to WilburSoot: deadbur thats not funny -ressurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: yes it is -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: oh what the fuck is this

WilburSoot whispered to you: well speak of the devil -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: ALIVEBUR?? -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: no this is phil on wilburs communicator wilbur is asleep

WilburSoot whispered to you: HOLY FUCK YOU DIDNT KILL HIM unless thats just a nice way of saying that hes 6 feet under -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: ?? no what the fuck why would i kill him

WilburSoot whispered to you: well you killed me in an alternate timeline -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: im not going to unpack that

WilburSoot whispered to you: GO WAKE HIM UP -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: YEAHHHH WAKE HIM UP -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: NO WHAT THE FUCK

You whisper to WilburSoot: phil quick question -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: what

You whisper to WilburSoot: did wilbur blow up lmanburg -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: no but he almost seemed like he wanted to

WilburSoot whispered to you: WOOOO ONE LESS DEAD BITCH -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: OH that reminds me i went into the prison and didn't get killed :D -ghostbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: WHY DID YOU GO IN THERE ON THE FIRST PPLACE YLU STUPID BITHX -sprot

WilburSoot whispered to you: sprot -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: IM SORRY??? -ghostbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: sprot -lmanbur

You whisper to WilburSoot: sprot -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: sprot -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: sprot -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: brb i'm gonna kms -spirit

You whisper to WilburSoot: SPIRIT THATS NOT FUNNY -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: it's ok i can make that joke -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: all of us except lmanbur can make that joke -deadb

WilburSoot whispered to you: so are we all going to ignore that alivebur is here now -ghostbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: yes -lmanbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: yes -deadb

WilburSoot whispered to you: brb im gonna kms -alivebur

You whisper to WilburSoot: ALIVEBUR YOU WERE LITERALLY THIS CLOSE TO DOING JUST THAT -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: yes and -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: no but fr alivebur u ok -deadb

WilburSoot whispered to you: sure -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: somehow that makes me feel worse -deadb

WilburSoot whispered to you: okay -alivebur

You whisper to WilburSoot: you dont sound okay -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: im literally fine lmao just tired -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: how do you all type so fast -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: so did anyone else make any history altering choices -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: ME i did -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: i stopped doomsday :) -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: please don't smile like that -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: :(-blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: no like this :) -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: ew its quackity -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: well what the fuck else am i supposed to smile with -spirit

You whisper to WilburSoot: :} -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: die -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: you look like the grinch -ghostbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: the what -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: nevermind that -spirit

“Whoever you’re talking to makes a lot of suicide jokes,” Ghostboo said suddenly, causing Resurrectedbur to jump in surprise.”

“...you know how I died, right?” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“Kinda,” Ghostboo shrugged.

WilburSoot whispered to you: hey blue did you happen to say ‘suck it green boy’ when u stopped doomsday -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: no but i did say ‘spirit grant me strength’ before punching dream in the face -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: YEAHHH GOOD JOB -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: KING -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: NICE -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: anyways . im going to pass out now see yall later -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: well no i wont see you i dont know how to time travel -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: hey great idea for deadbur or spirit while youre in the afterlife figure out how to time travel -alivebur

WilburSoot whispered to you: oh shit i forgot to tell yall i got revived -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: WHAT -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: dw dw i brought this ghostbur w me -deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: HOW -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: since when does alivebur say yall -blue

WilburSoot whispered to you: i just brought him w me on the train and now we're both alive - deadbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: RESURRECTEDBUR WHY COULDN'T YOU DO THAT - spirit

You whisper to WilburSoot: its complicated -resurrectedbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: NOT A GOOD ENOUGH ANSWER -spirit

You whisper to WilburSoot: wish i could explain it to you

WilburSoot whispered to you: STOP BEING CRYPTIC AND ANSWER ME -SPIRIT

Resurrectedbur smirked and put his communicator away. He looked up, but didn't see Ghostboo and assumed he left.

He felt the communicator buzz in his pocket some more, but ignored it, assuming it was just Spirit shouting at him. Oh well. Spirit would probably think he was lying anyway.

Chapter End Notes

VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION I NEED ANSWERS TO AND SOON:

should the next (the last !!!) chapter be more chatfic style shit w the burs or should it b another dreamxd + kristin chapter (or both?)

and also would yall want a sidefic w the futures of the burs who changed their history (probably mostly revived deadbur and deadburs timeline ghostbur lmaoo)

also !! little fun fact....what resurrectedbur meant by 'its complicated' will b revealed in the other wilburs sidefic at some point... u may be able to guess already ! i wont tell u if ur right or wrong tho i'll just b like (sips tea) wink wink

HONESTLY, IT'S A SHIT SHOW!!!

Chapter Summary

honestly, it's a shit show, my god!
but it's this show, i want to be there, woah-oh!

maybe its a memory, or i read it in a magazine
but i swear i see your faces staring up at me
and maybe this song is self-aware
and i'm singin' here and you're standin' there,
waiting
for the show
to go on

//

and the universe said i love you
and the universe said you have played the game well
and the universe said everything you need is within you
and the universe said you are stronger than you know
and the universe said you are the daylight
and the universe said you are the night
and the universe said the darkness you fight is within you
and the universe said the light you seek is within you
and the universe said you are not alone
and the universe said you are not seperate from every other thing
and the universe said you are the universe tasting itself, talking to itself, reading its own
code
and the universe said i love you because you are love

-shit show by peter mcpoland // -end poem from minecraft

Chapter Notes

we've made it, boys (gender-neutral)

enjoy :]

(ITS STILL CHRISTMAS SOMEWHERE. I MADE IT ALRIGHT)

WilburSoot whispered to you: that asshole -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: calm down -lmanbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: fuck you -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: so is deadbur revivedbur now -ghostbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: nah that would b confusing -spirit
You whisper to WilburSoot: so are we still gonna call him deadbur even though he's not dead
-blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: i am Right Here -deadbur
You whisper to WilburSoot: so yes
WilburSoot whispered to you: didn't you say there was another ghostbur deadbur -ghostbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: yeah -deadbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: so what should we call him -ghostbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: idk lemme ask him -deadbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: ok im gonna give him the communicator -deadbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: sick -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: since when do you say sick -ghostbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: shut up -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: !!! hi guys :)
WilburSoot whispered to you: no smiling -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: oh :(
You whisper to WilburSoot: stop being mean spirit -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: so bestie u good -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: what
WilburSoot whispered to you: you just died did you not -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: yeah
WilburSoot whispered to you: yooo same except i died YEARS ago haha -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: it has been like seven months spirit -resurrectedbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: okay mister alive bitch. imagine being ALIVE laaaame -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: what the hell -alivebur
You whisper to WilburSoot: alivebur weren't you going to sleep -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: the boogeyman is here -alivebur
You whisper to WilburSoot: what -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: i cant sleep -alivebur
You whisper to WilburSoot: ah -blue
You whisper to WilburSoot: are you sure you're okay -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: no next question -alivebur
You whisper to WilburSoot: sir
You whisper to WilburSoot: get help -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: im going back to sleep what the hell is this -alivebur
You whisper to WilburSoot: go to sleep -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: shut uo -alivebur
WilburSoot whispered to you: uo -spirit
You whisper to WilburSoot: uo -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: uo -lmanbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: uo -deadbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: uo

WilburSoot whispered to you: who was that last one -alivebur
WilburSoot whispered to you: revived ghostbur -deadb
WilburSoot whispered to you: we need a name for him -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: what are some synonyms for ghost -spirit
You whisper to WilburSoot: spirit -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: what -spirit
You whisper to WilburSoot: 'spirit' is a synonym for ghost -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: shut up -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: phantom -ghostbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: that makes him sound like a phantom hybrid -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: poltergeist -ghostbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: THAT WORKS -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: oh fun :) -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: what part of 'no smiling' do you not get -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: i'm going to kill deadbur -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: it is 4 am why are you awake -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: why are YOU awake -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: im dead -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: how do you know what time it is -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: it was a guess -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: well you were wrong -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: oh -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: its 3:47 am -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: what the fuck -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: :) -poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: you'd think of all people YOU wouldn't smile like that either -
spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: so why are you going to kill deadbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: whos that -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: im not going to say so you cant yell at me to go to sleep
WilburSoot whispered to you: no apostrophes in contractions is up at 4 am instead of
sleeping a clever strategy such as that yet not hiding typing patterns hi l'manbur -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: WHAT THE FUCK
WilburSoot whispered to you: so why are you going to kill deadbur poltergeist -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: NO GO BACK HOW DID YOU
WilburSoot whispered to you: he stole friend :(-poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: what the hell that's so rude -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: ikr :(-poltergeist
WilburSoot whispered to you: SPIRIT ANSWER THE QUESTION
WilburSoot whispered to you: i literally happened to be holding wheat as YOU weren't
paying attention and let go of friends leash -deadb

WilburSoot whispered to you: you are so rude -poltergeist
You whisper to WilburSoot: just go to sleep -blue
WilburSoot whispered to you: NO CAN WE TALK ABT WHAT SPIRIT DID
WilburSoot whispered to you: go to sleep l'manbur -spirit

Thousands of eyes closed and eight out of ten disembodied hands went inside the green cloak, as they weren't being used. A few visible eyes opened and closed periodically, seemingly at random.

Well, that was an adventure and a half.

"I'll say. You ever done something like that before?"

Kind of.

"No details?"

It's really none of your business.

"I'm literally the overseer of the Afterlife, I think I'm entitled to this information."

I'm the overseer of everything. I make the rules. At the end of the day, the Afterlife isn't that important.

"At the end of the- at the end of the day, everyone is *dead* and guess where they are! The Afterlife!"

Just because it's where the people are doesn't mean it's the most important.

“Well, then what do you think is the most important, mister ‘god of everything’?”

Nothing is the most important, it's all irrelevant in the end.

“Okay, emo.”

I'm not- y'know what. The End. The End is the most important.

“I'll be sure to tell Clara.”

Remind me who that is again?

“Clara? Overseer of the End? Space lady?”

Right, right. I don't believe I've met her.

“Well, maybe you should check in for a visit.”

Maybe I will.

“Oh, that reminds me, I need to talk to Sally about resurrection and how it works. Something about it is messed up.”

That sounds like your problem.

“Resurrection has to do with both the Afterlife and the Overworld.”

But more to do with the Afterlife.

“You don’t know that.”

I know everything.

“Oh yeah?”

Yes.

“..I don’t have an argument for that.”

I win.

...

...

So... all of the Wilburs are back in their own times?

“Yep. Although, they are able to somehow talk through the communicators.”

How?

“Using the whisper command to their own IGN.”

I... I'm not even going to try to fix that.

“Fix that?? *Fix* that??? Why would you want to ‘fix’ that! They’re just talking!”

They shouldn't be able to, the rules of time tra-

“Who cares about those stupid rules? You made them, you can break them as you please.”

Rule of Law.

“What?”

Rule of Law. A principle in which even those who made the rules have to abide by those rules and no one is exempt from them, no matter how powerful.

“You think this Server is equal like that?”

I'm going to stop talking to you.

“Go ahead, I have better things to do.”

One of two presences left the void. Another joined.

...

“...”

That wasn't a mistake.

“...”

It better not have been.

“...”

Go on, say what you're going to say.

“You're a fucking idiot sometimes.”

Prime, no need to shout at me.

“How did you mess that up that badly?”

Remind me who you are again?

“I'm offended.”

Just say who you are. I'm sure the audience is wondering.

“No one can hear us here.”

Go ahead and think that.

“Sigh. I’m Clara. Overseer of the End?”

Yeah, yeah, Kristin told me about you.

“Oh really?”

Yeah. So did you birth the Ender Dragon?

“...”

It was a joke, it was a joke.

“You’re bad at jokes.”

Fuck you, too.

“I’m being honest.”

So how did I fuck up so badly that you decided to come in here and yell at me for it?

“How did you manage to get seven of the same guy- well, no, four of the same guy and then three of his ghost- in the same place at the same time to time travel for so long without managing to fix it until right now?”

I didn't do it!

“Right, right, who did it? The monster under the bed?”

I don't know, but I don't think anyone intended to do it.

“It could be a higher power.”

I'm the highest power.

“You wish you were. What about the actual Creators?”

Creators are nothing compared to gods.

“I don't mean Creators, I mean The Creators.”

You just said the same thing twice.

“You know what I mean.”

“What the hell are you two shouting about.”

“Oh, hi Sally.”

You're Sally?

“Yeah. Can you two shut up? Some of us are trying t-”

“Sally. The Creators just sent your husband on a time travelling trip.”

Why did you spell that with two ‘l’s, you british fuck?

“Why did they do that?”

“Spell travelli-”

“The time travel.”

“Who knows? All I know is that they did it and now the Wilburs are all back in their own times and no one knows what’s going on.”

“Why does it matter?”

“I suppose it doesn’t, but I think I can speak on behalf of all of us when I say that I’d like to know why it happened.”

“I don’t particularly care. I’m busy right now.”

“I care! I bet Kristin and DreamXD care!”

Clara, I’m going to ban you from the void. We all care, but there’s really nothing we can do right now.

“You better no-” One of the three presences left the void.

“...”

...

“Did you actually..?”

Yeah.

“For Prime’s sake.... whatever. I’m going back to the Overworld.”

Wait, one thing before you go, Kristin said that she wants to talk to you about revival stuff.

“I just talked to her about that the other year- whatever. Thanks. Bye.”

Bye.

...

Goodbye, dear readers. Thank you for reading this far, and I hope you have at least a mediocre day.

WilburSoot whispered to you: you are the player.
WilburSoot whispered to you: WAKE UP!

WilburSoot whispered to you: lmanbur go to sleep -resurrectedbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: thats not me -lmanbur

WilburSoot whispered to you: whoever it is stop being cryptic -resurrectedbur
WilburSoot whispered to you: it's the universe -spirit
WilburSoot whispered to you: i'm not joking -spirit

Chapter End Notes

WOOO WE'VE MADE IT !!! WE'RE AT THE END.....IM SO HAPPY :DD
EXCUSE ME AS I GET A LIIIIITTLE SAPPY <3 U CAN SKIP ALL THIS BUT IM
GONNA SAY IT ANYWAYS

fr fr fr when i started this i never thought i'd get this far :) i thought i'd stop after a bit, i thought i would just do haha little funnee minecraft men haha and now here i am. 69 chapters later. 9 months later. TEN THOUSAND HITS LATER. FOR REAL IM SO GLAD I GOT TO MAKE THIS AND SHARE THIS W YALL :) i love all of you /p and your comments and support (and ur fanart !! im looking at you ghostlegeek <3)!! i cannot express how happy and thankful i am that i got to share this and get feedback for and ppl actually enjoy it !! people i dont know ! people on the internet who happened to find my fic like it !!!! like its so crazy to think about how many people actually like this and im so thankful for all of yall :D i might add a bit more to this later but for now, bye !!! im glad i got to go on this journey with each and every one of you :] merry christmas to those who celebrate it and to those who dont, have a nice last week of 2021. hope to see you next year

(IM PROBABLY NOT GOING TO BE POSTING FOR A BIT BC THIS WAS HARD TO GET OUT THIS FAST SKDJFHD !!!! BUT DO NOT FEAR I AM NOT STOPPING THE SIDEFIC OR ANY OF MY OTHER UNFINISHED DSMP FICS. ALSO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A KIND OF SEQUEL TO THIS CHOCK-FULL OF REVIVED DEADBUR + POLTERGEIST BONDING !!!!! **TLDR** IM NOT STOPPING THIS SERIES :))

BTW credit to zo (I_Likes_This on ao3) for the clara + sally overseers of the end + overworld idea <3 its a different au but . i still care them <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!